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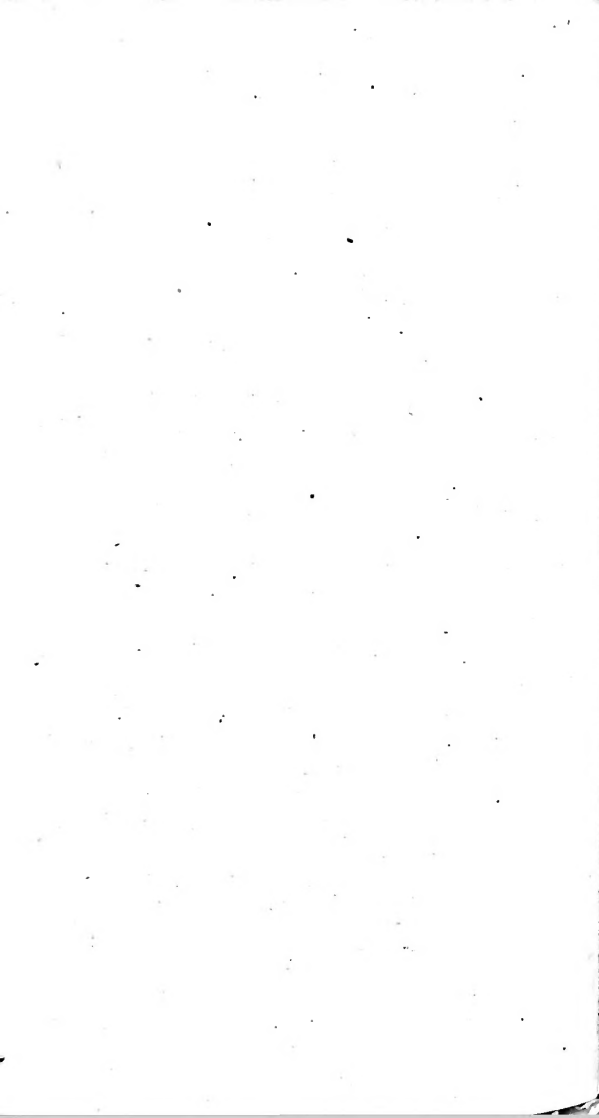
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UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
GEORGE F. HOLMES, LL. D.,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.



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1874.

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PREFACE.

IN this Fifth Reader of the University Series, the pupil advances to a higher and wider range of readings. In this, as in earlier volumes of the series, interest of theme and attractiveness of style are regarded as cardinal necessities in selections for reading, which should at the same time be adapted to educate and refine the sensibilities and the taste, elevate the standard of moral perception and aspiration, and enlarge the circle of the reader's knowledge of the world's life and history.

It is believed that the selections contained in this volume will be found peculiarly suited to promote these ends. They are usually from authors of acknowledged literary merit, and many of them have not before appeared in similar collections. There is another class of choice extracts from classic authors, which are always of interest and value to successive generations of youthful readers, as well as of permanent popularity; we have not considered the previous use of such pieces in similar compilations a sufficient reason for excluding them from this collection, in which some of them will be found, while others are reserved for the Sixth Reader.

We have aimed to introduce a *variety* of selections, both to sustain the interest of the reader and to illustrate the different styles of vocal expression. A considerable number of pieces will be found suitable for recitation and declamation.

The introductory lessons in Elocution have been prepared with the care which the importance of the subject demanded. There is no pretension to originality in this department, the editor having availed himself freely of the works of the best masters in the art, and the experience of popular instructors. It is believed that the methods adopted will be found to be effectual, practical, and simple.

For suggestions on methods of conducting the reading-class, reference is made to Section IX., page 60.

The Sixth Reader, the last of this series, contains an unusually large amount of the choicest and most attractive selections from classic literature, and is thus adapted to afford an introduction to a knowledge of English letters, and instructive examples for the formation of a correct literary taste.

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HOLMES'.

FIFTH READER.

PART FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS IN ARTICULATION AND ELOCUTION.

I. ARTICULATION.

1. **CORRECT ARTICULATION** is the distinct utterance of the oral elements, or elementary sounds of human speech. This indispensable quality of good reading can be obtained only by a thorough drill in all the various vocal sounds, as represented by letters and combinations of letters.

2. **ORAL ELEMENTS** are the simple sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words. They are divided into three classes: *Tonics*, *subtonics*, and *atonic*s.

3. **TONICS** are the most open tones produced by the organs of speech.

4. **SUBTONICS** are those uttered with a slight degree of vocality, but inferior to the tonics in fulness and power of being sustained.

5. **ATONICS** are without vocal vibration, and are formed by an impulsion of the breath merely.

6. **A LETTER** is only the name or sign of a sound; some of the letters represent more than one elementary sound, as *c* in *cat* and in

cent; and an elementary sound is sometimes represented by more than one letter—as *c* and *s* in *cease*, represent the same sound.

7. VOWELS are the letters used to represent the tonics; they are *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *y*.*

The alphabet is divided into vowels and consonants.

8. CONSONANTS represent the subtonic and ntonic sounds, and embrace all the letters of the alphabet except the vowels.

9. AN EQUIVALENT is a letter, or combination of letters, used to represent an elementary sound more appropriately represented by another letter or letters.

10. A DIPHTHONG is the union of two vowels in one syllable; as, *ou* in *our*, *oi* in *oil*.

11. A DIPHTHONG, or IMPROPER DIPHTHONG, is the union of two vowels or letters in a syllable, one of which is silent; as *oa* in *loaf*.

12. A TRIPHTHONG is the union of three vowels in one syllable; as *eau* in *beau*.

13. LABIALS are letters representing oral elements formed with the lips. They are *b, f, m, p, v*, and *w*.

14. DENTALS are letters sounded with the tongue against the teeth. They are *d, s, t, z*, and *th*.

15. PALATALS are letters whose oral elements are formed in part by the palate, or the roof of the mouth. They are *j, l, n, y* (as in *you*), *zh, ch*, and *sh*.

16. GUTTURALS are sounded in the throat. They are *k, g* hard, and *q*.

17. NASALS are sounded through the nose. They are *m* (also a labial), *n* (also a palatal), and *ng*.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—The most obvious difference in the Oral Elements is between those sounds which pass freely through the open mouth, and those which are obstructed or stopped by some approach or joining of the organs. So that Tonics are the result of an open position of the oral organs; and all other elements are the result of an *opening action of the organs*. The teacher should illustrate the position of the organs in the formation of each element.

* *Y* IS A VOWEL when it does not precede a vowel heard in the same syllable.

THE ORAL ELEMENTS.

The following Tables are designed for class practice in the Oral Elements. Both individual and concert practice should be employed after this model: a *long*—bāte, fāte, ā: a *short*—fat, bat, ā; a *third*—far, arm, ā, &c. Enunciate the examples and the element as heard in them, always in a *clear, distinct tone*.

I.

1. THE VOWEL SOUNDS (TONICS).

Name.	Examples.	Element.	Name.	Examples.	Element.
ā,*	fate, bāte,	ā.	ī,	fin, him,	ī.
ă,	fut, bat,	ă.	ō,	note, mote,	ō.
ā,	far, arm,	ā.	ō,	not, lot,	ō.
ā,	full, ball,	ā.	ō,	do, move,	ō.
ā,†	care, fare,	ā.	ū,	tube, mute,	ū.
ā,‡	fast, last,	ā.	ū,	tub, mud,	ū.
e,	mete, be,	e.	ū,	full, pull,	ū.
ē,	met, bet,	ē.	oi,	oil, boil,	oi.
ē§	her, term,	ē.	ou,	our, sound	ou.
ī,	fine, mine,	ī.			

2. VOWEL EQUIVALENTS.

[Model for class: The equivalents of a *long* are *ai, au, ay, ea, ei, ey*: as in *pail, gauge, say, great, vein, they*.]

For ā, *ai, ao, au, ay, ea, ei, ey*: as in *pail, gaol, gauge, say, great, vein, they*.

For ă, *ai, ua*: as in *plaid, guaranty*.

For ā, *au, ua, e, ea*: as in *haunt, guard, sergeant, heart*.

For ā, *au, aw, o, co, oa, ou*: as, *pause, saw, for, George, broad, sought*.

* The first and second elements of each vowel are, for simplicity, designated as *long* and *short*.

† A *FIFTH* is an intermediate sound between ā and ă. ā and ā may be omitted in the elementary drill, as they are not easily discriminated when uttered alone.

‡ A *SIXTH* is intermediate between ā and ā. The sound is not to be given too short, as ā; nor too broad, as ā. The teacher's example will guide the pupil.

§ E *THIRD* is *e* in *end*, modified by the element *r*. It is also represented by *i, o, u*, and *y*, as in *bird, word, barr, myrrh*.

For *ā, ai, e, ca, ci, ey*: as, chair, there, bear, beir, eyrie.

For *ē, ea, ei, eo, ey, ie, i*: as, weak, seize, people, key, brief, machine.

For *ē, ai, ay, a, ca, ci, eo, ie, ue*: as, said, says, any, head, heifer, leopard, friend, guess.

For *ē, i, o, u, y, ea, ou*: as, bird, word, fur, myrrh, earn, scourge.

For *i, ai, ei, eye, ie, ui, uy, ye*: as, aisle, sleight, eye, die, guide, buy, rye.

For *i, ie, ui, ai, o, e, oi, eo, y*: as, sieve, build, captain, women, pretty, tortoise, been, hymn.

For *ō, au, eau, eo, ew, oa, oe, ou, oia, oo*: as, hautboy, beau, yeoman, sew, coal, hoe, soul, blow, door.

For *ō, a, ou, ow*: as, what, bough, knowledge.

For *ō, u, oe, ou, ui*: as, rule, shoe, soup, fruit.

For *ū, eu, ew, cau, ieu, ieu, ue, ui*: as, in feud, new, beauty, view, adieu, hue, suit.

For *ū, o, oe, oo, ou*: as, done, does, blood, young.

For *ū, o, ou, oo*: as in wolf, would, good.

For *oi, oy*: as in boy.

For *ou, ow*: as in now.

3. ANALYSIS OF THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

Each of the vowels has its regular long and short sounds, and also certain occasional sounds.

A has a long sound, as in *fate*; a short one, as in *fat*. Its occasional sounds are the open or Italian, as in *far*; a sound as in *fast*, intermediate between its regular short sound as in *fat* and its Italian sound as in *far*; a sound qualified by being followed by the letter *r*, as in *fare, care, pare*; a broad sound, as in *fall*; a sound like *o* in *not*, as in *what, wan*; and a sound as heard in *many, miscellany*, like *e* in *met*.

E has its long sound, as in *mete*, and short, as in *met*. It has a sound like long *a*, as in *prey*; like *a* before *r*, as in *there*; and a sound in *her*, like that of *u* in *fur*. In *clerk* and *sergeant*, according to the English orthoepists, it has a sound like *a* in *far* (*clark, sargeant*). *E* is often silent, as in *fear'd* (*fear'd*), *prais'd* (*prais'd*); in most of the words ending in *en* it is suppressed, as *harden* (*hard'n*), *heaven*.

(*heav'n*). *Ed* has, in many cases, the sound of *t*, as in *pitched* (*pitch't*), *jumped* (*jump't*).

I is long, as in *pine*, and short, as in *pin*. Its occasional sounds are like *e* long, as in *marine*; a sound in *bird*, like *e* in *her*, *u* in *fur*, and *o* in *word*. In some words it has the sound of consonant *y*, as in *million* (*mill-yun*). In words like *civility*, *divinity*, *i* is indistinct, as if written *e*.

O is long, as in *note*, and short, as in *not*. It has a long and close sound, as in *more*; a sound in *wolf* equivalent to *u* in *full*; a sound in *son*, *dove*, like *u* in *but*; a sound in *for* like *a* broad, as in *fall*; and in *word* it has a sound equivalent to *e* in *her*, *u* in *fur*, and *i* in *bird*. In numerous words ending in *on*, *o* is suppressed, as in *bacon* (*bac'n*), *pardon* (*pard'n*).

U is long, as in *mute*, and short, as in *but*. Its occasional sounds are middle and obtuse, as in *full*; short and obtuse, as in *fur*; and in *rude* it has a sound like *o* in *more*. At the beginning of words, *u*, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *use*. In *busy* and *business*, *u* has the sound of short *i*, and in *bury* the sound of short *e*.

Oi, as in *boil*, and *oy*, as in *joy*, are uniform in pronunciation. *Ou* and *ow* are also uniform when diphthongs; but while in *now* the diphthong sound is heard, in *know* we have only the sound of long *o*. In *ground*, *ou* has its true sound; but in *wound*, *u* is suppressed, and the sound is *o* as in *more*, or long *oo*. In *ous*, at the termination of words, *ou* is not a proper diphthong, and the pronunciation is *us*, as in *pious*, (*pi-us*).

II.

1. THE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

SUBTONICS.

Name.	Examples.	Element.	Name.	Examples.	Element.
b,	<i>bad, nib,</i>	<i>b.</i>	r (smooth), or, arm,		<i>r.</i>
d	<i>did, bid,</i>	<i>d.</i>	v,	<i>van, nave,</i>	<i>v.</i>
g,	<i>go, dig.</i>	<i>g.</i>	w,	<i>win, wit,</i>	<i>w.</i>
j,	<i>jog, jug,</i>	<i>j.</i>	y,	<i>yes, you,</i>	<i>y.</i>
l,	<i>lo, hell,</i>	<i>l.</i>	z,	<i>zeal, zest,</i>	<i>z.</i>
m,	<i>man, am,</i>	<i>m.</i>	zh,	<i>azure, glacier,</i>	<i>zh.</i>
n,	<i>no, on,</i>	<i>n.</i>	th,	<i>thee, with,</i>	<i>th.</i>
r (trilled),	<i>rub, ran,</i>	<i>r.</i>	ng,	<i>ring, song,</i>	<i>ng.</i>

ATONICS.

Name	Examples.	Element.	Name.	Examples.	Element.
f,	if, fine,	f.	t,	at, tent,	t.
h,	hat, him,	h.	ch,	chin, arch,	ch.
k,	kid, kith,	k.	sh,	shun, ash,	sh.
p,	pin, cap,	p.	th,	thin, pith,	th.
s,	sit, sun,	s.	wh,	when, which,	wh.

2. CONSONANT EQUIVALENTS.

For f, ph, gh: as in *seraph*, *enough*.

For j, g soft: as in *gem*, *agent*.

For k, c, ch, gh, q: as, *can*, *chaos*, *hough*, *pique*.

For ks, x: as in *laz*, *Saron*.

For gs, z: as in *exhaust*, *exhibit*.

For ng, n: as in *finger*, *think*.

For s, c: as in *cent*.

For sh, s, c, ch, t: as in *sure*, *ocean*, *charade*, *nation*.

For t, d, th: as in *pinched*, *thyme*.

For v, f, ph: as in *of*, *Stephen*.

For z, s, c: as in *lose*, *suffice*.

For zh, s, g: as in *vision*, *rouge*.

3. ANALYSIS OF THE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

B has but one sound, as in *bad*. Before *t*, and after *m*, it is commonly silent; as in *debt*, *lamb*.

C has no distinctive sound of its own. It is soft, like *s*, before *e* and *i*, as in *cell*, *circus*; and hard, like *k*, before *a*, *o*, *u*, as in *can*, *come*, *cup*. The digraph *ch* has a sound not unlike *ts*, as in *child*, *chew*; it has also a hard sound, like *k*, as in *chasm*; and a soft sound, like *sh*, as in *chaise*. *Ci*, in *gracious*, and *ce*, in *ocean*, have each a sound like *sh*.

D has one principal sound, as in *did*. It sometimes has the sound of *t*, in the final syllable *ed*, as in *looked* (*lookt*).

F has but one sound except in *of* (*ov*), as in *fife*, *fair*.

G has two sounds—one hard, before *a*, *o*, and *u*, as in *gas*, *gone*, *gun*; the other soft, like *j*, before *e*, *i*, and *y*, as in *gem*, *ginger*, *gyre*. It is occasionally hard before *e* and *i*, as in *get*, *give*. *Gh* has usually the sound of *f*, as in *lough*, *rough*, and is silent in *plough*, *though*, etc.

H, which represents a mere breathing, has but one sound, as in *hat*, *home*. It is silent after *g* and *r*, as in *ghost*, *rhyme*, and in the commencement of many words.

J has one sound, as in *jest*, *jib*.

K has one sound, as in *kill*, *kin*. It is always silent before *n*, as in *knave*.

L has but one sound, which is soft and liquid as in *lame*, *lull*. It is sometimes silent before a final consonant, as in *calm*, *half*, *would*.

M has but one sound, as in *man*, *make*, *ham*.

N has two sounds, one as heard in *note*, *ten*, the other, the sound of *ng* as in *linger*, *anchor*, *bank*, (pronounced *ling'ger*, *ang'kor*, *bangk*). It is often silent after *m*, as in *hymn*. *Ng* in *sing*, *singer*, etc., represents a single elementary sound; in *danger* (*dän'ger*), *ginger* (*gîn'ger*) etc., *n* and *g* are in different syllables; while in *longer* (*long'ger*), *linger* (*ling'ger*), &c., *n* and *g* are also in separate syllables, and *n* has the sound of *ng*.

P has only one sound, as in *pat*, *pad*. The digraph *ph* has the same sound as *f*. *P* is silent before *n*, *s*, and *t*, as in *pneumatic*, *psalm*, *receipt*.

Q is always followed by *u*, and *qu* has the sound of *kw*, as in *queen*, *quiet*.

R has two sounds—a rough or trilled sound, as in *run*, *rugged*, *round*; and a smoother one, as in *far*, *form*, *more*. *R* is never silent.

S has two sounds—one sharp and hissing, as in *sin*, *this*; the other soft and flat, like the letter *z*, as in *has*, *wise*. *Sh* has but one sound, as in *shall*. *Si* has a sound like *zh*, as in *allusion*, *confusion*; and a sound of *sh*, as in *passion*. *Su*, in *sugar*, *censure*, is like *shu*.

T has one proper sound, as in *tell*, *tent*, *told*. Before *i*, followed by another vowel, it unites with *i*, and forms the sound of *sh*. Before *ure* it usually takes the sound of *ch*, as in *nature* (*na'ch'ôr*). The digraph *th* has a sharp, hard sound, as in *thin*; and a soft, flat sound, as in *this*, *thine*.

V has but one sound, as heard in *vule*, *vine*, *civil*.

W, before a vowel, is a consonant, with a sound resembling *oo*, in *moon*, as in *wet* (*oo-et*). It is silent before *r*, as in *write*, *wrong*. In *who* *whole*, *whoop*, and *two*, it is silent.

X has a sharp sound like *ks*, as in *tax*; and a soft or vocal sound, like *gz*, as in *exhaust*, *exact*. At the beginning of words it is pronounced like *z*, as in *Xenophon*.

Y, consonant, always precedes a vowel, as in *you*. When a vowel, it has the same sound as *i*.

Z has the same sound as *s* soft, as in *zeal*. It has also the sound of *zh* in some words, as in *azure*, *seizure*.

PHONIC ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

In analyzing a word by its elementary sound, we give separately and distinctly each element recognized by the ear when the word is pronounced.

The analysis of words will greatly facilitate the acquisition of a correct articulation. After the pupils have become familiar with all the elements and their combinations by practice of the preceding tables, they may proceed in this manner:

Mite—m-i-t; m is a subtonic; i, a tonic, long i; t, an atonic; e is silent in this word.

Sbook—sb-ū-k; sh is an atonic; oo has the sound of third u, a vocal; k is an atonic.

Pique—p-ē-k; p is an atonic; i, an equivalent for long e, a vocal; q an equivalent for k, an atonic; u and e are silent.

The teacher's voice should furnish the model for the pupil's imitation. The words should be uttered distinctly and forcibly. The elements, in proper order, should be articulated separately and very fully. Remember that the letters are only the signs of the sounds.

EXAMPLES.

[Italicized letters are silent.]

1. Sir(*sēr*), shall(*shāl*), fight, bat-tles(*-tlz*), fault, dear, neigh'bor(*nā'bōr*), cruci(*krōcl*), cause(*kāz*), phrase(*frāz*), hough(*hōk*), cer'tain(*sēr'tin*), touch'd.

2. Light, now, low, bow, bow, bough, naughty, zest, vir'tue(*vēr'chō*), re-c-tive' (*e=s*), whieb(*hwich*), who(*hō*), worth(*o=ē*), a-gain'(-*gēn*), bē'low', could, cōūa'try (*e=k*).

3. Prey(prā), pleasure(plesh'ôr), fā-tigue'(tēg), shrubs(shrūbz), shriv'el(shrīv'l), shirk(shêrk), elose(klōz), elose(klōs), quiet(kwī'ēt), e-nough(enūf'), rōs'yn(s=z), Isle, lin'ger(līng'ger), dan'ger(dān'ger), sīng'er, vāunt.

4. As(z) fār as(z) the eye(t) c(k)ould reach wās(z) ā wāv'ing. sea of(v) grāss, hère ānd the(ā)re ān Islānd of(v) trēes(z), bŭt nōt ā trāc(s)e of (v) ā hŭ'mān bē'ing. At lāst I thou(ā)ght I hād mādē ā dīs-c(k)o(ū)v'er-y.

EXERCISES IN THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

1. *A* long, as in *fate*.—Blame, fame, same, bake, flame, gaze, shape, whale, vane, lame, lane, Jane. Prey, they, vein, deign, feign, weigh, great, tailor, sailor, painter, fail, gauge.

2. *A* short, as in *fat*.—Bat, mat, cat, pan, man, fan, crash, flash, clang, twang, plank, act, fact, crag, jag, plaid.

3. *A* third, as in *father*.—Arm, charm, charge, garb, star, scarf, harp, tartar, barter, jount, vaunt, taunt, laughter, heart, guard.

4. *A* fourth, as in *fall*, and *o* as in *for*.—Tall, ball, call, saw, law, awful, lawful, walking, talking, daughter, naughty, haughty, gaudy, saucer, yawl, squall, horn, morn, corn, corner, scerner.

5. *A* fifth, as in *fare*, and *e* as in *there*.—Rare, care, dare, snare, hare, hare, mare, fair, pair, chair, swear, pear, bear, square, where, heir, their.

6. *A* sixth, as in *fast*.—Mast, cast, last, dance, glance, prance, grass, pass, mass, lass, slanting, glancing, faster, master, blast, grants, chaff, lath.

7. *E* long, as in *mete*, and *i* as in *marine*.—Theme, scene, team, sleet, street, teeth, sleepy, beetle, steeple, weary, dreary, deacon, beacon, thief, brief, belief, receipt, bombazine, machine, police, seizure.

8. *E* short, as in *met*, and *a* as in *many*.—Bled, sped, fed, men, bell, belt, test, lent, bent, sledge, ledge, wedge, wench, bench, merry, shelf, heifer, kettle, penny, any, miscellany, wealthy, healthy, head, said, says, friend.

9. *E* third, as in *her*, *i* as in *bird*, *o* as in *word*, and *u* as in *fur*.*

* According to some orthoepists, *e* in *her* and *i* in *fur* have a sound differing from that of *u* in *fur*. Usage in America, however, makes no distinction.

Fern, fern, earn, search, perch, revert, chirp, flirt, girl, shirt, myrtle, myrrh, work, worm, worthy, worldly, bur, curl, cur, purse, nurse, turn, concur, demurring.

10. *I* long, as in *pine*.—Fine, mine, line, chime, shine, site, kite, ripe, vine, wine, dye, by, eye, my, rye, type, spider, miser, cider, guide buying, sighing, flying, dying, lying.

11. *I* short, as in *pin*.—Bin, din, sin, fin, win, him, rim, trim, hit, lit, sit, trip, spinner, inner, nimbly, hither, thither, mitten, kitten, skilful, wilful, quickly, builder, guild.

12. *O* long, as in *note*.—Pole, sole, tone, hone, lone, dote, rope, yoke, zone, rote, choke, stone, bone, sober, drover, joker, grocer, home, coal, foal, yeomanry, sew, hoe, woe, row, blow, show, soul, beau, haulboy.

13. *O* short, as in *not*, and *a* as in *what*.—Shot, rock, clock, dock, lock, knock, block, pond, cobbler, lodger, doctor, frolic, was, wand, wasp, watch, wander, squash, squad, quarrel, quarry.

14. *O* third, as in *more*, and *u* as in *rule*.—Do, lose, groove, doom, moor, food, fool, cooper, booby, hoop, coop, pool, rude, ruin, prunes, cruel, truant, shoe, soup.

15. *U* long, as in *mute*.—Tune, fume, lute, duke, nude, pure, due, hue, sue, new, few, dew, view, review, knew, blue, beauty, adieu.

16. *U* short, as in *tub*, and *o* as in *son*.—Drum, rum, crusty, bust, dust, cull, sung, thumb, pun, buzz, lucky, sulky, bumper, drummer, summer, luncheon, puncheon, rough, tough, come, done, won, love, dove, blood, flood.

17. *U* third, as in *full*, and *o* as in *wolf*.—Bull, pull, bush, puss, could, should, would, wolfish, wool, wood, good, stood, hood, bully, butcher, bullock, bullet.

18. *Oi*, as in *voice*, and *oy* as in *boy*.—Oil, boil, coil, toil, spoil, rejoice, pointer, joiner, hoisting, toy, joy, alloy, oyster, noise, moist, hoist, annoy, royal, voyage.

19. *Ou*, as in *our*, and *ow* as in *now*.—Bound, round, found, sound, ground, doubt, foul, gout, house, south, zounds, mouth, shout, arouse, espouse, fountain, mountain, dower, gown, cow, how, flower, shower, towel, vowel.

VOWEL SOUNDS IN UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

In words like *fatal*, *natal*, *follow*, *borrow*, *colony*, *agony*, etc., where the vowel sound is unaccented and obscure, it is a common error either to suppress the sound altogether, as *fat'l* for *fatal*, or to substitute one sound for another, as *upply* for *apply*, *winder* for *window*, *seperate* for *separate*. In pronouncing words of this character, care should be taken to give the proper sound, without exaggeration or improper prominence, touching the vowel lightly, as it were, and yet with a clearness sufficient to prevent its being confounded with some other sound.

TABLES OF ARTICULATION IN UNACCENTED VOWEL SOUNDS.

I.

A.—*Fatal*, not *fat'l*; *reliance*, not *reliunce*.

fa'tal	nom'i nal	dis'so nance
na tal	su i ci'dal	con so nant
men tal	hom i ci dal	ar ro gant
in stant	pic to'ri al	ar ro gance
dis tant	i ni''tial	tol er ant
pas cal	re li'ance	tol er ance
pas'to ral	de fi ance	ar tic'u lar
mus i cal	va'ri ance	au ric u lar
com i cal	dis so nant	joe'u lar
rad i cal	par tic'u lar	pop u lar

II.

A.—*Imperative*, not *imperitive*; *salable*, not *salurable*.

im per'a tive	lax'a tive	re spect'a ble
in dic a tive	pro vo'ca tive	in val u a ble
pal'li a tive	pi'ra cy	nav'i ga ble
pur'ga tive	con spir'a cy	rea son a ble
pre rog'a tive	a'mi a ble	a vail'a ble
re stor a tive	hon or a ble	sal'a ble
re mark a ble	ter min a ble	val'u a ble

III.

A.—Afloat, not *erfloat* ; appear, not *uppear*.

a float'	a bol' ish	a bor' tive	ap point'
a maze	a ban dou	ap pear'	ap pall
a larm	a bil' i ty	ap prove	ap peal
a gain	a bun' dant	ap ply	ap plaud
af ford	a bol ish	af front	ap pcase

IV.

A.—Separate, not *seperate* ; moderate, not *moderit*.

sep' a rate	firm' a ment	car' bon ate	as' pi rate
test a ment	tem per ate	in ti mate	mod er ate

V.

E.—Every, not *ev'ry* ; traveller, not *trav'ler* ; silent, not *silunt* ; believe, not *b'lieve*.

ev' er y	be cause'	prn' dent	mar' ti net
sev er al	be ware	em' i nent	pi e ty
pre vail'	trav' el ler	dif fi dent	sa ti' e ty
pre dict	mur der er	som no lent	so bri e ty
per haps	flut ter ing	vi o let	so ci e ty
be lief	in' ter est ing	par a pet	va ri e ty
be have	si' lent	cor o net	im pi e ty

VI.

E.—Goodness, not *goodniss* ; basket, not *baskit* ; honest, not *honust*.

good' ness	same' ness	bright' est	mark' et
pure ness	bound less	dear est	jack et
la' zi ness	scar let	no blest	rack et
cost li ness	hon est	warm est	bask et
bless ed' ness	mod est	bon net	cask et

VII.

I. — Amity, not *am'ty*; lenitive not *lenative*; certain, not *cert'n*.

am' i ty	plau' si ble	rad' i cal	fount' ain
van i ty	di vis' i ble	car ni val	hos til' i ty
fals i ty	len' i tive	di rect'	di vin i ty
vis i blo	sen si tive	dis pose	du plic i ty
ter ri ble	ju bi lee	cer' tain	af fa bil' i ty
feas i ble	rid i culo	mount ain	am i a bil' i ty

VIII.

O. — Opinion, not *urpinion*; melody, not *melurdy*; position not *pursition*.

o pin' ion	his' to ry	eroc' o dile	to gcth' er
o va tion	mem o ry	com pro mise	po ta to
op' po sito	mel o dy	mem' o ra ble	to bae co
ob so lete	eol o ny	cor rob' o rate	mot' to
des o lato	ag o ny	mel' an choly	mu lat' to
rhet o ric	el o quence	com po si' tion	po si' tion

IX.

OW. — Willow, not *willer*; widow, not *widder*.

wil' low	hol' low	yel' low	yar' row
pil low	mor row	fel low	shad ow
bil low	sor row	nar row	mead ow
min now	bel low	mar row	win dow
fol low	mel low	bar row	wid ow

X.

U. — Duke, not *dook*; endure, not *endoor*.

(Giving to *u* its long sound, as heard in *use*.)

duke	dif fusor	pre sume'	ed' u cate
due	re buke	re sume	an nu al

du' ty	pro duce'	ex ude'	rit' u al
muse	pre sume	pre elude	nat u ral
a buse'	en dure	eu sue	sin gu lar
re fuse	al lure	pur sue	for mn la
ob tuse	con sume	sub due	vol u ble
re duce	re lme	pur suit	val' u a ble

XI.

U.—*Na'ch'or*, not *na tur*; *lec'ch'or*, not *lec tur*.*

nat' ure	text' ure	gest' ure	past' ure
lect ure	fixt ure	sculpt ure	post ure
feat ure	mixt uro	rupt ure	cap ture
meist ure	vest ure	strict ure	tort ure
creat ure	vult ure	stat ure	gest ure

CONTRAST TABLES.

To render the distinction between vowel sounds, in unaccented syllables, more clear and palpable to the ear, read the following tables across the column, for contrast, giving the proper sound to each letter.

I.

a-ble	i-ble	ant	ent
a gree' a ble	in flex' i ble	ar' ro gant	con' ti nent
a vail a ble	el' ig i ble	con so nant	per ti nent
en du ra ble	in fal' li ble	el e gant	em i nent
ex cus a ble	in fu si ble	tol er ant	dif fi dent
a mend a ble	dif fu si ble	dis so nant	dil i gent
de sir a ble	cor rect i ble	mis ere ant	ev i dent

II.

a-ment	e-ment	i-ment
ar' ma ment	im' ple ment	mer' ri ment
fil a ment	in cre ment	lin i ment

* Both Webster and Worcester mark words of this class, ending in *ture*, as *gyr*, but this is not supported by standard English authorities, nor is it in accordance with the usage of the best speakers. WALKER writes them as *chur*-as, for example, *na'chur*; and SMART as *ch'or*-as, *na'ch'or*.

a-ment	e-ment	i-ment
lin' e a ment	sup' ple ment	nu' tri ment
tem per a ment	ten e ment	reg i ment
tes' ta ment	bat tle ment	im ped' i ment

III.

a-tive	i-tive	a-ry	e-ry
im per' a tive	len' i tive	ro' sa ry	bra' ver y
lax' a tive	sen si tive	no ta ry	bri ber y
in dic' a tive	in fin' i tive	san' i ta ry	dra per y
do riv a tive	de fin i tive	sol i ta ry	pru der y
re stor a tive	in quis i tive	gloss' a ry	gun ner y

IV.

ar	or	or
an' gu lar	mes' sen ger	or' a tor
cir en lar	ar bi ter	em pe ror
glob u lar	pris on er	vis it or
pop u lar	reg is ter	mon i tor
reg u lar	swin' dler	met a phor
par tie' u lar	com mand' er	mod' er a tor

V.

i-ty	e-ty	e-an e-um	i-an i-um
a bil' i ty	so ci' e ty	her en' le an	col le' gi an
vi ril i ty	so bri e ty	hy per bo' re an	co me di an
neu tral i ty	sa ti e ty	sub ter ra ne an	his to ri an
in fin i ty	va ri e ty	cas to' re um	de lir i nm
do cil i ty	pro pri e ty	pe tro le um	em po ri um

VI.

o-ous	i-ous	ess	ous
boun' te ous	me lo' di ous	la' zi ness	li bid' i nous
ex tra' ne ous	in sid i ous	cost li ness	op pro bri ous
spon ta ne ous	ob liv i ous	bless ed ness	la ho ri ous
si mul ta' ne ous	par si mo' ni ous	zeal ons ness	glo' ri ous
pit' e ous	ob' vi ous	con tent' ed ness	mul ti tu' di nous

VII.

a-i		a-i	
ad di'' tion	e di'' tion	e lie' it	il lie' it
af feet'	æ feet'	e lnde'	il lude'
al lu' sion	il lu' sion	em' i grant	im' mi grant
vi' o late	vi' o let	em i nent	in mi nent
vi' ol	vi' al	e merge'	im merge'

EXERCISES IN CONSONANT SOUNDS.

I.

D.—Exercise in *d* final, which is often feebly articulated; as
an' instead of and.

and	bend	bind	bound	ground' ed
land	send	friend	ground	hun dred
band	lend	field	found	hus band
hand	mind	shield	sound	hon ored
sand	wind	yield	bound' ed	hound ed

II.

G.—Morning, not *mornin'*; starting, not *startin'*.

morn' ing	hop' ping	rov' ing	dy' ing
rnn ning	show ing	roar ing	sigh ing
talk ing	start ing	fight ing	com ing
walk ing	hid ing	glid ing	go ing
eat ing	break ing	rid ing	fol' low ing
drink ing	step ping	shy ing	bil low ing

III.

K.—Frisk, not *fris'*; dusk, not *dus'*.

frisk	lark	risk	reck	dock
whisk	mock	bark	deck	dusk
desk	cask	neck	block	tusk
task	bask	beck	ark	musk

IV.

R.

arch	hair	corn	worm	roll' ing
march	steer	lorn	bird	rain ing
larch	cheer	born	heard	ri fling
starch	fear	morn	word	blun' der ing
arm	beer	storm	cord	mur der ing
harm	near	horn	stirred	fur ther ing
farm	leer	form	rug' ged	re ver' be ra ting
warm	hear	world	rag ged	e nerv' a ting

V.

T.—Best, not *bes'*; perfect, not *perfec'*; objects, not *objec's*.

beast	guest	lost	thrusts	di rect'
east	crests	host	wept	re spect's
best	tests	roast	kept	ob' jects
rest	cents	boast	slept	high est
nest	tents	coasts	per' feet	dear est
west	soft	boasts	sub ject	warm est
chest	oft	trusts	ac cept'	in ter cept'
rest	most	busts	pre' cept	el' e ments

VI.

Wh.—*when*, not *wen*; *what*, not *wat*.

what	wheat	whim	whip	whirled
when	whisk	while	whack	whelmed
where	white	whelp	whence	wheth' er
whist	why	which	whin ing	whis per
whale	wharf	whirl	whis per	whirl ing

CONSONANT COMBINATIONS.

Let the elements in the following sentences be uttered with force and distinctness. If these exercises are frequently employed they will promote the flexibility of the vocal organs, and secure that clearness of articulation which is so desirable.

1. The *blissful blemish* of a *blush* broke upon her cheek.
2. *Black babbling brooks break brawling* o'er their bounds
3. *Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble.*
4. He *fibb'd* and *robb'd*, and was well *mobbb'd* and *dubb'd*.
5. The *clinging clay* clung in *clusters* to the cloth.
6. The *crag* came *cleaving* down the *cleft* with a *crash* and a *clang*.
7. For these are the *chaplets* of *chainless charity*, and the *chalice* of *childlike cheerfulness*. *Change* cannot *change* thee.
8. The *facts* of the *act* are *clear*; but in *fact* all such *acts* are without *tact*.
9. The *dreary droning* of the *drum* drew near.
10. The *dwarf dwelt* amid the *doleful dirges* of the *dark pinea*
11. The *fiddler fiddled* his *fiddle*, and the *peddler paddled* in the *puddle*.
12. For the *hundredth* time he spoke of *lengths*, *breadths*, *widths*, and *depths*.
13. The *feeble freeman* *feebly fought* for *freedom*.
14. The *flaming fire* *flashed fearfully* in his *face*.
15. The *ruffled, baffled, trifling raffer* was *shuffled* from the *room*.
16. *Wafted softly, drifting and lifting* on the *tide*, the *craft* went *gliding* on.
17. The *globe* is *glad* in the *glow* of the *glorious sun*. *Straggle and struggle, haggle and juggle*; so the *lagging beggar* *drags* along.
18. *Gleams of light* *glanced* through the *gloomy glen*.
19. *Judge and jury jogging* on a *journey*, *joined a joker* in a *angle*.
20. *Lamely the lion* *limped* along the *lawn*.
21. The *selfish elf* put all her *pelf* on the *shelf*.
22. To *pelt* and *tilt*, and *molt* and *bolt*, and *buud* and *guild*.
and *delve* with *clves*.

23. Your false friends aim to get the *wealth* by *stealth* for which you *delv'd* and lost your *health*.

24. Ho helped the milk-maid milk the milk, then filched the milk and skulked away.

25. Immense masses move through the majestic spaces of the solar system.

26. The nymph made a merry triumph.

27. Now came the nodding nun, and none could name the need the nodding nun did know.

28. With all his strength the nipper nipt a nibble; and stretched at length, the nibbler nicked a nip.

29. Outflank'd, outrank'd, and never thank'd.

30. Peter Prangle, the pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly pears from the pear-tree.

31. The plain purpose of the pledge was to pluck the man from his plight.

32. The plumed prince and plodding priest planning for place.

33. The rill ran rippling o'er the rocky bed.

34. The torrent rushed down the rocks, pouring and roaring, whirling and twirling, curling and purling, grumbling and rumbling, darting and parting.

35. The farmer's brown barn, the ripe corn, the red and russet apples, the running brook.

36. March, soldiers, march! charge, Chester, charge! To arms! to arms!

37. The singer sung, the swinger swung, and the swimmer swam swiftly upon the swelling sea.

38. Sprawling in the street, shrill shrieks the struggling wretch; while seized with a spasm, the man fell down the rocky chasm.

39. The sea is shining with ships that shape their course for home.

40. If thou couldst thou shouldst, and if thou wouldst thou couldst.

41. He *asks* for tasks; in his *fists* he *grasps* the *hasps*, and *macks* his *gasps*.

42. It *flash'd*, and he was *dash'd* to the ground, *crush'd* and *gash'd*.

43. *Theophilus Thistle*, the *thistle* sifter, in sifting unsifted *thistles*, *thrust* three thousand *thistles* through the *thick* of his *thumb*.

44. Three *thrushes* in a *throng* got three *thrashings* in a *trice*, and three *thwacks* *athwart* their *throats*.

45. Twelve times he threw the *twisted twine* across the *Tweed*.

46. *Vanity*, all is *vanity* and *vexation* of *spirit*.

47. If thou *giv'st* thy *love*, thou *giv'st* thy *life*.

48. *What whim* led *Whitney White* to *whittle*, *whistle*, *whisper*, and *whimper* near the *wharf*.

49. We *wildly wish*, while *wiser workmen* win *whate'er* they *will*.

50. A *zealot* and a *zany*, *dazzled* in a *daze*, *puzzled* in a *puzzle*, found a *zizel* and a *zebra*.

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES IN VOWEL SOUNDS AND CONSONANT TERMINATIONS. .

1. How does the water come down at *Lodore*?

Here it comes *sparkling*,

And there it lies *darkling*;

Here *smoking* and *frothing*,

And *falling* and *brawling* and *sprawling*,

And *driving* and *ricing* and *striying*,

And *sparkling* and *twinkling* and *wrinkling*,

2. And *sounding* and *bounding* and *rounding*,

And *bubbling* and *troubling* and *doubling*,

Dividing and *gliding* and *sliding*,

And *grunbling* and *rumbling* and *tumbling*,

And clattering and hattering and shattering,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing.

3. A serious man was never before guilty of such a series of follies, in which every species of absurdity was accompanied by a specious gravity which rendered it infinitely amusing.

4. The duke paid the money due the Jew before the dew was off the ground; and the Jew having duly acknowledged it, said adieu to the duke.

5. On neither side a notion exists. On either side an ocean exists. Can there be an aim more lofty? Can there be a name more lofty? The host still asked for pay, and the hosts till then were calm.

6. A fearless, reckless, heartless, shiftless, worthless fellow; and his daughter, in her ragged bonnet, went to market every day to sell her baskets of scarlet berries and her bunches of violets.

7. Let your principal and highest aim be to do right; and remember that to be truly honest you must act from principle, and not from policy; an honest man is the noblest work of God.

8. A widow by a window on the Yarrow saw a fellow, with a basket full of minnows, cross the narrow hollow near the large yellow willow.

9. Do not pursue your pleasures to satiety; let them have variety, but enjoy them with sobriety, and beware of the falsity, the vanity, the duplicity of society.

10. We concluded to retain the guide and remain on the mountain all night, certain that by morning we should find the mysterious fountain.

11. The hills clothed in verdure, the pastures so green with the moisture of the brooks, and studded here and there with creatures in various postures, all made up a pleasant picture.

12. The agony of the colony in their critical and dangerous

condition was intense; at any moment they might expect the descent of the enemy, who were capable of every atrocity.

13. A naughty, haughty, gaudy sawyer, with his awful tawdry daughter, put a hornet on a cornet in a corner. A worldly, worthy, wordy turner turned a turnip. Thirty thirsty hermit-thrushes perching on a perch.

14. He was intimate with an indolent, insolent, jocular, in temperate, worthless fellow, who lived in the most desolate, silent and dismal place, and in the oddest, strangest, and most dilapidated house you ever saw.

15. The *inconceivable incongruity* of his *disingenuous* statement indicated either a *treacherousness* of memory, or a *mysteriousness* of purpose, and an *unaccountable incommunicativeness*, that excited *suspensions incontrovertibly* injurious to his character.

II. ACCENT.

1. ACCENT is a greater force of voice laid upon one syllable of a word than upon the others. The accented syllable, when marked, is indicated by a short mark, thus ('), placed just above the syllable at the right, as in *yel' low, col' o-ny, bot' a-ny*.

2. In the word *col' o-ny*, the first syllable is the accented syllable. In the words *im-por' tant, re-mem' ber*, the second syllable is accented. In the word *rep-re-sent'* the last syllable is accented.

3. Some words have a primary and a secondary accent. In *al'-li-ga'' tor*, the primary accent is on the first syllable, and the secondary on the third syllable. In the word *ed'' u-ca' tion*, there is a primary accent on the third, and a secondary accent on the first syllable.

4. Many words change their accent in accordance with their use as nouns or adjectives and verbs; as:

The *es' cort* came over to *escort'* him.

Why does your *ab'sent* friend *absent'* himself?
 If that *proj'ect* fail he will *project'* another.
 He brought the *en'vel-ope* to *envel'op* the sheet.
 Bring the *per'fume* and *perfume'* the room.

5. The ordinary accent sometimes changes its place by a contrast in sense, or to express an opposition in the thought ; as :

He that *de'scended* is also the same that *as'scended*.

I did not say *re'quirements*, but *ac'quirements*. Not the *al'lusion*, but the *il'lusion*.

III. EMPHASIS AND SLUR.

I.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is that force of voice by which certain words in a sentence are distinguished above the rest. By its use we not only mark the important words in a sentence, but we render the meaning clear and forcible. Improper emphasis often entirely changes the meaning of a sentence, and weak or inattentive emphasis obscures it.

There are three kinds of emphasis :

1st. *Emphasis of Force*, or Arbitrary Emphasis, in which the sentiment or idea in a sentence is powerfully asserted.

2d. EMPHASIS OF SENSE, in which the emphasis holds and controls the meaning of the sentence.

3d. ANTITHETIC, OR RELATIVE EMPHASIS, which is founded on the contrast or relation of one word or clause with another.

EMPHASIS OF FORCE.

1. In emphasis of force there exists, where several words in a sentence are to be emphasized, a distinction called *primary* and *secondary* emphasis. The primary emphasis is the stronger emphasis, while the secondary has several degrees

2. In the subjoined examples, the words on which the primary emphasis must be placed are in LARGE CAPITALS; those on which the secondary emphasis should be placed are in SMALL CAPITALS; and those which require a still lower emphasis are in *italics*.

EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS OF FORCE.

1. A *day*, an HOUR, of *virtuous liberty*, is worth a whole ETERNITY of bondage.

2. A THOUSAND YEARS scarce serve to FORM a State; an HOUR may lay it in the dust.

3. *They* who would be FREE, THEMSELVES must strike the blow.

4. But YESTERDAY the word of Cæsar might have stood against the WORLD. Now *lies* he *there*, and NONE so poor to do him reverence.

5. The combat *deepens*. ON, ye *brave*, who march to *glory* or the ORAVEL WAVE, Munich, all thy *bonners* WAVE, and CHARGE with all thy *chivalry*!

6. A *month*! Oh, for a single WEEK! I ask not for *years*, though an AGE were *too little* for the *work* I have to do.

7. Thou *child of joy*! SHOUT round me: let me HEAR thy SHOUTS, thou HAPPY shepherd boy.

8. COULD you be so cruel? Oh, THINK of what you *do*!

9. His *disappointment*, his ANGUISH, his DEATH, were caused by your culpable carelessness.

10. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, THEN, and not TILL then, let my epitaph be written.

EMPHASIS OF SENSE.

Emphasis of Sense is also called *necessary emphasis*, that is, emphasis necessary to convey the meaning intended, as by changing the emphasis from one word to another an entirely different idea may be conveyed.

EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS OF SENSE.

1. Did you ride home with *Jane*? That is, did you ride with *Jane* or *some one else*?
2. Did you ride home with Jane? That is, did you go home or *elsewhere*?
3. Did you *ride* home with Jane? That is, did you *ride* home with Jane, or *walk* home with her?
4. Did *you* ride home with Jane? That is, did *you* or *some one else* ride home with her?
5. Did you ride home with Jane? That is, is it really a *fact* that you rode home with her?
6. Have you seen my sister, to-day? No; I have not.
7. Have *you* seen my sister, to-day? No; but *John* did.
8. Have you *seen* my sister, to-day? No; but I *heard* from her.
9. Have you seen *my* sister, to-day? No; but I met *John's*.
10. Have you seen my *sister*, to-day? No; but I saw your *cousin*.
11. Have you seen my sister, *to-day*? No; not since *yesterday*.

ANTITHETIC, OR RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

It has been said that all necessary emphasis rests on antithesis, implied or understood; and, to a great extent, this is true. But when the antithesis is expressed in words, the contrast in the antithetic words representing that opposition of ideas, must be clearly marked by the emphasis. Antithetic emphasis necessarily carries with it a contrast of *inflections*, which will be illustrated under the proper head.

EXAMPLES OF ANTITHETIC EMPHASIS.

1. If we *live* in the spirit, let us also *walk* in the spirit.
2. As you have *shown* mercy, you shall *receive* mercy.
3. *Vice* and *virtue* are as opposite as *fire* and *water*.

4. The fault is not in our *stars*, dear Brutus, but in *ourselves*.
5. If you would seek to make one rich, study not to *increase* his *stores* but to *diminish* his *desires*.
6. A good man loves HIMSELF too well to *lose* an estate, and his NEIGHBOR too well to *win* one.
7. Persecution is not *wrong* because it is *cruel*, but *cruel* because it is *wrong*.
8. Shall we prefer *disease* to *health*, *death* to *life*, *liberty* to *bondage*?

II.

SLUR.

1. SLUR is opposed to emphasis, and refers to that management of the voice by which certain words and parts of a sentence are SLURRED over, that is, touched lightly, with much less force and greater rapidity than the emphasized words.

2. If we read the sentence, "*put the book on the shelf*," with equal stress, the delivery becomes very hard, monotonous, and disagreeable. If we lay a strong emphasis on the words *book* and *shelf*, the delivery will not be quite so monotonous, but it will still be stiff and unpleasant. If, however, we *slur* the words "*the*" and "*on the*," the emphasized words will then stand out in sharper contrast, the delivery become flexible, and the sentence will fall trippingly from the tongue.

3. All minor words in a sentence must be slurred, and all parenthetical passages. Parentheses must be not only touched lightly, but they should be read more rapidly and in a lower key than the other portions of a sentence.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

In these exercises, the *italicised* words are to be *slurred*, and the words in CAPITALS to be emphasized.

1. Put *the* book on *the* shelf.

2. Do *not* touch the vaso on the table.
3. Have *you* seen any thing of the old man?
4. Up *EARLY* and *LATE*, to *TOIL* and to *WAIT*, to do as *one's* *DID*, yet *for ever* be *CHILD*.
5. Dismiss, *as soon as may be*, all angry thoughts.
6. Know ye the land *where* the cypress and myrtle are emblems of deeds *that are* done in their elime?
7. One day *I* was guilty of an action, which, *to say the least*, was in very bad taste.
8. No! *DEAR* as *FREEDOM* is, and, *in my heart's just estimation*, prized above all price, I would much rather be *MYSELF* the *SLAVE* and *WEAR* the *BONDS*, than fasten them on *HIM*.
9. "Do you *REALLY* wish so?" said his father. "I do, indeed," said *Ernest*. "But," continued his father, *taking, at the same time, his memorandum-book out of his pocket*, "see what is written here."

IV. INFLECTION.

INFLECTION is the bending or sliding of the voice, in reading or speaking, either upward or downward.

There are two inflections: the *RIISING INFLECTION* and the *FALLING INFLECTION*; and a union of the two, called the *CIRCUMFLEX*.

1. The *RIISING INFLECTION* is the upward bend or slide of the voice, and is indicated by the acute accent (').

2. The *FALLING INFLECTION* is the downward bend or slide of the voice, and is marked by the grave accent (`).

3. The *CIRCUMFLEX* is the union of the two inflections in the same syllable or word. When the *Circumflex* commences with the *rising* and ends with the *falling* inflection, it is marked thus ^; and when it commences with a *falling* and ends with a *rising* inflection, it is marked thus ~.

RULES FOR THE USE OF THE INFLECTIONS.

RULE 1.—Imperative sense requires the falling inflection.

Inflection is qualified and often determined by emphasis. When the emphasis is imperative, or of force merely, it always takes the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Could' you be so *cruel'*?

Thou shalt not *steal'*.

Agree with thine adversary *quickly'*.

Hence', horrible *shadow'*!

What a piece of *work'* is *man'*!

Hence', *home'*, you idle creatures'; get you *home'*.

Avaunt'l and quit my sight'l

You *blocks'*, you *stones'*, you *worse'* than senseless *things'*.

RULE 2.—Affirmative sense in a sentence requires the falling inflection; and the end of a sentence, when expressing completeness, conclusion, or result, usually requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Every one'* aims at *happiness'*.

2. Virtue is its own *reward'*.

3. Health is better than *beauty'*.

4. The scholars have finished their *tasks'*.

5. John has gone to *school'*.

6. The roses are now in *bloom'*.

7. The pupil has learned his *lessons'*.

8. The day is at an *end'*.

RULE 3.—Negative sense is marked by the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. He did not want to go to *school'*.

2. It is not a *crime'* to be *merry'*.

3. Virtue does not consist in *sadness*'.
4. He did not name *me*'.
5. He did not want a *horse*'.

The upward inflection, in these negative sentences, leaves a sense of incompleteness on the ear, as if something were unexpressed; and so there is, for negative sentences like the above do, in fact, leave something to be understood—an implied affirmation of something else. If we say, "*It is not a book we want,*" we do not say what we want; we only negative our want of a book; or if we say, "*It is not this book we want,*" we negative our want of a particular book, leaving still to be expressed what book we do want. On the contrary, when we say, "*I want a book,*" the whole sense is perfect, with nothing left unexpressed, and a falling cadence or inflection leaves the ear satisfied with a sense of completeness. From this we discover that the ascending inflection marks incomplete or negative sense, and the falling inflection affirmative, or complete sense. Hence:

RULE 4.—The antithesis which exists between the negative and affirmative sense is marked by opposition or contrast of inflection; the affirmative part of a sentence receives the falling inflection, and the negative part the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. This tree is *small*', not *large*'.
2. This book is *mine*', not *yours*'.
3. This letter is *yours*', not *mine*'.
4. I said *black*', not *white*'.
5. He acted *honestly*', not *dishonestly*'.
6. I said *good*', not *bad*'; *virtuous*', not *vicious*'.
7. He was condemned for his *crimes*', and not for his political *opinions*'.

RULE 5.—Interrogations, when governed by a verb, usually require the rising inflection, and their answers the falling.

EXAMPLES.

1. Did he say he would *come*? He *did*'.
2. Will you meet us at the *station*? I *will*'.

3. Do you love that little *child*? I *do*'.
4. Are these peaches *ripe*? They *are*'.
5. May I eat some of these *grapes*? You *may*'.
6. Will you come and see *him*? *Yes*'.
7. Are you going to *Richmond*? I *am*'.
8. Will you go with me to *Charleston*? I *cannot*'.

Note.—When the interrogation becomes an appeal, and the reply is anticipated, it takes a marked falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Is this *reason*? Is it *law*? Is it *humanity*?
2. Hath not a Jew *eyes*? Hath not a Jew *hands*?
3. If you *prick* us, do we not *bleed*? If you *tickle* us, do we not *laugh*?

RULE 6.—Questions asked with a relative pronoun, or adverb—*who, which, what, where*—take the falling inflection, and their answers the same.

EXAMPLES.

1. Where do you intend to spend the *winter*? At *Charleston*'.
2. How far is it to *Richmond*? A hundred *miles*'.
3. Who is the best *scholar* in the *class*? *James*'.
4. What *study* do you like *best*? *Elocution*'.
5. Whose *house* is *this*? *Mr. Albert's*'.
6. Which is the nearest road to *Nashville*? The one to the *left*'.
7. What did the man *say*? Nothing of *importance*'.
8. Where are you going *to-day*? To the *village*'.

RULE 7.—In alternatives, when questions are connected by the disjunctive *or*, the first requires the rising, and the second the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will he *live*, or *die*?
2. Did he say he would *come*, or did he say he would *not*?

3. Did he act *honestly'*, or *dishonestly'*?
4. Did he go *north'*, or *south'*?
5. *Sink'* or *swim'*, *live'* or *die'*, *survive'* or *perish'*, I give my *hand and heart'* to this *vote'*.
6. Was it an act of moral *courage'*, or *cowardice'*, for Cato to fall on his *sword'*?

Note.—The introduction of *or* between two interrogative clauses does not necessarily imply an *alternative*; "*or*" is frequently a connecting particle between two similar or parallel ideas, and, in such cases, both clauses of the interrogation will take the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Do men gather *grapes'* of *thorns'*, or *figs'* of *thistles'*?
2. Is a *candle'* brought to be put under a *bushel'*, or under a *bed'*?
3. Can *honor's'* voice provoke the silent *dust'*,
Or *flattery'* soothe the dull cold ear of *death'*?

RULE 8.—The rising inflection is the natural expression of tenderness.

EXAMPLES.

1. Not a drum was *heard'*, nor a funeral *note'*,
As his corse to the ramparts we *hurried'*
2. *Kind'*, *patient'*, loving *Nell'* was dead'.
3. Mother! I leave thy *dwelling'*;
Oh! shall it be *forever'*?
With grief my heart is *swelling'*,
From *thee'*, from *thee'* to *sever'*.

RULE 9.—The language of fear, anger, scorn, and all strong emotions, commonly requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Awake'*! ye sons of Spain. *Awake'*! *Advance'*!
2. *Charge'*, *Chester'*, *charge'*! *On'*, *Stanley'*, *on'*!

8. I tax not *you*, ye elemcuts, with *unkindness* ;
 I never gave you *kingdom* ; called you *children* ;
 You owe me no *subscription* ; then, let fall
 Your horrible *pleasure* : here I stand—your *slave*—
 A *poor*, *infirm*, *weak*, and despised old *man*.

4. Thou *slate*, thou *wretch*, thou *coward* ! away from my *sight* !

RULE 10.—A series of words or members at the beginning, or in the middle of a sentence, is called a *Commencing Series*, and requires the falling inflection on each word or member except the last, which must have the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Wine*, *beauty*, *music*, *pomp*, are poor expedients to heave off the load of an hour from the heir of *eternity*.

2. In eloquence we see *sublimity*, *beauty*, *genius*, and *power*, in their noblest *exercise*.

3. *Beauty*, *strength*, *youth*, and old *age* lie undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

Note.—When the emphasis on the words or members of a series is but slightly marked, they take the *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The birds *sing*, the lambs *play*, the grass *grows*, the trees are *green*, and all *nature* is *beautiful*.

2. *Days*, *months*, *years*, and *ages* shall circle away.

3. In *form*, *look*, *age*, and *voice*, he greatly resembles *him*.

RULE 11.—A series of words or members that concludes a sentence, is called a *Concluding Series*, and requires the falling inflection on each member, except the last but one, which takes the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The characteristics of *chivalry* were *valor*, *humanity*, *courage*, *justice* and *honor*.

2. Hath not a Jew *hands*', *organs*', *dimensions*', *senses*', *affections*', *passions*'?

3. But the fruit of the spirit is *love*', *joy*', *peace*', *long-suffering*', *gentleness*', *goodness*', *faith*', *meekness*', *temperance*'.

Note.—The same exception exists in the concluding series noted in the commencing series. When the emphasis is not marked, or but slightly, the members of the series take a *rising* inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The streets of the city are filled with *boxes*', *bales*', *carts*', *wagons*', and *people*'.

2. The soldier was *brave*', *honest*', *zealous*', and *obedient*'.

THE CIRCUMFLEX.

RULE 12.—Expressions of irony, derision, sarcasm, or contrast, require the *Circumflex*, or a union of the two inflections.

EXAMPLES.

1. What! is it *yours*? Are *you* a traitor?

2. My father's *trade*? Really, that is too bad!

3. *You*! a beardless *youth*, pretend to teach a British *general*!

4. And this man has become a *god*!

5. *Where* did you say? *What* was he doing?

6. *John* is a good boy, even if *James* is not.

7. He was a *man*; take him for all in all, I shall not look upon him like again.

8. *What*! shear a *wolf*—a prowling *wolf*!

9. You tell *us* to be moderate; but *they*, *they*, are to revel in profusion.

MONOTONE.

RULE 13.—Passages of grand description, awe, and reverence, are sometimes to be expressed without inflection, but in a solemn, uniform, and sustained tone.

EXAMPLES.

1. The stars shall fade away ; the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.
2. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.
3. Blessing, honor, glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth
upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever.
4. Come to the bridal chamber, Death ;
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath.
* * * * The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.
5. The thunder rolls : be hushed the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

V. MODULATION.

MODULATION is the art of giving to the voice those variations of tones appropriate, in character and expression, to the feelings and emotions inspired by the subject. Its more important divisions are PITCH, TIME, and QUALITY.

I. PITCH.

If any one listens to another who reads or speaks, he will perceive that the voice makes many changes of pitch in accordance with the character of the ideas expressed ; but, at the same time, he will detect a certain *pitch* or *key-note*, which seems on the whole to prevail.

This key-note, is that on which the voice most frequently dwells ; to which it continually returns in the play of the tones above and

below it, and which marks the average character or emotional nature of the passage read or spoken.

Pitch is divided into MIDDLE PITCH, HIGH PITCH, and LOW PITCH.

1. MIDDLE PITCH is the proper key for *narration* and *description*, when not particularly animated; for *statement*, *moral reflection*, and *calm reasoning*.

2. HIGH PITCH is the representation of *elevated feelings*, and *impetuous impulsive passion*; *joy*, *exultation*, *rage*, *invective*, *eagerness*; and also *stirring description* or *animated narration*.

3. LOW PITCH is the natural expression of *deep-seated feeling* and *concentrated passion*. It is the tone of *grief*, *brooding thought*, *suppressed rage*, *solemn reflection*, *melancholy*, *secret hate*, and *remorse*; also, of the soft and deep expressions of *love* and *veneration*.

II. TIME.

All speech, like music, has various degrees of time or movement, corresponding with the emotional character of the subject, consisting of MODERATE, QUICK, and SLOW TIME.

1. MODERATE TIME is used in ordinary *narration*, *level description*, and for all the more gentle and tranquil emotions.

2. QUICK TIME is used to express *joy*, *mirth*, *ridicule*, *anger*, *rapid description*, and *sudden fear*.

3. SLOW TIME is employed to express *solemn feelings*, *sublimity*, *grandeur*, *vastness*, *horror*, and *pathos*.

III. QUALITY.

QUALITY refers to the kind of utterance used in reading and speaking, and is capable of numerous classifications, the principal of which are as follows:

1. PURE TONE is a smooth, clear, round, flowing quality of sound, with three divisions: *Pure middle-tone*, for level speaking; *pure soft-tone*, for plaintive and gentle passages; *pure full-tone*, with a slightly swelling sound.

2. The **OROTUND** is a pure tone, enlarged, deepened, and intensified. It is employed in the utterance of *solemn, grand, and vehement emotions*.

3. The **ASPIRATED QUALITY** is a forcible breathing utterance, almost a whisper, and is used to express *retenge, remorse, fervent emotions, terror, and suppressed anger*.

4. The **GUTTURAL QUALITY** is a deep aspirated quality of voice, used to express *loathing, contempt, and intensely concentrated and suppressed hatred*.

EXAMPLES OF PITCH, TIME, AND QUALITY.

Middle Pitch, Moderate Time, and Pure Middle-tone.

1. In analyzing the character of Washington there is nothing that strikes me as more remarkable than its beautiful symmetry. In this respect it is consummate. His different qualities are so nicely balanced, so rarely associated, of such harmonious affinities, that no one seemed to interfere with another, or predominate over the whole.

2. Farewell awhile the city's hum,
Where busy footsteps fall,
And welcome to my weary eye
The planter's friendly hall.

Here let me rise at early dawn,
And list the mock-bird's lay,
That, warbling near our lowland home,
Sits on the waving spray.

3 It was amid magnolias
With their blossoms broad and white,
An aged Indian warrior
Encamped his troop at night ;

They were weary with their journey,
And with travel toil-oppressed,
And they smiled to hear their leader say
"Alabama"—Here we rest.

The deer was in the thicket,
And the bear was in the brake,
And from the broad-leaved plant looked out
The bright-eyed rattlesnake;
But they kindled their red fires
As the sun sank in the west,
And said, when feast and pipe were past,
"Alabama"—Here we rest.

Middle Pitch, Pure Tone, Quick Time.

4. But oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.
5. A song for the plant of my own native West,
Where nature and freedom reside,—
By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest:
To the corn! the green corn of her pride!
In climes of the East has the olive been sung;
And the grape been the theme of their lays;
But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be strung,
Thou bright ever beautiful Maize

High Pitch, Orotund Quality, Quick Time.

6. Strike'—till the last armed foe' expires';
 Strike'—for your altars' and your fires';
 Strike'—for the green graves' of 'your sires',
 God', and your native land'!

7. On', ye brave',
 Who rush to glory' or the grave'!
 Wave', Munich', all thy banners' wave,
 And charge' with all thy chivalry'!

8. But, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-deneuncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat.

High Pitch, Orotund Quality, Moderate Time.

10. Hereditary bondmen! know ye not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow? By their right arm the conquest must be wrought: will Gaul or Museovite redress ye? No! True, they may lay your proud despoiler low: but not for you will freedom's altars flame.

Low Pitch, Pure Tone, Slow Time.

11. The very woods grew pale with fear,
 : Each wood-bird hushed its lute;
 No more was seen the spotted deer,
 The wilderness was mute;
 No more beneath magnolia snows
 Breathed lovers in their quest,

Or said, 'neath Cherokee's white rose,
"Alabama"—Here we rest.

12. The forest black did melt in light,
As darkness into day,
And red men vanished from the white
As stars from morning's ray ;
The groves were sad, and the dark woods dumb;
In hollow heights suppressed,
No echo answered voices back—
"Alabama"—Here we rest.

13. I have lived long enough ; my way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

Low Pitch, Slow Time, Pure Tone.

14. Oh, Switzerland ! my country ! 'tis of thee I strike my
harp in agony : my country—nurse of liberty, home of the gal-
lant, great, and free—my sullen harp I strike to thee ! Oh, I
have lost you all—parents, and home, and friends !

Low Pitch, Slow Time, Guttural Quality.

15. How like a fawning publican he looks
I hate him for he is a Christian ;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him

Low Pitch, Aspirated Quality, Quick Time.

16. I am thane of Cawdor :
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature ?

17. *Macbeth.* I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a
 noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
 Did not you speak ?

Macbeth. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macbeth. As I ascended ?

Lady M. Aye.

Macbeth. Hark !

* * * * *

18. I'll go no more :
 I am afraid to think what I have done ;
 Look on't again, I dare not.

Middle Pitch, Slow Time, Orotund Quality.

19. Ye eldest gods,
 Who in no statues of exactest form
 Are palpable ; who shun the azure heights
 Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound
 Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy ;
 Yet mindful of the empire which ye held
 Over dim Chaos, keep revengeful wrath
 On falling nations, and on kingly lines
 About to sink forever ; ye, who shed
 Into the passions of earth's giant brood
 And their fierce usages the sense of justice ;

Who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny
 With blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe
 Through the proud halls of time-emboldened guilt,
 Portents of ruin—hear me!

Remark.—While the above examples are given of the several varieties of pitch, time, and quality, it is very rarely that these modulations are maintained uniformly through several sentences. The pitch falls and rises, the time quickens or halts, and the tone varies with the emotional requirements of the subject. The following example will illustrate this statement.

Moderate time, pure middle tone.

Quicker time

And longer¹ had she sung—but, with a frown,

Loud; high pitch.

*Revenge*² impatient³ rose⁴;

Quick. Middle pitch.

He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder⁵ down,

Moderate time.

And, with a withering look⁶,

Very loud.

The war-denouncing trumpet⁷ took,

Loud.

Very loud.

And blew a blast so loud and dread,

Slow.

Solemn.

Were ne'er prophetic sounds⁸ so full⁹ of woe¹⁰!

Rapid time.

And ever¹¹ and anon¹² he beat

The doubling drum¹³ with furious heat¹⁴!

Slow.

Low tone.

And though sometimes¹⁵, each dreary pause between¹⁶,

Soft tone.

Low pitch.

Dejected Pity¹⁷, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied¹⁸,

Rapid, loud, orotund.

Yet still¹⁹ he kept his wild unaltered mien²⁰,

High pitch.

Loud.

While each strained ball of sight seemed hursting²¹ from his head.

VI. RHETORICAL PAUSES.

1. GRAMMATICAL pauses are pauses of *sense*, but the RHETORICAL PAUSE is a suspension of the voice independent of the grammatical stops, and is employed to heighten the effect and render more impressive the delivery.

2. Rhetorical pauses differ greatly in their length and frequency. In rapid delivery or ordinary relation they are comparatively few and short. In serious and pathetic reading they are more frequent, being usually employed before or after any important word or clause on which it is desired to fix the attention.

ORDINARY RHETORICAL PAUSES.

(The pauses in these examples are marked by a musical rest, ♩.)

1. To act virtuously ♩ is to act wisely.
2. Sufficient for the day ♩ is the evil thereof.
3. The wisest of men ♩ was Solomon.
4. Boldly and wisely ♩ he upheld the constitution of his country.
5. Joy and sorrow ♩ move him not.
6. False delicacy is affectation, ♩ not politeness.
7. No people ♩ can claim him. No country ♩ can appropriate him.
8. A virtuous life ♩ will secure peace to our youth ♩ and happiness to our age.

PROLONGED RHETORICAL PAUSES.

In pathetic, grave, and deeply impressive passages the rhetorical pause becomes greatly prolonged, and often can be used with most eloquent and thrilling effect. If we say, "Give me liberty, or give me death," in ordinary tone and with no other than the grammatical pause, the sentence is only common-place;

but when uttered with correct emphasis, pitch, and inflection, and with proper pauses, it rises into the sublime, as :

Give me LIBERTY', or give me DEATH'!

EXAMPLES.

Opens with Pure Tone, Slow Time, Middle Pitch ; rises to High Pitch and Orotund Quality.

1. Romans, ¶ countrymen, ¶ and lovers! Hear me ¶ for my cause, ¶¶ and be silent, ¶ that you may hear : ¶ believe me ¶ for mine honor, ¶¶ and have respect for mine honor, ¶ that you may believe : ¶ censure me in your wisdom, ¶ and awake your senses, ¶ that you may the better judge. ¶¶ If there be any ¶ in this assembly, ¶ any dear friend of Cæsar's, ¶¶ to him I say, ¶ that Brutus' love to Cæsar ¶ was no less than his. If then ¶ that friend demand ¶ why Brutus rose against Cæsar, ¶ this is my answer : ¶ Not ¶ that I loved Cæsar less, ¶ but ¶ that I loved Rome ¶ more! Had you rather Cæsar were living, ¶ and die all slaves, ¶ than that Cæsar were dead, ¶ to live all free men? ¶ As Cæsar ¶ loved me, ¶¶ I weep for him ; ¶ as he was fortunate, ¶ I rejoice at it ; ¶ as he was valiant, ¶¶ I honor him : but, ¶ as he was ambitious, ¶ I ¶ slew him. There ¶ is tears ¶ for his love ; joy, ¶ for his fortune ; honor, ¶ for his valor ; ¶ and ¶¶ death, for his ambition.

Slow Time, Low Pitch, Pure Tone.

2. Come ¶ to the bridal-chamber, ¶ Death! ¶

Come to the mother, ¶ when she feels
For the first time ¶ her first-horn's breath ; ¶¶

Come ¶ when the blessèd seals ¶
Which close the pestilence ¶ are broke, ¶¶

And crowded cities ¶ wail its stroke ; ¶¶

Come ¶ in consumption's ghastly form, ¶
The earthquake's shock, ¶ the ocean's storm , ¶

Come ˆ when the heart beats high and warm ˆ
 With banquet song, ˆ and dance, and ˆ wine—ˆˆ
 And thou art terrible! ˆ Tho tear, ˆˆ
 The groan, ˆˆ the knell, ˆ the pall, ˆˆ the bier, ˆ
 And all we know, ˆ or dream, ˆ or fear ˆ
 Of agony, ˆˆ are thine.

RULES FOR RHETORICAL PAUSES.

The frequency and duration of rhetorical pauses vary with the character of every subject, and must be mainly employed in accordance with the taste and feeling of the reader. A few rules, however, are subjoined :

I. A short pause should be adopted between the *subject* and the *predicate*, that is, between the proposition given and what is said of it; as, "*To act virtuously ˆ is to act wisely.*"

II. When by inversion the *predicate* precedes the *subject*, there should be a short pause after the predicate; as, "*Sufficient for the day ˆ is the evil thereof.*" "*Brief and few ˆ were the words he spoke.*"

III. A pause is required before and after every *parenthetical phrase* and every *qualifying clause*; as, "*Solomon, ˆ the son of David, ˆ was king of Israel.*"

IV. A prolonged pause should occur before and after every strongly *emphasized word or clause*; as, "*Who would be free, ˆ THEMSELVES ˆ must strike the blow.*" "*Strike, ˆˆ till the last armed foe expires!*"

V. A middle pause should be employed to divide the *opening half* or *incomplete part* of every sentence, from the *closing* or *winding up* of the same sentence. This pause has often the grammatical stop of the semicolon, but not in all cases; as, "*If the world is not the work of chance, ˆ it must have had an intelligent maker*"

VII. READING OF POETRY.

In reading poetry, it is necessary to preserve the *metre* and the *rhythm* of the verse.

METRE is a measured order in the arrangement of words, so that the accented and the unaccented syllables shall fall at regular intervals.

RHYTHM is the adaptation of the vocal and consonant sounds to each other, so that they shall coalesce harmoniously, and accord with the sentiment of the verse.

Metre and rhythm have no reference to *rhyme*, which is the similarity of sound that in many forms of verse, though not in all, occurs on the closing syllables of lines.

EXAMPLES OF METRE.

1. Oh, come to the South, sweet, beautiful one !
 'Tis the elme of the heart, 'tis the shrine of the sun,
 Where the sky' ever shines with a passionate glow,
 And the flowers spend their treasures of crimson and
 snow !
 Where the breeze o'er bright waters wafts incense along,
 And gay birds are glancing in beauty and song.
2. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;
 And ye that on the sands, with printless foot,
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly' him
 When he comes back.
3. Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
 Thy home is high in heaven,
 Where wide the storms their banners fling,
 And tempest clouds are driven ;
 Thy throne is on the mountain top.

Note.—Avoid accenting unimportant words, but touch them lightly, with just sufficient force to mark the metre, otherwise a monotonous *sing-song* delivery is produced.

Poetry has two distinctive pauses; one a slight pause at the end of each line, necessary to mark the cadence and rhythm of the line; the other near the middle of the line, and called the *cesural pause*. The cesural pause, in all well-constructed verse, is distinctly placed by the poet, and it is merely the reader's business to mark it.

In blank or heroic verse (that is, verse consisting of ten syllables to each line, with the syllables alternately accented and unaccented), the cesural pause usually occurs either after the 4th, the 5th, the 6th, or the 7th syllable: but more than one cesural pause may be introduced into the same line.

EXAMPLES.

1. Achilles' wrath, ♪ to Greece the direful spring ♪
Of woes unnumbered, ♪ heavenly goddess, sing !
2. Four faces had the dome, ♪ and every face ♪
Of various structure, ♪ but of equal grace !
Four brazen gates, ♪ on columns lifted high, ♪
Salute the different quarters ♪ of the sky.
3. How still the morning ♪ of the hallowed day !
Mute is the voice ♪ of rural labor, hushed ♪
The ploughboy's whistle ♪ and the milkmaid's song.

VIII. GENERAL EXERCISES.

BONAPARTE.

In Full Tone, Moderate Time, Middle Pitch.

1. He knew no *motive* ♪ but *interest* ; acknowledged no *crit-
terion* ♪ but *success* ; he worshipped no *god* ♪ but *ambition* ,

¶ and with an Eastern devotion' ¶ he knelt at the shrine ¶ of his idolatry'. Subsidiary to this, there was no *creed*' ¶ that he did not *profess*', ¶ there was no *opinion*' ¶ that he did not *promulgate*'; in the hope of a *dynasty*' ¶ he upheld the *crescent*'; for the sake of a *divorce*' ¶ he bowed before the *cross*'; the orphan of St. Louis, ¶ he became the adopted *child* of the *republic*'; and ¶ with a parricidal ingratitude', ¶ on the ruins of both the *throne*' and the *tribunal*' ¶ he reared the throne of his *despotism*'.

At his touch ¶ *crowns*' *crumbled*'; *beggars*' ¶ *reigned*'; *systems*' ¶ *vanished*'; the *wildest theories*' ¶ took the color of his *whim*'; and all that was *venerable*' ¶ and all that was *novel*' ¶ changed places ¶ with the rapidity of a *drama*'. *Nature* had no *obstacle*' ¶ that he did not *surmount*'; *space* ¶ no *opposition*' ¶ he did not *spurn*'; and whether amid *Alpine rocks*', *Arabian sands*', or *Polar snows*', he seemed *proof*' ¶ against *peril*' ¶ and empowered with *ubiquity*'.

PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY.

Pure Tone, swelling into the Orotund, Moderate Time, Middle to High Pitch

2. The quality of mercy' ¶ is not strained'; ¶
 It droppeth' as the gentle rain' from heaven' ¶
 Upon the place beneath'. It is *twice*' blessed';
 It blesseth *him*' ¶ that gives' ¶ and *him*' ¶ that takes'. ¶
 'Tis mightiest' in ¶ the mightiest: it becomes
 The thronèd monarch ¶ *better*' ¶ than his crown':
 His sceptre' ¶ shows the force ¶ of *temporal*' power,
 The attribute ¶ to awe' and majesty', ¶
 Wherein doth sit' ¶ the dread' and fear' of kings';
 But mercy' ¶ is *above*' ¶ this sceptred' sway; ¶
 It is enthroned' ¶ in the *hearts*' of kings, ¶
 It is an attribute' of *God*' himself'; ¶
 And earthly' power ¶ doth *then* ¶ show likest' *God's*', ¶
 When mercy' ¶ seasons' justice'. ¶ ¶ Therefore, ¶ Jew', ¶

Though justice be thy plea, ¶ consider this, ¶
 That ¶ in the course of *justice* ¶ none of us
 Should see *salvation*: we do *pray* ¶ for *mercy*,
 And that same prayer ¶ doth teach' us ¶ *all* ¶ to render
 The deeds' of mercy.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

Opens deliberately, Slow Time, Low Pitch, Middle Tone.

Friends, ¶ Romans', ¶ countrymen', ¶¶ lend me your
 ears': ¶¶

I come ¶ to *bury* Cæsar, ¶¶ not to *praise* him. ¶¶
 The *evil* ¶ that men do lives after' them; ¶¶
 The *good* ¶ is oft interrèd with their bones: ¶
 So let it be ¶ with Cæsar. ¶¶ The noble Brutus ¶
 Hath told you ¶ Cæsar' ¶ was *ambitious*: ¶
 If it were so, ¶ it was a grievous fault:
 And grievously ¶ hath Cæsar answered it. ¶¶
 Here, under leave of Brutus', ¶ and the rest,
 (For Brutus' ¶ is an hōnorable man, ¶¶
 So are they all. ¶ all ¶ hōnorable men) ¶¶
 Come I ¶ to speak in Cæsar's funeral'.

More quickly; tone swells; pitch rises.

He was my *friend*, ¶¶ faithful' ¶ and just' to me;
 But Brutus' says he was *ambitious*; ¶
 And Brutus' ¶ is an hōnorable man. ¶¶
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms ¶ did the general coffers fill:
 Did *this* ¶ in Cæsar seem *ambitious*? ¶¶
 When that the poor have cried, ¶¶ Cæsar hath wept'; ¶
Ambition ¶ should be made of sterner' stuff':
 Yet Brutus says ¶ he was *AMBITIOUS*;
 And Brutus ¶ is an hōnorable man. ¶¶
 You all did see, ¶ that on the Lupercal

I thrice^a presented him 7 a kingly crown, 7
Which he did thrice refuse^a. 77 Was *this* 7 ambition^a? 77
Yet Brutus' *says*^a he was ambitious^a;
And, sure, *he*^a 7 is an hōnorable man^a.

Slow Time; Pathetic Tone.

I speak not 7 to disprove^a what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak^a 7 what I do know^a. 77
You nll did love him once; 7 not without cause^a:
What cause withholds you then, 7 to mourn for him^a? 77
O judgment^a, 77 thou art fled to brutish beasts, 7
And men 7 have lost their reason^a! 77 Bear^a with me: 77
My *heart*^a 7 is in the *coffin*^a there 7 with Cæsar^a,
And I must pause 7 till it come back^a to me. 77

Orotund Tone, from Moderate to Quick Time.

But yesterday, 7 the word of Cæsar might
Have stood *against*^a the world^a; 77 now lies he there, 77
And none so poor 7 to do him reverence^a. 77
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and miuds 7 to mutiny and rage, 7
I should do Brutus' wrong, 7 and Cassius' wrong,
Who, 7 you all know, 7 are hōnorable men: 77
I will *not* do them wrong^a; 77 I rather choose
To wrong^a the *dead*^a, 7 to wrong^a *myself*^a, 7 and *you*^a, 7
Than I will wrong^a such 7 hōnorable men. 77

Opens Middle Tone and Time, rises to the Orotund Tone, High Pitch.

But here's a parchments 7 with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 7 'tis his *will*^a.
Let but the commons *hear*^a 7 this testament, 77
(Which, pardon me, 7 I do not mean to read,) 7
And they would go 7 and *kiss*^a dead Cæsar's *wounds*^a,
And dip^a their napkins^a 7 in his sacred *blood*^a; 7

Yea, beg a *hair'* of him ¶ for memory, ¶
 And, dying', ¶ mention it in their wills', ¶
 Bequeathing it ¶ as a rich *legacy'*,
 Unto their issue. ¶¶

Slow, soft, closing with full swelling tone.

If you have *tears'*, ¶ prepare to shed them now'. ¶¶
 You nll do know this mantle : I remember ¶
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's' evening, in his tent ; ¶
 That day ¶ he overcame the Nervii : ¶¶
Look'! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See' ¶ what a rent the envious *Casca'* made
 Through this, ¶ the well-belovèd *Brutus'* stabbed', ¶¶
 And, ¶ as he plucked his cursed' steel away, ¶
 Mark' ¶ how the *blood'* of Cæsar followed it'.

Slow; then more rapid, rising from the pathetic to the vehement.

This ¶ was the most *unkindest'* cut of all !
 For when the noble Cæsar saw HIM' stab,
Ingratitude, ¶ more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him' : ¶¶ then burst' his mighty heart' !
 And, in his mantle ¶ muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue, ¶
 (Which all the while ran blood) ¶ *great' Cæsar' fell'!*
 O! what' a fall' ¶ was *there'*, ¶ my countrymen ! ¶¶
 Then *I'*, and *you'*, and *all'* of us ¶ fell down,
 Whilst bloody TREASON' ¶ flourished over us.
 O, now you *weep'* ; and I perceive you feel ¶
 The dint of *pity'* : these' ¶ are gracious drops.
 Kind souls ; *what*, ¶ weep you ¶, when you but behold ¶
 Our Cæsar's ¶ *vesture'* wounded' ? ¶¶ Look you here', ¶¶
 Here is HIMSELF', ¶ *marred'*, as you see, ¶ by traitors'.

Ironical.

Good friends', sweet friends', ¶ let me not stir' you up ¶
 To such a sudden' flood' of mutiny'.
 They that have done this deed ¶ are hōnorable ;
 What private' grief ¶ they have, ¶ alas ! I know not,
 That made them ¶ do it : they are wise, ¶ and hōnor-
 able, ¶
 And will, no doubt, with *reasons'* ¶ answer you.

*Opens ironically in middle time, insinuating tone ; closes with a full
 vehement burst in high pitch, orotund quality*

I come' not, friends, ¶ to *steal'* away your hearts ;
 I am ¶ no orator', ¶ as *Brutus'* is,
 But, as you know me all, ¶ a plain, blunt man,
 That love ¶ my friend ; and that they know full well ¶
 That gave me public leave ¶ to speak of him. .
 For I have neither wit', ¶ nor words', ¶ nor worth', ¶ ¶
 Action', ¶ nor utterance', ¶ nor the power of speech,
 To *stir'* ¶ men's blood'. I only speak ¶ right on ;
 I tell you ¶ *that* which you *yourselves'* ¶ do know ;
 Show' you ¶ sweet *Cæsar's wounds*, poor, ¶ poor, ¶ dumb
 months', ¶
 And bid *THEM'* ¶ speak for me. ¶ ¶ But were *I' Brutus'*,
 And *Brutus'* ¶ *Antony'*, ¶ ¶ *THERE'* were an *Antony'*
 Would ruffle up your spirits, ¶ ¶ and put a *tongue'*
 In every wound' of *Cæsar*, that should move
 The *STONES'* of Rome ¶ to *rise'* and mutiny'

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Commence in a deep tone, and slowly.

I see before me ¶ the gladiator lie' :
 He leans' upon his hand', ¶ his manly brow
 Consents' to death', ¶ but conquers agony', ¶
 And his drooped' head ¶ sinks ¶ gradually ¶ low', ¶
 And through his side' ¶ the last drops, ¶ ebbing slow' ¶

From the red gash', 7 fall heavy', 7 one' by one', 7
 Like the first' of a thunder-shower'; and now 7
 The arena swims around him : 7 he is gone', 7
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout' 7 which hail'd the wretch
 who won'.

He heard' it, but he heeded' not,—his eyes' 7
 Were with his heart', 7 and that was far away : 7
 He reeked' not of the life he lost, or prize', 7
 But 7 where' his rude hut' by the Danube lay', 7
 There' 7 were his young barbarians' 7 all at play', 7
 There' 7 was their Dacian mother—he', their sire, 7
 BUTCHEREN' 7 to make a Roman holiday!
 All this rushed with his blood—. Shall he expire, 7
 And *unavenged*? 7 ARISE! ye Goths! and GLUT' your
 ire!

IX. THE READING CLASS

Is often dull and tiresome; how may it be made interesting, attractive, and profitable? The following brief suggestions are offered for the consideration of teachers.

1. Most important is the *teacher's* preparation. If he has been favored with thorough elocutionary training and practice, and is well read in English literature, so that he readily apprehends the full meaning of the language and can easily give it proper expression with his voice—he will desire to be ready and fresh by immediate preparation for each lesson. Meeting the class thus, with a definite plan for conducting the recitation.—prepared to question the pupils skilfully, and give necessary explanations and vocal exemplifications—he may utilize all the minutes that can be devoted to the exercise, and make it such that all will feel it has been too short. But if the teacher is not well read, and is not familiar with the principles and practice of good elocution, it is, of course, all the more essential that he study to prepare himself day by day.

2. The *pupils* must study their reading-lessons before coming to

the class. An analysis of the lesson, more or less exact and minute in details according to circumstances, may be so conducted by questions from the teacher as to stimulate and necessitate the pupil's careful study. This study should include attention to the meaning of words, the thought or sentiment conveyed by them, historical allusions, etc.

3 It is wise, therefore, not to undertake to read too many pages at a time. It is certainly more profitable for the class to read one page, or two, understandingly and with suitable expression, than to run over many pages unintelligently and without interest.

4 It is well to vary the ordinary reading from time to time, and quicken the interest of the class by some such methods as these:

(1.) Concert reading by the whole class.

(2.) Concert reading by sections; one section reading together to a punctuation-mark; another section continuing the reading to another phrase; each section promptly taking its portion and reading it with suitable emphasis, inflection, etc.

(3.) Each pupil reading till he makes a mistake.

(4.) Boys in concert and girls in concert, each reading a sentence.

(5.) Calling the names of pupils indiscriminately to read, each till another is named, who is to continue instantly.

(6.) Individual and concert reading of sentences and paragraphs written upon the blackboard.

(7.) Mirror reading; in which, a pupil having read a paragraph the teacher repeats the reading, imitating his tones and inflections.

5. An illustration of some of the points involved in a careful study of reading lessons is furnished by the following

MODEL OF ANALYSIS.

HORATIUS AND THE BRIDGE.—(Page 211.)

The title of this selection? What kind of composition? The author? Lived when and where? His writings?

How long ago occurred the incidents narrated in the poem? Where was Rome? On what river? Who was Horatius? What was the name of the leader of the forces attacking Rome?

STANZA I.

Transpose (read in the logical order of the words) the first and

second lines—(Thus no heart so bold there was in all the Senate)
Transpose the fifth and sixth lines. Who was the "Consul?" (One
of the two chief magistrates of the Republic.) Who, the "Fathers?"
(The Senators.) What were the "gowns?" Who wore them?
What is meant by "bied?"

What sound has *th* in *forthwith*? What vowel element is heard in
was? in *news*? Which sound of *a* is heard in *fast*? in *haste*? in *heart*?

II.

What is the difference between "council" and "counsel?"
What is here meant by "roundly?" by "straight?" What was the
"Janiculum?" What was the only salvation of the town?

III.

What is a "scent?" What is here meant by "flying?" by "all?"
What is the meaning of the seventh and eighth lines?

IV.

Explain the figurative expression "brow was sad." What is
meant by "looked darkly?" by "van?" by "win?" What words
are omitted in the last line?

V.

What two reasons did Horatius give for bravely facing death?

VI.

What is meant by "strait?" How could lines five and six be
true then and not in the modern modes of fighting? What is meant
by "hold the foe in play?"

VII.

Explain "like surges bright.". Is the position of the adjective
bright the common one in English? What is meant by "sea of
gold?" How did the host advance?

VIII.

On which syllable of each line does the metrical accent occur?
(The three' stood calm' and si'lent.) Which lines of this stanza have
an additional syllable (as *-lent*, in the first line)? In reading poetry
aloud, do you always mark the metrical accent? In the third line,
how many accented syllables are there?

IX.

Which three lines should be read in very different voice from the
others? How different? Higher, louder, and with explosive sound?
What kind of a sentence is "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!"

PART SECOND.

SELECTIONS FOR READING.

I.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.—LONGFELLOW

[For a biographical sketch of the author, see page 140.]

1. It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper¹ had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.
2. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day;
Her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May
3. The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering² flaw³ did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.
4. Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main;
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear the hurricane."

5. "Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."
But the skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.
6. Colder and londer blew the wind
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.
7. Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.
8. "Come hither! come hither; my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."
9. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast,
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.
10. "O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
O say! what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast,"
And he steered for the open sea.
11. "O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say! what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

12. "O father, I see a gleaming light;
O say! what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.
13. Lashed to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.
14. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be—
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.
15. And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.
16. And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
17. The breakers were right beneath her bows,—
She drifted a dreary wreck,—
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from the deck.
18. She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

19. Her rattling shrouds,⁴ all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove—and sank,
“Ho! Ho!” the breakers roared.
20. At daybreak on a bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.
21. The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.
22. Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

1. SKIPPER; the master of a small trading vessel.

2. VEERING; changing in direction.

3. FLAW; a sudden gust.

4. SHROUDS; ropes reaching from the mast-heads to the sides of a vessel to support the masts.

5. A-GHAST; stupefied with horror

II.

DAY AND NIGHT.—GATTY.

[MRS. MARGARET GATTY, wife of the Vicar of Ecclesfield, near Sheffield, England, was born in 1802. Her first work, “The Fairy Godmothers, and other Tales,” appeared in 1831. This was followed, in 1835, by “Parables from Nature,” from which this selection is taken. This authoress has also written “Proverbs Illustrated,” published in 1837, and several other works.]

1. In old times, long, long ago, when Night and Day were young and foolish, and had not discovered how necessary they were to each other's happiness and well-being, they

chased each other round the world in a state of angry disdain; each thinking that he alone was doing good, and that therefore the other, so totally unlike himself in all respects, must be doing harm; and ought to be got rid of altogether, if possible.

2. Old northern tales say that they rode, each of them, in a car with a horse to it; but the horse of Night had a frosty mane, while that of Day had a shiny one. Moreover, foam fell from Frosty-mane's bit as he went along, which dropped on the earth as dew; and Shiny-mane's mane was so radiant that it scattered light through the air at every step. And thus they drove on, bringing darkness and light over the earth in turn—each pursuing and pursued; but knowing so little of this simple fact, that one of their chief causes of dispute was, which was going first.

3. For, of course, if they had been able to settle that, it would have been known which was the more important of the two; but as they drove in a circle, the point could not be decided, since what was first on the one side was sure to be last on the other, as anybody may see who tries to draw their journey. They never gave this a thought, however, and there were no schoolmasters about just then to teach them. So round and round the world they went, without even knowing that it was round, still less that there was no such thing as first and last in a circle. And they never succeeded in overtaking, so as to pass each other, though they sometimes came up very close, and then there was twilight.

4. Of the two, one grumbled and the other scolded the most; and it is easy to guess which did which. Night was gloomy by nature, especially when clouds hid the moon and the stars, so her complaints took a serious and melancholy tone. She was really broken-hearted at the exhaustion produced all over the world by the labors and pleasures

which were carried on under the light of Day, and used to receive the earth back as if it was a sick child, and she a nurse, who had a right to be angry with what had been done to it.

5. Day, on the contrary, was amazingly cheerful, particularly when the sun shone; never troubled his head about what was to happen when his fun was over: on the contrary, thought his fun ought to last forever, because it was pleasant, was quite vexed when it was put a stop to, and had no scruple in railing at his rival; whose only object, as it seemed to him, was to overshadow and put an end to all the happiness that was to be found.

6. "Cruel Night," he exclaimed, "what a life you lead me! How you thwart me at every turn! What trouble I have to take to keep your mischief in check. Look at the mists and shadows I must drive on one side before I can make the world bright with my beautiful light! And, no sooner have I done so, than I feel your cold, unwholesome breath trying to come up to me behind! But you shall never overtake me if I can help it, though I know that is what you want. You want to throw your hateful black shadow over my bright and pleasant world."

7. "I doing mischief which you have to keep in check!" groaned Night, quite confused by the accusation. "I, whose whole time is spent in trying to repair the mischief other people do: *your* mischief, in fact, you wasteful consumer of life and power! Every twelve hours I get back from you a half worn-out world, and this I am expected to restore and make as good as new again, but how is it possible? Something I can do, I know. Some wear and tear I can renew and refresh, but some, alas! I cannot, and thus creep in destruction and death."

8. "Hear her," cried Day, in contempt. "taunting me with the damage I do, and the death and destruction I cause

I, the Life-giver, at whose word the whole world awakes, which else might lie asleep for ever. She, the grim likeness of the death she talks about, and bringing death's twin-sister in her bosom."

"You are Day the destroyer, I, Night the restorer," persisted Night, evading¹ the argument.

9. "I am Day the life-giver, you Night the desolator," replied Day bitterly.

"I am Night the restorer, you, Day the destroyer," repeated Night.

"You are to me what death is to life," shouted Day.

"Then death is a restorer as I am," exclaimed Night.

10. And so they went on, like all other ignorant and obstinate arguers; each full of his own one idea, and taking no heed of what the other might say. How could the truth be got at by such means? Of course, it could not; and of course, therefore, they persisted in their rudeness. And there were certain seasons, particularly, when they became more impertinent² to each other than ever.

11. For instance, whenever it was summer, Day's horse, Shiny-mane, got so strong and frisky that Night had much ado³ to keep her place at all, so closely was she pressed in the chase. Indeed, sometimes there was so little of her to be seen, that people might have doubted whether she had passed by at all, had it not been for the dew Frosty-mane scattered, and which those saw who got up early enough in the morning.

12. Oh, the boasting of Day at these times! And really he believed what he said. He really thought that it would be the greatest possible blessing if he were to go on for ever, and there were to be no Night. "Fortunate world," cried he; "it must be clear to every one, now, who it is that brings blessings and does good to you and your inhabitants. Good old earth, you become more and more lovely

and fruitful, the more and more I shorten the hours of Night and lengthen my own. We can do tolerably well without her restoring power, it would seem! If we could be rid of her altogether, therefore, what a Paradise⁴ there would be! Then the foliage,⁵ the flowers, the fruits, the precious crops of this my special season, would last for ever."

1. E-YAD'ING; escaping by artifice.

2. IM-PER-TI-NENT; rude, impudent.

3. A-DO' (-do); trouble.

4. PAR'A-DISE; a place of bliss.

5. FO'LL-AOE; leaves as produced by nature.

III.

AN INDIAN STRATAGEM.—ANONYMOUS.¹

1. DURING the war of the American Revolution, a regiment of foot-soldiers was stationed upon the confines² of an extensive savanna³ in the southern part of the Union. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main army. The sentinels,⁴ whose posts⁵ penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks; but they were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and borne off their stations, without communicating any alarm, or being heard of afterwards.

2. One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual overnight, the guard went at sunrise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone. The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man, with warmth; "I shall not desert"

3. The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was

gone. They searched round the spot, but no traces of him could be found. It was now more necessary than ever that the station should not remain unoccupied ; they left another man, and returned to the guard-house.

4. Tho superstition⁴ of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The colonel, being apprised⁵ of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together ; and again, to their unutterable⁶ wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone.

5. Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered ; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method.

6. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow, whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable⁷ resolution, trembled from head to foot.

7. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer—"I know that ; but I should like to lose my life with more credit." "I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will." A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution.

8. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me at the least alarm. At all events, I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter ; but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery."

9. The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would do right to fire upon the least noise that he could not satisfactorily explain. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding.⁸ The company marched back, and waited the event in the guard-house.

10. An hour had now elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment.

11. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

12. "I told you, colonel," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. That resolution I took has saved my life. I had not been long at my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance ; I looked, and saw a wild hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees, among the leaves.

13. "As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it seriously, but kept my eyes fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees. Still, there was no need to give the alarm. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a eirenitous⁹ passage, for a thick grove immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and, as it was now within a few yards of the coppice,¹⁰ I hesitated whether I should fire.

14. "My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig. I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I

observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated; I took my aim, discharged my piece, and the animal was immediately stretched before me, with a groan which I thought to be that of a human creature.

15. "I went up to it, and judge my astonishment when I found that I had killed an Indian. He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and his feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animals, that, imperfectly as they are always seen through the trees and bushes, the disguise could not be detected at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection. He was armed with a dagger and tomahawk."

16. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice, watched for the moment to throw off the skin, burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them. They then bore their bodies away, and concealed them at some distance in the leaves.

1. A-NON'Y-MOUS; nameless, without the name of the author.

2. CON'FINES; borders, boundaries.

3. SA-VAN'NA; a low, open plain.

4. SU-PER-STI'TION; a belief in supernatural (i. e., more than natural) agency, or in the mysterious exercise of Divine power.

5. AP-PRISEN'; informed.

6. UN-UT'TER-A-BLE; that cannot be uttered or expressed.

7. IN-COM'PAR-A-BLE; unequalled; matchless.

8. FORT-NO'DING; inward apprehension of coming misfortune.

9. CIR-CU'I-TOUS; not direct, in a roundabout way.

10. COP'PICE: a wood of small trees.

IV.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.—GAYARRÉ.

[CHARLES E. GAYARRÉ is a native of Louisiana. He has filled numerous important official positions; and is the author of a "History of Louisiana," published both in French and English, and of several volumes on the romantic character of the early history of his native State. As a writer, his style is described to be warm, full, rhetorical, and rich in poetical imagery.]

1. WHILE among the Pascagoulas,* I was invited to go to the mouth of the river of that name, to listen to the mysterious music which floats on the waters, particularly on a calm moonlight night, and which to this day excites the wonder of visitors. It seems to issue from caverns or grottos¹ in the bed of the river, and sometimes oozes up through the water under the very keel of the boat which contains the inquisitive traveller, whose ear it strikes as the distant concert of a thousand Æolian² harps.

2. On the bank of the river, close by the spot where the music is heard, tradition says that there existed a tribe, different in color and other peculiarities from the rest of the Indians. They were a gentle, gay, inoffensive race, and passed their time in festivals and rejoicing. They had a temple in which they worshipped a mermaid³—a goddess derived from their ancestors—who had originally emerged from the sea.

3. Every night, when the moon was visible, they gathered around the beautifully carved image of their deity, and, with instruments of strange shape, worshipped the idol with such music as had never before blessed mortal ears.

4. One day, shortly after the destruction of Manvila by De Soto† and his companions, there appeared among them a

* *Pas-kā-goo'las*.

† De Soto was the conqueror of Florida, and discoverer of the Mississippi. Some of his adventures and exploits are recorded elsewhere in this volume.

white man with a large cross in his right hand. He drew from his bosom a book which he kissed reverentially, and began to explain to them what was contained in that sacred little casket; and in the course of a few months the holy man was proceeding with much success in his pious undertaking, and the work of conversion was going bravely on, when his purpose was defeated by an awful prodigy.⁴

5. One night, when the moon, at her zenith,⁵ poured on heaven and earth, with more profusion than usual, a flood of angelic light, at the solemn hour of twelve, when all in nature was repose and silence, there came, on a sudden, a rushing on the surface of the river, as if the still air had been flapped into a whirlwind by myriads of invisible wings sweeping around.

6. The water seemed to be seized with convulsive fury; uttering a deep groan, it rolled several times from one bank to the other with rapid oscillations,⁶ and then gathered itself up into a towering column of foaming waves, on the top of which stood a mermaid, looking with magnetic⁷ eyes that could draw almost every thing to her, and singing with a voice that fascinated into madness.

7. The Indians and the priest rushed to the banks of the river to contemplate this supernatural spectacle. When she saw them, the mermaid tuned her tones into still more bewitching⁸ melody, and kept chanting a sort of mystic⁹ song with an oft-repeated ditty. The Indians listened with growing ecstasy, and one of them plunged into the water, to rise no more. The rest, men, women, and children, followed in quick succession, moved, as it were, with the same irresistible impulse.

8. When the last of the race disappeared, a wild laugh of exultation¹⁰ was heard, down returned the river to its bed with the roar of the cataract, and the whole scene seemed to have been but a dream. Ever since that time is heard

occasionally the distant music which has excited so much attention and investigation, and which is believed, by the other Indian tribes of the neighborhood, to come from their musical brethren, who still keep up their revels in the palace of the mermaid.

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| 1. GROT'tos; caves; caverns or chambers under the beds of seas or rivers.
2. Æ-o'-LI-AN. The Æolian harp is a simple stringed instrument that is sounded by the impulse of the air; so called from Æolus, the ancient deity of the winds.
3. MER'MAID; a fabulous creature, said to resemble a woman in the upper parts of the body, and a fish in the lower part.
4. PROD'I-OR; something astonishing. | 5. ZE'NITH; the point overhead.
6. OS-OIL-LA'TION: a moving backward and forward.
7. MAG-NET'IC; having the properties of the magnet, which has the power of drawing certain substances to it.
8. BE-WITCH'ING; delightful, fascinating.
9. MYST'IC; involving some hidden meaning.
10. EX-UL-TA'TION; delight, triumphant joy. |
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V.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.—LOWELL.

[JAMES R. LOWELL, an American poet, critic, and satirist, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1819. The tone of his compositions is original, vigorous, and usually refined.]

1. THE snow had begun in the gloaming,¹
 And busily, all the night,
 Had been heaping field and highway
 With a silence deep and white.
2. Every pine and fir and hemlock
 Wore ermine² too dear for an earl,
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
 Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.
3. From sheds new-roofed with Carrara³
 Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;

The stiff rails were softened to swan's down—
And still wavered down the snow.

4. I stood and watched from the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.
5. I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,⁴
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the Babes in the Wood.
6. Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.
7. Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And I thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.
8. I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scars of our buried woe.
9. Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

1. GLOAM'ING; twilight.

2. ER'MINE; the fur of the ermine—
white in winter, except the tip of
the tail, which is black.

3. CAR-RA'RA (*kar-rā-rā*); a beautif-

kind of white marble found near
Carrara, in Italy.

4. AU'BURN; a beautiful burial-place
near Boston, Massachusetts.

VI.

PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE.—JEFFERSON.

[THOMAS JEFFERSON, Secretary of State under Washington, and afterwards third President of the United States, was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, April 2d, 1743, and died July 4th, 1826. He was the author of "The Declaration of Independence," which alone would confer literary reputation. He was also the author of "Notes on Virginia;" and his Correspondence and Miscellanies are widely read and admired.]

1. THE passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous¹ scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah,² having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, seeking a passage also. In the moment of their junction, they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.

2. The first glance at this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have at length broken over, at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruption³ and avulsion⁴ from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate⁵ the impression.

3. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture is of a different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful as that is wild and tremendous. For, the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a

small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring round, to pass through the breach, and participate of the calm below.

4. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above its junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

1. STU-PEN'DOUS; grand, amazing.

2. SHEN-AN-DO-AU; a river in Virginia, which unites with the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

3. DIS-REF'TURE; a breaking asunder

4. A-VUL'SION; a tearing away.

5. CON-NOB'O-NATE; confirm.

6. PREO'I-PI-CES; steep descents

VII.

STANZAS.—TUCKER.

[ST. GEORGE TUCKER, of Virginia, was born in the island of Bermuda, in 1752. He was educated at William and Mary College, in Williamsburg, and in 1778 married Mrs. Randolph, the mother of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He became Judge of the Court of Appeals in 1803, and died in 1827. He was the author of several Essays on legal and legislative subjects. The subjoined stanzas, attributed to his pen, are much admired.]

1. DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away ;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray ;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more ;
Checks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er ;

Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone ;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown

2. Days of my youth, I wish not your recall ;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall ;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen ;
Checks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been ;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray ;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay ?
- 3 Days of my age, ye will shortly be past ;
Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last ;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight ;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light ;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod ;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

VIII.

THE WONDERFUL LEAP.

1. Among the personal incidents connected with the early history of Kentucky, there is one related of William Kenan, which affords a fine instance of frontier character. It occurred in the famous and disastrous Northwestern campaign against the Indians, under the command of General St. Clair, in the year 1796.

2. Kenan had long been remarkable for strength and activity. In the course of the march from Fort Washington he had repeated opportunities of testing his astonishing powers in those respects, and was universally admitted to be the swiftest runner of the light-corps.

3. On the evening preceeding the action, his corps had been advanced in front of the first line of infantry, in order

to give seasonable notice of the enemy's approach. Just as day was dawning, he observed about thirty Indians within one hundred yards of the guard-fire, approaching cautiously towards the spot where he stood in company with twenty other Rangers, the rest being considerably in the rear.

4. Supposing it to be a mere scouting' party, and not superior in number to the Rangers, he sprang forward a few paces in order to shelter himself in a spot of peculiarly rank grass, and, after firing with a quick aim upon the foremost Indian, fell flat upon his face, and proceeded with all possible rapidity to reload his gun, not doubting for a moment that his companions would maintain their positions and support him.

5. The Indians, however, rushed forward in such overwhelming masses, that the Rangers were compelled to fly with precipitation,² leaving young Kennan in total ignorance of his danger. Fortunately, the captain of his company had observed him when he threw himself in the grass, and suddenly shouted aloud, "Run, Kennan! or you are a dead man!" He instantly sprang to his feet, and beheld the Indians within ten feet of him, while his company was more than one hundred yards in front.

6. Not a moment was to be lost. He darted off, with every muscle strained to its utmost, and was pursued by a dozen of the enemy with loud yells. He at first pressed straight forward to the usual fording-place in the creek, which ran between the Rangers and the main army; but several Indians, who had passed him before he arose from the grass, threw themselves in the way, and completely cut him off from the rest.

7. By the most powerful exertions, he had thrown the whole body of pursuers behind him, with the exception of one young chief, who displayed a swiftness and perseverance equal to his own. In the circuit which Kennan was

obliged to make, the race continued for more than four hundred yards. The distance between them was about eighteen feet, which Kennan could not increase, nor his adversary diminish. Each for the time put his whole soul into the race.

8. Kennan, as far as he was able, kept his eye upon the motions of his pursuer, lest he should throw the tomahawk, which he held aloft in a menacing³ attitude, and at length, finding that no other Indian was immediately at hand, he determined to try the mettle⁴ of his pursuer in a different manner, and felt for his knife, in order to turn at bay. It had escaped from its sheath, however, while he lay in the grass, and his hair almost lifted the cap from his head when he found himself totally unarmed.

9. As he had slackened his pace for a moment, the Indian was almost in reach of him when he recommenced the race; but the idea of being without arms lent wings to his flight, and for the first time he saw himself gaining ground. He had watched the motions of his pursuer, however, too closely to pay proper attention to the nature of the ground before him, and suddenly found himself in front of a large tree, which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments⁵ were heaped to the height of eight or nine feet.

10. The Indian, heretofore silent, now gave a sharp, quick yell, as if sure of his victim. Kennan had not a moment to deliberate.⁶ He must clear the impediment at a leap, or perish. Putting his whole soul into the effort, he bounded into the air with a power which astonished himself, and, clearing limbs, brush, and every thing else, alighted in perfect safety on the other side. A loud yell of amazement burst from the band of pursuers bringing up the rear, not one of whom had the hardihood to attempt the same feat.

11. Kennan, however, had no leisure to enjoy his triumph.

Dashing into the creek, where the high banks would protect him from the fire of the enemy, he ran up the edge of the stream until he found a convenient crossing-place, and rejoined the Rangers in the rear of the encampment, panting from the fatigue of exertions which had seldom been surpassed.

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| 1. SCOUT'ING; a scouting-party is one sent out in advance of an army, or body of troops, to watch the movements of the enemy.
2. PIR-CIR-I-TA'TION; with great and headlong speed. | 3. MEN'A-CING; threatening.
4. MET'TLE; spirit, bravery, strength.
5. IM-PED'I-MENTS; obstacles; objects that obstruct.
6. DE-LIB'ER-ATE; to ponder; to reflect; to consider any thing. |
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IX.

ANECDOTE OF CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL.

1. It is not long since a gentleman was travelling in one of the counties of Virginia, and, about the close of the day, stopped at a public house to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow-guest at the same house.

2. As the old man drove up, he observed that both of the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes¹ formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveller observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee-buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry² of our land, the courtesies³ of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern.

3. It was about the same time, that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number—most, if not all of them, of the legal profession. As soon as they

became comfortably accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter upon a display of eloquence which he had that day heard at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit.

4. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder⁴ was made to the eloquence of the pulpit ; and a warm and able altercation⁵ ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said, *pro* and *con*.⁶

5. During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind ; or perhaps he was observing, with philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how energies are evolved⁷ by repeated action ; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation on whom these future destinies must devolve ;⁸ or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument, which (characteristic of himself) no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveller remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

6. At last, one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long-established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things ?" If, said the traveller, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed.

7. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made by the old gentleman, for nearly an hour, that he ever

heard or read. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced.

8. Hume's sophistry⁹ on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and force, pathos and energy, that not another word was uttered. An attempt to describe it, said the traveller, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams.

9. It was now matter of curiosity and inquiry, who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence had been heard; but no—it was the CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

1. WITNES (*th* as in *thin*); bands.

2. YEO'MAN-HY; the common people.

3. COUR-TE-SIES (*ker'te siz*); acts of politeness.

4. RE-JOIN'DEN; a reply to an answer.

5. AL-TEN-CA'TION; a dispute.

6. PRO. and CON.; for and against.

7. E-VOLVED'; brought out.

8. DE-VOLVE'; fall in succession.

9. SOPH-IS-TRY; false reasoning.

X.

DEATH OF JASPER; AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.— CHARLTON.

[ROBERT M. CHARLTON was born in Savannah, in 1807. His literary productions are in prose and in verse; many of which appeared in the "New York Knickerbocker Magazine." His poems have been admired for their genial and pathetic susceptibility. He died in 1854.]

Sergeant Jasper was famous, during the War of the Revolution, for his numerous exploits and adventures. He first won attention at the defence of Charleston for his gallantry, and received on that occasion a sword from Gen. Rutledge. He fell in the attack on Savannah, in 1779, in attempting to rescue a flag presented to his regiment by the ladies of Charleston.]

1. 'Twas amidst a scene of blood,
On a bright autumnal day,
When misfortune, like a flood,
Swept our fairest hopes away;

'Twas upon *Savannah's* plain,
On the spot we loved so well,
'Mid the heaps of gallant slain,
That the daring Jasper fell !

2. He had borne him in the fight
Like a soldier in his prime,
Like a bold and stalwart knight
Of the glorious olden time ;
And unharmed by sabre-blow,
And untouched by leaden ball,
He had battled with the foe,
'Till he heard the trumpet's call.

3. But he turned him at the sound,
For he knew the strife was o'er,
That in vain on freedom's ground
Had her children shed their gore ;
So he slowly turned away,
With the remnant of the band,
Who, amid the bloody fray,
Had escaped the foeman's hand.

4. But his banner caught his eye,
As it trailed upon the dust :
And he saw his comrade die,
Ere he yielded up his trust.
"To the rescue !" loud he cried,
"To the rescue ! gallant men !"
And he dashed into the tide
Of the battle-stream again.

5. And then fierce the contest rose
O'er its field of broidered' gold,
And the blood of friends and foes
Stained alike its silken fold ;

But, unheeding wound and blow,
 He has snatched it midst the strife ;
 He has borne that flag away,—
 But its ransom² is his life !

8. "To my father take my sword,"
 Thus the dying hero said,
 "Tell him that my latest word,
 Was a blessing on his head ;
 That, when death had seized my frame
 And uplifted was his dart—
 That I ne'er forgot the name,
 That was dearest to my heart.

1. "Tell her, too, whose favor gave
 This fair banner to our band,
 That I died its folds to save
 From the foe's polluting hand ;
 And let all my comrades hear,
 When my form lies cold in death,
 That their friend remained sincere,
 To his last expiring breath."

4 It was thus that Jasper fell,
 'Neath that bright autumnal sky:
 Has a stone been reared to tell
 Where he laid him down to die ?
 To the rescue, spirits bold !
 To the rescue, gallant men !
 Let the marble page unfold
 All his daring deeds again.

1 BROU'DERED ; adorned with fig- ures in needle-work. | 2. RAN'SOM ; price paid for reaching or releasing.

XI.

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON'S ESCAPE.—KENNEDY.

[JOHN P. KENNEDY, the author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," "Swallow Barn," "Rob of the Bowl," etc., was born in Baltimore in 1795, and, at this date (1866), is consequently seventy-one years of age. Mr. Kennedy's romances rank among the most noted in our literature. "We find a full reproduction in his volumes of the old Virginia life, with its old-time ideas of repose, content, solid comfort, and its hearty outdoor existence." Mr. Kennedy has filled some important official positions.

The story of "Horse-Shoe Robinson" is founded on the personal recollections of its hero, an old soldier of the Revolution. The extract which we quote, relates his escape from a body of Tories, by whom he and Major Butler, a Whig officer, had been captured.]

1. The morning meal was soon despatched, and the party reassembled in the room where the late disturbance had taken place. The good-nature of Robinson continued to gain upon those who had first taken up his cause, and even brought him into a more lenient consideration with the others. Amongst the former I have already noted Andrew Clopper, a rough and insubordinate member of the gang, who, vexed by some old grudge against the captain, had efficiently sustained Green in the late act of mutiny, and who now, struck with Horse-Shoe's bold demeanor towards Curry, began to evince manifest signs of a growing regard for the worthy sergeant.

2. With this man Horse-Shoe contrived to hold a short and secret interview that resulted in the quiet transfer of a piece of gold into the freebooter's hand, which was received with a significant nod of assent to whatever proposition accompanied it. When the order of "boot and saddle" was given by Habershaw, the several members of the troop repaired to their horses, where a short time was spent in making ready for the march; after which the whole squad returned to the porch and occupied the few moments of delay in that loud and boisterous carousal which is apt to

mark the conduct of such an ill-organized body in the interval immediately preceding the commencement of a day's ride.

3. This was a moment of intense interest to the sergeant, who kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the movements of Clopper, as that individual lingered behind his comrades in the equipment³ of his horse. This solicitude⁴ did not, however, arrest his seeming mirth, as he joined in the rude jests of the company and added some sallies of his own.

4. "Give me that cup," he said at length, to one of the men, as he pointed to a gourd; "before we start I have a notion to try the strength of a little cold water, just by way of physie, after all the liquor we have been drinking;" and having got the implement in his hand, he walked deliberately to the draw-well, where he dipped up a draught from the bucket that stood on its brink. As he put the water to his lips and turned his back upon the company, he was enabled to take a survey of the horses that were attached to the rack near him: then, suddenly throwing the gourd from him, he sprang towards his own trusty steed, leaped into his saddle at one bound, and sped, like an arrow from a bow, upon the highway.

5. This exploit was so promptly achieved, that no one was aware of the sergeant's purpose until he was some twenty paces upon his journey. As soon as the alarm of his flight was spread, some three or four rifles were fired after him in rapid succession, during which he was seen ducking his head, and moving it from side to side, with a view to baffle the aim of the marksmen. The confusion of the moment in which the volley was given rendered it ineffectual, and the sergeant was already past the first danger of his escape.

6. "To horse, and follow!" resounded from all sides.

"Look to the other prisoner!" roared out Habershaw; "if he raises his head, blow out his brains! Follow, boys, follow!"

"Two or three of you come with me," cried Curry, and a couple of files hastened with the dragoon to their horses. Upon arriving at the rack, it was discovered that the bridles of the greater part of the troop were tied in hard knots, in such a manner as to connect each two or three horses together.

7. A short delay took place whilst the horsemen were disentangling their reins, and Curry, being the first to extricate his steed, mounted and set off in rapid pursuit. He was immediately followed by two others. At the end of half an hour the two privates returned, and reported that they had been unable to obtain a view of the sergeant, or even of Curry. Shortly afterwards the dragoon himself was descried retracing his steps at a moderate trot towards the house. His plight told a tale upon him of discomfiture. One side of his face was bleeding with a recent bruise, his dress disarranged, and his back covered with dust. The side of his horse also bore the same taint of the soil.

8. He rode up to Habershaw—who was already upon the road at the head of the remaining members of the squad, having Butler in charge—and informed him that he had pursued the sergeant at full speed until he came in sight of him, when the fugitive had slackened his gait as if on purpose to allow himself to be overtaken.

9. "But," he added, "he has a broadside like a man-of-war! In my hurry I left my sword behind me, and, when I came up with him, I laid my hand upon his bridle; but, by some sudden sleight which he has taught his horse, he contrived, somehow or other, to upset me—horse and all—down a bank on the roadside. And, when I lay on the ground sprawling, do you think the jolly runagate^s didn't rein up and give me a broad laugh, and ask me if he could be of any service to me? He then bade me good-by, saying he had an engagement that prevented him from favoring me any

longer with his company. Gad! it was so civilly done that all I could say was, Luck go with you, Mr. Horse-Shoe. I'll do him the justice to say that he's a better horseman than I took him for. I can hardly begrudge a man his liberty who can win it as cleverly' as he has done."

10. "Well, there's no more to be said about it," remarked Habershaw "He's only game for another day. He is like a bear's cub; which is as much as to signify that he has a hard time before him. He would have only given us trouble; so let him go. Now, boys, away for Blackstock's; I will engage I keep the fox that's left safely enough."

With these words the troop proceeded upon their march.

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|---|--|
| 1. FNER'ROOT-EN; one who wanders about for plunder. | 4. SO-LIU'I-TUNE; care, interest, anxiety. |
| 2. CA-NOU'SAL; a noisy, disorderly drinking revel. | 5. DIS-COM'FIT-TRE; defeat, mishap. |
| 3. E-QUIN'MENT; the act of fitting, dressing, or preparing. | 6. RUN'A-OATE; a fugitive. |
| | 7. CLEV'ER-LY; dexterously, skillfully, ingeniously. |

XII.

KING'S MOUNTAIN.—W. GILMORE SIMMS.

A BALLAD OF THE CAROLINAS.

[The battle of King's Mountain, fought October 7, 1780, constituted a turning-point in the war of the Revolution in the South,—the British and Tories, under Colonel Ferguson, being defeated, with great slaughter, by the mountaineers of Virginia, Georgia, and the two Carolinas. The battle took place in South Carolina, but only a mile and a half south of the North Carolina line. Colonel Ferguson was one of the most distinguished of the British partisan warriors in America, during the Revolution. His bravery was remarkable, as well as his skill. During the battle he used a silver whistle, which was to be heard sounding everywhere throughout all the din of the conflict. The Tory chiefs were executed on the spot, soon after the battle.]

W. GILMORE SIMMS, the author of this ballad, is one of the most distinguished and accomplished authors America has produced. His numerous *Annals of Colonial, Revolutionary, and Border Life*, have been extensively read and admired, while his various poetical productions exhibit a

pure taste, warm imagination, and high culture. He is also the author of a History of South Carolina, and several biographies of celebrated historical characters. Mr. Simms was born in Charleston, in 1806.]

1. HARK ! 'tis the voice of the mountain,
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes
Who compassed¹ its summits and died !
How they gathered to the strife as the eagles,
When the foemen had clambered the height !
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,²
They hunted him down for the fight !
2. Hark ! through the gorge of the valley,
'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe ;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
And we snatch down the rifle and go.
As the hunter who hears of the panther,
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate ante,³
With his knife and his rifle at need.
3. From a thousand deep gorges they gather—
From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still ;
Each lonely at first in his roaming,
Till the vale to the sight opens fair,
And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,⁴
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.
4. Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
For the hunt of the insolent foe ;
And soon shall his myrmidons⁵ tremble
'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
Down the lone heights now wind they together,
As the mountain brooks flow to the vale,

And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale :

5. "The British—the Tories are on us,
And now is the moment to prove,
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love !
They have swept the vast valleys below us,
With fire, to the hills from the sea ;
And here would they seek to o'erthrow us,
In a realm which our eagle makes free !"
6. No war-council suffered to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed ;
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
Swift followed the bound to the steed ;
And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,
Gleaned the long wavy tents of the foeman,
As he lay in his camp on the height.
7. Grim dashed they away as they bounded—
The hunters to hem in the prey ;—
And with Deekard's long rifles surrounded,
Then the British rose fast to the fray ;
And never, with arms of more vigor,
Did their bayonets press through the strife
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
The sharpshooters dashed out a life !
8. 'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions,
'Twas the rushing of tempests and waves,
Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves :
Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
As from danger to danger he flies

Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
With its "touch me who dare!" and he dies!

9. An hour, and the battle is over,
The eagles are rending the prey;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way:
More dreadful the doom that on treason
Averages the wrongs of the State;
And the oak-tree for many a season
Bears its fruit for the vultures of Fate!

1 COM'PASSED; obtained, accomplished, gained.

2. BEA'GLES; small dogs used for hunting.

3 AN'TRE (*an'tur*); a cavern.

4. GLOAM'ING; twilight.

5. MYN'MI-DONS; rough soldiers, ruffians.

6. STO'O-PHANT; a servile, degraded flatterer.

XIII.

A BEE-HUNT.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

[WASHINGTON IRVING is known and admired wherever the English language is spoken. The refined qualities of his genius, the delicacy, genial humor, and fresh inspiration of his style, the sweetness and purity of his life, the amiable tenderness of his character, have made his name in America a household word. In addition to his numerous miscellanies, among which the "Sketch Book" is the most famous, he is the author of a "Life of Washington," a "Life and History of Columbus," and other historical works. He was born in the city of New York in 1783, and died November 28, 1859, at Sunnyside, on the Hudson.]

1. THE beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far West, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger¹ of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man, and say that, in

proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire.

2. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the beehive with the farm-house and flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds² of civilization, steadfastly preceeding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders; and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees in their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial³ sweets; and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

3. At present the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial⁴ bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the sea-shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking⁵ bee.

4. We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall, lank fellow in home-spun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a beehive. A comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his

shoulder. To these succeeded half a dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles; for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

5. After proceeding some distance, we came to an open glade, on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey-comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey, they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity³ of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then started off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky.

6. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree; to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs,⁴ in the mean time, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates.

7. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis,⁵ little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disruption of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length down came the tree with

a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.'

8. One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack, and sought no revenge : they seemed stupefied by the catastrophe,¹⁰ and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation.

9. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep-brown color ; others were beautifully white ; and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles, to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy.

10. Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community. As if the bees would carry through the similitude¹¹ of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an *Indiana* that has been driven on shore,—plunging in the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes.

11. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do any thing, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them, but crawled backwards and forwards, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow

with his hands in his breeches pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

12. It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived, from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum." At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic.

1. HAR'BIN-GER; a forerunner; that which precedes and gives notice of an expected arrival.
2. HER'ALDS; those who proclaim and announce the approach of any thing; in old times, officers who carried challenges, bore messages, and made public announcements.
3. AM-BRO'SIAL; partaking of the qualities of ambrosia; in heathen antiquity ambrosia was the imaginary food of the gods, and was supposed to possess the most delightful flavor and fragrance.
4. AL-LU'VE-AL; formed of deposits by river currents.
5. NEO'TAR; in heathen antiquity the

- drink of the gods, hence any very sweet and pleasing drink.
6. VE-LOO'I-TY; swiftness.
7. AM-A-TEURS'; unprofessional persons; those pursuing an occupation for its pleasure and not for gain; those new or unskilled in an art or trade.
8. ME-TROP'O-LIS; chief city of any kingdom or state.
9. COM'MON-WEALTH; a community or state.
10. CA-TAS'TRO-PHE; a final event; a calamity.
11. SI-MIL'I-TUDE; resemblance; likeness.
12. VAO'U-UM; a void; an empty space.

XIV.

ADDRESS OF THE HEART TO THE HEAD.—

JEFFERSON.

1. BELIEVE me, then, my friend, that that is a miserable arithmetic which could estimate friendship at nothing, or at

less than nothing. Respect for you has induced me to enter into this discussion, and to hear principles uttered which I detest and abjure.¹ Respect for myself now obliges me to recall you into the proper limits of your office.

2. When nature assigned us the same habitation, she gave us, over it, a divided empire. To you, she allotted the field of science : to me, that of morals. When the circle is to be squared, or the orbit² of a comet to be traced; when the arch of greatest strength, or the solid of least resistance is to be investigated, take up the problem ; it is yours—nature has given me no cognizance³ of it.

3. In like manner, in denying to you the feelings of sympathy, of benevolence, of gratitude, of justice, of love, of friendship, she has excluded you from their control. To these she has adapted the mechanism of the heart. Morals were too essential to the happiness of man, to be risked on the uncertain combinations of the head ; she laid their foundation, therefore, in sentiment, not in science. That, she gave to all, as necessary to all : this, to a few only, as sufficing with a few.

4. I know, indeed, that you pretend authority to the sovereign control of our conduct, in all its parts; and a respect for your grave saws⁴ and maxims, a desire to do what is right, has sometimes induced me to conform to your counsels. A few facts, however, which I can readily recall to your memory, will suffice to prove to you, that nature has not organized you for our moral direction.

5. When the poor wearied soldier whom we overtook at Chickahominy, with his pack on his back, begged us to let him get up behind our chariot, you began to calculate that the road was full of soldiers, and that if all should be taken up, our horses would fail in their journey. We drove on, therefore. But soon becoming sensible you had made me do wrong,—that though we cannot relieve all the distressed,

we should relieve as many as we can,—I turned about to take up the soldier ; but he had entered a by-path, and was no more to be found ; and from that moment to this I could never find him out, to ask forgiveness.

6. Again, when the poor woman came to ask charity in Philadelphia, you whispered that she looked like a drunkard, and that half a dollar was enough to give her for the ale house. Those who want the disposition to give, easily find reasons why they ought not to give. When I sought her out afterwards, and did what I should have done at first, you know that she employed the money immediately to wards placing her child at school.

7. If our country, when pressed with wrong at the point of the bayonet, had been governed by its heads instead of its hearts, where would she have been now ? Hanging on a gallows, as high as Haman's. You began to calculate, and to compare wealth and numbers : we threw up a few pulsations of our blood ; we supplied enthusiasm against wealth and numbers ; we put our existence to the hazard, when the hazard seemed against us, and we saved our country ; justifying, at the same time, the way of Providence, whose precept is, to do always what is right, and leave the issue to Him.

8. In short, my friend, as far as my recollection serves me, I do not know that I ever did a good thing on your suggestion, or a bad one without it. I do forever then, disclaim your interference in my province.

1 *Ab-june'* ; renounce.

2 *Or'bit* ; the elliptical course described by a planet.

3 *Cog'NI-ZANCE* ; knowledge, notion perception.

4. *Saws* ; old sayings, proverbs

XV.

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

1. BETWEEN the rivers Iser and Inn there extends for many leagues an enormous forest of sombre¹ firs and pines. It is a dreary and almost uninhabited wilderness of wild ravines and tangled under-brush. Two great roads have been cut through the forest, and sundry woodmen's paths penetrate it at different points. In the centre there is a little hamlet² of a few miserable huts, called Hohenlinden.

2. In this forest, on the night of the third of December, 1800, Moreau,* with sixty thousand men, encountered the Archduke John, with seventy thousand Austrian troops. The clocks upon the towers of Munich had just tolled the hour of midnight when both armies were in motion each hoping to surprise the other.

3. A dismal wintry storm was howling over the tree-tops; and the smothering snow, falling rapidly, obliterated³ all traces of a path, and rendered it almost impossible to drag through the drifts the ponderous artillery.

4. Both parties in the dark tempestuous night became entangled in the forest, and the heads of their columns met in various places. An awful scene of confusion, conflict, and carnage then ensued. Imagination cannot compass the terrible sublimity of the spectacle.

5. The dark midnight, the howlings of the wintry storm, the driving sheets of snow, the incessant roar of artillery, and of musketry from one hundred and thirty thousand combatants, the lightning flashes of the guns, the crash of the falling trees as the heavy cannon balls swept through the forest, the floundering of innumerable horsemen bewildered in the pathless snow, the shouts of onset, the shriek of death, and the burst of martial music from a thousand

* A famous French general under Napoleon.

bands,—all combined to present a scene of horror and of demoniac⁴ energy which probably even this lost world never presented before.

6. The darkness of the black forest was so intense, and the snow fell in flakes so thick and fast and blinding, that the combatants could with difficulty see each other. They often indeed fired at the flashes gleaming through the gloom. At times hostile divisions became intermingled in inextricable confusion, and hand to hand, bayonet crossing bayonet, and sword clashing against sword, they fought with the ferocity of demons.

7. As the advancing and retreating hosts wavered to and fro, the wounded, by thousands, were left on the hill-sides and in dark ravines—the drifting snow, crimsoned with blood, their only blanket—there, in solitude and agony, to mourn, and freeze, and die. What death-scenes the eye of God must have witnessed that night, in the solitude of that dark, tempest-tossed, and blood-stained forest!

8. At last the morning dawned through the unbroken clouds, and the battle raged with renovated⁵ fury. Nearly twenty thousand of the mutilated bodies of the dead and wounded were left upon the field, with gory locks frozen to their icy pillows, and covered with mounds of snow.

9. At the end the French were victorious at every point. The Austrians fled in dismay, having lost twenty-five thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, one hundred pieces of artillery, and an immense number of wagons.

10. This terrific combat was witnessed by the poet Campbell from the summit of a neighboring tower, and has been immortalized in his noble verses, which are now familiar wherever the English language is known.

1. SOX'BEE; gloomy, dark.

2. HAM'LET; a small village.

3. OL-LIT'ER-A-TED; effaced, removed.

4. DE-MO'NI-AC; furious, like a demon.

5. REN'O-VA-TED; renewed, freshened

XVI.

HOHENLINDEN.—CAMPBELL.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL, one of the most famous of the British poets, was born in Glasgow in 1777, and died in France in 1844. His most celebrated poems are the "Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Hohenlinden," "The Soldier's Dream," and "Ye Mariners of England."]

1. ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.
4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.
5. But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

Where furious Frank,¹ and fiery Hun,²
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

8. Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

1. FRANK; a name given by the Eastern nations to any of the inhabitants of the western part of Europe; also a name given to the members of a German tribe called the *Franks*, who conquered France,—here applied to the French.

2. HUN; a name derived from the Scythians, who conquered the present territory of Hungary and gave it its name. Hungary is a part of Austria. The term *Hun* is here applied to the Austrians as a whole.

XVII.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.—AUDUBON.

[JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the famous naturalist, was born in Louisiana, in 1730. At an early period he evinced a passion for the pursuit which in after-life rendered him so celebrated. His work, "The Birds of America," was published in numbers, of large folio size, the first appearing in 1825, each part containing five colored plates. This noble monument of the naturalist's industry and attainments is prized as one of the most valuable and beautiful productions of the modern press. The "Quadrupeds of America" appeared in 1843. Audubon, in pursuit of his purpose, travelled over the greater part of the North American continent, from Labrador to Florida, undergoing fatigues and dangers, and experiencing adventures and vicissitudes, that render the story of his life as charming as a romance. He died in 1851, at the age of seventy-one, his zeal and passion in his favorite studies continuing unabated to the last.]

1. It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowded with evergreen leaves, and decorated with

a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered stuartia, and, mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step;—in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and, opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking-bird has fixed its abode—it is there that its wondrous song is heard.

2. But where is that favored land? It is in this great continent. It is, reader, in Louisiana, that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes beaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his, and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and, again bounding upwards, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

3. They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy* that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own

music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

4. No sooner has he again alighted, and given his accustomed greeting, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes, with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

5. For a while, each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song, and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear-tree of the gardens, are inspected; the thick brier-patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that, instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window.

6. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances, are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. Five eggs are deposited in due time; when the male, having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and

then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted mate.

7 When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed, the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking-birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dew-berries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest; and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigor, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do.

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|---|--|
| 1. IN-NU'MER-A-BLE; too numerous
to be numbered. | 3. ПАУТ-БОЙ (<i>hō'boy</i>); a wind in-
strument. |
| 2. VER'NAL; belonging to the spring. | 4. VIG'I-LANT; watchful |

XVIII

THE MOCKING-BIRD.—DRAKE.

[JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in the city of New York in 1795, and died of consumption at the early age of twenty-five. His poetical talent was exhibited at an early age, the subjoined poem of "The Mocking-Bird" having been written when he was a mere boy. The "Culprit Fay," a poem of most exquisite fancy, was written in his twenty-fourth year.]

1. EARLY on a pleasant day,
In the poet's month of May,
Field and forest looked so fair,
So refreshing was the air,
That, despite of morning dew,
Forth I walked, where tangling grew

Many a thorn and breezy bush ;
Where the redbreast and the thrush
Gayly raised their early lay,
Thankful for returning day.

2. Every thicket, bush, and tree,
Swelled the grateful harmony :
As it mildly swept along,
Echo seemed to catch the song ;
But the plain was wide and clear,
Echo never whispered near !
From a neighboring mocking-bird,
Came the answering notes I heard.

3. Soft and low the song began :
I scarcely caught it, as it ran
Through the melancholy trill
Of the plaintive whip-poor-will ;
Through the ring-dove's gentle wail,
Chattering' jay and whistling quail,
Sparrow's twitter, catbird's cry,
Redbird's whistle, robin's sigh.
Blackbird, bluebird, swallow, lark,
Each his native note might mark.
Oft he tried the lesson o'er,
Each time louder than before.
Burst at length the finished song ;
Loud and clear it poured along :
All the choir in silence heard,
Hushed before this wondrous bird !

4. All transported and amazed—
Scarcely breathing—long I gazed.
Now it reached the loudest swell ;
Lower, lower, now it fell ;

Lower, lower, lower still,—
 Scarce it sounded o'er the rill.
 Now the warbler ceased to sing;
 Then he spread his downy wing,
 And I saw him take his flight,
 Other regions to delight.

Thus, in most poetic wise,
 I began to moralize—

5. In fancy thus, the bird I trace,
 An emblem of the rhyming race:
 Ere with heaven's immortal fire,
 Loud they strike the quivering lyre;
 Ere in high, majestic song,
 Thundering roars the verse along;
 Soft they tune each note they sing.
 Soft they tune each varied string;
 Till each power is tried and known;—
 Then the kindling spark is blown.
6. Thus, perchance, has Moore oft sung,
 Thus his lyre hath Milton strung;
 Thus immortal Harold's Childe,*
 Thus, O Scott, thy witch[†] notes wild;
 Thus has Pope's melodious lyre
 Beamed with Homer's martial fire;
 Thus did Campbell's war-blast roar
 Round the cliffs of Elsinore;†
 Thus he dug the soldier's grave,
 Iser,‡ by thy rolling wave.

CHATTERING; uttering rapid, in-
 distinct sounds.

2. TRANS-PORT'ED; enraptured.
 3. WITCH; bewitching, charming.

* Byron's famous poem of "Childe Harold."

† A Danish town: refers to Campbell's poem of the "Battle of the Baltic."

‡ A river in Bavaria: refers to Campbell's poem of "Hohenlinden."

XIX.

THE RAINBOW.—WELBY.

'AMELIA B. WELBY, author of "Poems, by Amelia," was born at St Michael's, in Maryland, in 1821. She removed with her father, at an early age, to Kentucky, where she married Mr. George Welby, of Louisville. She died in 1852. Her poems have been much admired.]

1. I SOMETIMES have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June :
The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers.
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of Peace, floated off in the west.
2. As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth.
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.
3. How calm was the ocean ! how gentle its swell !
Like a strain of sweet music it rose and it fell ;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly
o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the
shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer.
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

4. How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings !
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings !
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air ;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there ;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow, that circled my soul
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.
5. There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by ;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love
6. I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain ;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the grave ;
Yet oh ! when Death's shadows my bosom enclose,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold !
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XX.

THE BLIND PREACHER.—WIRT.

[WILLIAM WIRT, an eloquent lawyer and the distinguished biographer of Patrick Henry, was born at Bladensburg, in Maryland in 1772. He practised law at Norfolk, and subsequently at Richmond ; and was appointed Attorney-general, under the administration of President Monroe. The

Life of Patrick Henry appeared in 1817, and "took at once its position as one of the most animated biographical works in our history. . . The work glows with the Southern heart of the writer." Mr. Wirt was greatly distinguished for the brilliant and effective character of his eloquence, his defence of Blennerhasset, connected with the Aaron Burr conspiracy, being among his most famous efforts. He died in 1834.]

1. It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

2. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural¹ appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

3. The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But, how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato* were never more worthy of a 'prognostic' swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the Passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

* An illustrious Greek philosopher, born 430 years before Christ. According to a Greek tradition, a swarm of bees alighted on his lips in his infancy, thereby betokening the honeyed sweetness of his style.

4. As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour;—his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation³ was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.⁴

5. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet:⁵ my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

6. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven,—his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

7. It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious⁶ standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I

could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

8. The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau :* “Socrates† died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God !” I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes‡ meant by laying such stress on *delivery*.

9. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher,—his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer,§ Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of soft, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house. The preacher, removing

* Rousseau, an eloquent writer and singular character, born in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1712.

† Socrates, one of the most eminent of the Greek philosophers, born in Attica, Greece, 470 years before Christ.

‡ Demosthenes, a very famous Greek orator, who flourished about 350 years before Christ.

§ Homer, Ossian, and Milton: HOMER, the greatest of the ancient poets, whose birthplace was claimed by seven of the Greek cities. He lived about nine hundred years before Christ. OSSIAN, an ancient Gaelic bard (Gaelic pertains to the Gael, the Celtic tribes of Scotland), who lived in the third century. MILTON, the most illustrious of the English poets, author of “Paradise Lost,” the greatest of modern poems, born in London, in 1608. Homer, Ossian, and Milton were all blind.

his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Soerates died like a philosopher;" then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them, both clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!"

10. If this description give you the impression that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear, from the train, the style, and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition.⁹

1. PRE-TER-NAT'U-RAL; different from what is natural, unnatural.

2. PROG-NOS'TIC; indicating something future.

3. E-NUN-CI-A'TION; utterance.

4. U'NI-SON; concert, harmony.

5. BUF'FET; a blow with the hand.

6. FAL-LA'CIOUS; false, deceiving.

7. POR-TEN'TOUS; foretelling evil.

8. ER-U-DI'TION; learning.

XXI.

THE BOBOLINK.—WASHINGTON IRVING

1. THE happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the bobolink, or bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year, which, in this latitude, answers

to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets.

2. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year ; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance : " the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing-birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

3. The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure ; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel ; the air is perfumed with the sweetbrier and the wild-rose ; the meadows are enamelled with clover blossoms ; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

4. This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season ; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

5. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down upon the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate ; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody ; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

6. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom ; but when I, luckless urchin ! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in a school-room.

7. It seemed as if the little varlet^s mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him—no lessons, no task, no school ; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather ! Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him the words of Logan to the cuckoo :

“ Sweet bird, thy bower is over green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

“ Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visits round the globe.
Companions of the spring.”

8. Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this feathered voluptuary^s, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my young readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he, in a manner, devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury ; the very schoolboy would not sling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain.

9. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs' his portical suit of black, assumes a russet,^a dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyment of common, vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and charnted so melodiously. He has become a "gourmand:" with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while, he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic^o tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

10. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Boblineon no more, he is the reed-bird now, the much-sought-for tidbit of Pennsylvania epicures,¹ the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan. Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he.

11. Again he wings his flight. The rice-swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for his corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous rice-bird of the Carolinas. Last stago of his career: behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on some Southern table.

12. Such is the story of the bobolink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist,¹ who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little

boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career, but to eschew¹² all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

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|---|--|
| 1. E-NAM'ELLEN; adorned with various colors. | 8. RUS'SET; reddish brown. |
| 2. TREM'U-LOU-LY; with trembling. | 9. GOUR'MAND; a glutton; one who feuds excessively. |
| 3. EC'STA-SY; excessive joy, rapture. | 10. GAS-TRO-NOM'IO; pertaining to good living. |
| 4. IN-TOX-I-CATION; drunkenness; here used in the sense of high excitement. | 11. EP'I-CURES; those fond of delicate food. |
| 5. VAR'LET; an impudent fellow. | 12. SEN-SU-AL-IST (<i>sen'shu-al-ist</i>); one devoted to the pleasures of the senses. |
| 6. VO-LUP'TU-A-RY; one who indulges his appetite to excess. | 13. ES-CHEW'; to avoid, to shun. |
| 7. DOFFS; puts off. | |

XXII.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.—WILDE

[RICHARD HENRY WILDE, a distinguished member of the Southern bar, an accomplished scholar and poet, was born in Ireland, in 1789; came to America with his father in his twelfth year; removed to Georgia with his widowed mother, in 1803, where he prepared himself by solitary exertions for admission to the legal profession. He represented his district in Congress, and filled the office of attorney-general for the State. He died in 1847. His poems are held in high estimation.]

1. My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet, on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me

- 2 My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail, its date is brief—
Restless, and soon to pass away ;
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !
3. My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand—
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand ;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !
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XXIII.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.—TAYLOR.

[JANE TAYLOR was born in London, in 1783, and died in 1824. She was sister of the celebrated author of "The Natural History of Enthusiasm." Her writings, excellent in tone and spirit, and possessing much literary merit, were chiefly designed for the young, conveying instruction in an attractive style. "The Discontented Pendulum" is one of the best specimens of this allegory, and teaches a moral lesson of great practical value.]

1. An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

2. Upon this the dial-plate, (if we may credit the fable,) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels

remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation," when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested' their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

3. "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign' my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

4. "Very good," replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness; you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward, year after year, as I do."

5. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

6. The minute-hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect: so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

7. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that so useful and industrious a person as you are should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; and, although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you, now, do me the favor to give about half-a-dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

8. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

9. "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

10. "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

11. Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; and a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

12. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

13. MORAL.—It is said by a celebrated modern writer, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having a great deal to do. The present is all we have to manage: the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the moment is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still need set but one step at a time, and this process, continued, would infallibly* bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

14. Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter* all its crosses, at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last: if one could be sustained, so can another, and another.

15. Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience, that may be

expected. Now, this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon one. Let any one resolve to do right now, leaving then to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. But the common error is, to resolve to act right to-morrow, or next time; but now, just this once, we must go on the same as ever.

16. It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, then will be now. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future which the present never fulfils.

17. It is not thus with those who, "by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their works "follow them."

18. Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might," recollecting that now is the proper and the accepted time.

1. IN-EFFEC-TU-AL; fruitless, vain.

2. STAG-NA-TION; cessation or absence of motion.

3. PRO-TEST-ED; declared, affirmed.

4. AS-SION'; to specify.

5. IN-FAL-LI-BLY; certainly.

6. EN-COUN-TER; to meet and try to surmount.

XXIV.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL.— DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the most popular of modern novelists, was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1812. His peculiar forte lay in the delineation of characters found among the humbler classes of society. His works are distinguished for their pathetic incidents, humorous characters, and singularly beautiful descriptions. He died in 1870.]

1. By little and little, the old man had drawn back

toward the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied with trembling lips, "You plot² among you to wean my heart from her. You will never do that—never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her: I never had; I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now." Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words—not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered—followed him. They moved so gently that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sighs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

2. For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

3. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

4. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute² and motionless forever.

5. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. His was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

6. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster, on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

7. The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring for them to help her.

8. She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

9. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent,—“it is not in this world that heaven’s justice ends. Think what earth is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!”

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

10. She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on.

She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. It may have been.

11. Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face,—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget,—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

12. For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered,—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

13. And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Deceitful age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

14. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

15. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

16. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

17. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold, how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick, old wall.

18. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming

to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared, in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

19. They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place,—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them), upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1. DE-LIN-E-A-TION; description, sketch | 3. MUTE; silent, dumb. |
| 2. PLOT; to plan, to scheme. | 4. IM-PLOU'RXU; hesecching. |

XXV.

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.—MACKAY.

[CHARLES MACKAY was born in Perth, 1812. He is a British poet of considerable fame, and as a journalist ranks high among his peers.]

1. I HAVE a wondrous house to build,
 A dwelling, humble yet divine;
 A lowly cottage to be filled
 With all the jewels of the mine.
 How shall I build it strong and fair—
 This noble house, this lodging rare,
 So small and modest, yet so great?
 How shall I fill its chambers bare
 With use—with ornaments—with state?

2. With three compartments² furnished well,

The house shall be a home complete;

Wherein, should circumstance rebel,

The humble tenant may retreat.

The first a room wherein to deal

With men for human nature's weal,

A room where he may work or play,

And all his social life reveal

In its pure texture day by day.

3. The second, for his wisdom sought,

Where, with his chosen book or friend,

He may employ his active thought

To virtuous and exalted end.

A chamber lofty and serene,³

With a door-window to the green,

Smooth-shaven sward and arching bowers,

Where lore or talk or song between,

May gild his intellectual hours.

4. The third an oratory⁴ dim,

But beautiful, where he may raise,

Unheard of men, his daily hymn,

Of love and gratitude and praise.

Where he may revel in the light

Of things unseen and infinite,

And learn how little he may be,

And yet how awful in thy sight,

Ineffable⁵ Eternity!

5. Such is the house that I must build—

This is the cottage—this the dome,—

And this the palace, treasure-fill'd

For an immortal's earthly home.

O noble work of toil and care!
 O task most difficult and rare!
 O simple but most arduous* plan!
 To raise a dwelling-place so fair,
 The sanctuary of a Man.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. WON'DROUS; marvellous, admirable. | 4. OR'A-TO-RY; a place for prayer. |
| 2. COM-PART'MENT; a separate part or division of any enclosed space. | 5. IN-EX'PR-ESS-IBLE; incapable of being expressed in words. |
| 3. SE-RENE'; undisturbed, calm. | 6. AR'DU-OUS; difficult, hard. |

XXVI.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.—LUELLA CLARK.

1. While the new years come, and the old years go,
 How, little by little, all things grow!
 All things grow—and all decay—
 Little by little passing away.
 Little by little on fertile' plain
 Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
 Waving and flashing in the sun,
 When the summer at last is done.
 Little by little they ripen so,
 As the new years come, and the old years go.

2. Low on the ground an acorn² lies—
 Little by little it mounts to the skies,—
 Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
 Home for a hundred singing birds.
 Little by little the great rocks grew,
 Long, long ago, when the world was new;
 Slowly and silently, stately and free,
 Cities of coral³ under the sea
 Little by little are builded—while so
 The new years come and the old years go.

3. Little by little all tasks are done—
 So are the crowns of the faithful won—
 So is heaven in our hearts begun.
 With work and with weeping, with laughter and play,
 Little by little, the longest day
 And the longest life are passing away,—
 Passing without return—while so
 The new years come, and the old years go.

1. FER'TILE (-ful); productive.
 2. A'CORN; the fruit of the oak.

3. COR'AL; the solid secretions of a
 species of little animal in the sea.

XXVII.

GRACE DARLING.

[Abridged from "Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts."
 The County of Northumberland is in the northeastern corner of England, bordering on Scotland.]

1. OPPOSITE the northern part of the coast of the county of Northumberland, in England, at a short distance from the shore, is a group of small islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, called the Farne Islands. 'Their aspect' is wild and desolate in the extreme. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in many places ending in sheer precipices, they are the residence of little else than wild fowl. Between the smaller islets the sea runs with great force, and many a goodly ship, in times past, has laid her bones upon the pitiless rocks which every ebb tide exposes to view.

2. Upon Longstone, one of these islands, there stands a light-house, which, at the time of the incident about to be related, was kept by William Darling, a worthy and intelligent man, of quiet manners, with resources of mind and

character sufficient to turn to profitable use the many lonely hours which his position necessarily entailed upon him.

3. He had a numerous family of children; among them a daughter, Grace, who had reached the age of twenty-two years when the incident occurred which has made her name so famous. She had passed most of her life upon the little island of Longstone, and is described as having been of a retiring, and somewhat reserved disposition. In personal appearance, she was about the middle size, of a fair complexion and pleasing countenance; with nothing masculine in her aspect, but gentle and feminine, and, as might be supposed, with a winning expression of benevolence in her face. Her smile was peculiarly sweet. She had a good understanding, and had been respectably educated.

4. On Wednesday evening, September 5, 1838, the Forfarshire steamer, of about three hundred tons burden, under the command of Captain John Humble, sailed from Hull on a voyage to Dundee, in Scotland. She had a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet-iron; and her company, including twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage³ passengers, comprised sixty-three persons.

5. On the evening of the next day, when in the neighborhood of the Farne Islands, she encountered a severe storm of wind, attended with heavy rain and a dense fog. She leaked to such a degree that the fires could not be kept burning, and her engines soon ceased to work. She became wholly unmanageable, and drifting violently, at the mercy of the winds and waves, struck on one of the reefs of Longstone Island, about four o'clock on Friday morning.

6. As too often happens in such fearful emergencies,⁴ the master lost his self-possession, order and discipline ceased, and nothing but self-preservation was thought of. A por-

tion of the crew, including the first mate, lowered one of the boats and left the ship. With them was a single cabin passenger, who threw himself into the boat by means of a rope. These men were picked up after some hours, and carried into the port of Shields.

7. The scene on board was of the most fearful description—men paralyzed by despair—women wringing their hands and shrieking with anguish—and among them the helpless and bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection he could no longer give. The vessel struck aft the paddle-boxes; and not above three minutes after the passengers (most of whom had been below, and many of them in their berths) had rushed upon the deck, a second shock broke her into two pieces.

8. The after-part, with most of the passengers and the captain and his wife, was swept away through a tremendous current, and all upon it were lost. The fore-part, on which were five of the crew and four passengers, stuck fast to the rock. These few survivors remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak, with a fearful sea running around them, and expecting every moment to be swept into the deep. With what anxious eyes did they wait for the morning light! And yet what could mortal help avail them even then? Craggy and dangerous rocky islets lay between them and the nearest land, and around these rocks a sea was raging in which no boat was likely to live. But, through the providence of God, a deliverance was in store for them—a deliverance wrought by the strong heart of an heroic girl.

9. As soon as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were desiered from the Longstone light, by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. None of the family were at home, except Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Grace. Although the wind had somewhat abated, the sea—never calm among

these jagged rocks—was still fiercely raging; and to have braved its perils would have done the highest honor to the strong muscles and well-tried nerves of the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy having been undertaken and accomplished mainly through a female heart and arm!

10. Mr. Darling, it is said, was reluctant to expose himself to what seemed certain destruction; but the earnest entreaties of his daughter determined him to make the attempt. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the mother's assistance; and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, others of the family being always at hand.

11. It was only by the exertion of great muscular strength, as well as by the utmost coolness and resolution, that the father and daughter rowed the boat up to the rock. And when there, a greater danger arose from the difficulty of so managing it as to prevent its being dashed to pieces upon the sharp ridge which had proved fatal to the steamer. With much difficulty and danger, the father scrambled upon the rock, and the boat was left for awhile to the unaided strength and skill of the daughter. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued.

12. The delight with which the boat was first seen was converted into amazement when they perceived that it was guided and impelled by an old man and a young woman. Owing to the violence of the storm, the rescued persons were obliged to remain at the light-house of the Darlings from Friday morning till Sunday, during which time Grace was most assiduous in her kind attentions to the sufferers, giving up her bed to one of them, a poor woman, who had seen her two children perish in her arms, while on the wreck

13. This heroic deed of Grace Darling shot a thrill of sympathy and admiration through all Great Britain, and indeed through all Christendom. The Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate, and a considerable sum of money was raised for her from the voluntary contributions of an admiring public. The lonely light-house became the centre of attraction to thousands of curious and sympathizing travellers; and Grace was pursued, questioned, and stared at to an extent that became a serious annoyance to her gentle and retiring spirit.

14. But in all this hot blaze of admiration, and in her improved fortunes, she preserved unimpaired the simplicity and modesty of her nature. Her head was not in the least turned by the world-wide fame she had earned, or by the flattering caresses of the wealthy, the fashionable, and the distinguished, which were lavished upon her. The meekness with which she bore her honors equalled the courage which had won them. She resumed her former way of life, and her accustomed duties, as quietly as if nothing had happened. Several advantageous offers of marriage were made to her, but she declined them all; usually alleging her determination not to leave her parents while they lived.

15. But she was not long destined to enjoy the applause she had earned, or the more substantial tokens of regard which had been bestowed upon her. She began to show symptoms of consumption toward the latter part of 1841; and, although all the means of restoration which the most affectionate care and the best medical advice could suggest were resorted to, she gradually declined, and breathed her last, in calm submission to the will of God, October 20, 1842. Her funeral was very numerously attended, and a monument has been erected to her memory in Bamborough churchyard, where she was buried.

16. Sueh was Grace Darling—one of the heroines of humanity—whose name is destined to live as long as the sympathies and affections of humanity endure. Sueh calm heroism as hers—so generously exerted for the good of others—is one of the noblest attributes of the soul of man. It had no alloy of blind animal passion, like the bravery of the soldier on the field of battle, but it was spiritual, celestial, and we may reverently add, godlike. Never does man appear more distinctly in the image of his Maker than when, like the noble-hearted Grace Darling, he deliberately exposes his own life to save the lives of others.

1. AS'PECT; appearance, look.
2. SHEEN; perpendicular.
3. STEER'AGE; part of a ship for an inferior class of passengers.

4. E-MEN'GEN-CIES; pressing necessities.
5. PAR'AL-YZED; deprived of voluntary motion.

XXVIII.

BEHIND TIME.—FREEMAN HUNT:

1. A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

2. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry

the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

3. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo* was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets^a in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

5. A condemned man was led out for execution.^a He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve;^a a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed

* The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815, the Duke of Wellington being at the head of the powers allied against Napoleon. Marshal Grouchy (*groo'-she*) did not arrive in time with the troops under his command to render Napoleon the expected aid.

without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

6. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

1. COL-LISION; a clash, a striking together.
2. COMPS; a body of troops.
3. AS'SETS; properly or effects.

4. EX-E-CUTION; infliction of death as a punishment.
5. RE-PRIEVE; a respite from a sentence of death.

XXIX.

PULASKI'S BANNER.—LONGFELLOW.

[COUNT PULASKI was a native of Poland, who, having fled from his native country on account of political difficulties, came to America and zealously embraced the cause of the colonists. He received from Congress an appointment as brigadier-general of cavalry. He fell, mortally wounded, in the attack on Savannah, in 1779. The banner, to which this poem alludes, was a standard of crimson silk presented to him by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the author of this poem, is one of the most distinguished of American poets. His principal productions are, "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," founded on numerous Indian legends, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The Burning of the Ship," and, in addition to these, a large number of popular minor pieces. His poems are distinguished for their exquisite finish and almost perfect versification. Mr. Longfellow was born in Maine, in 1807.]

1. WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel' shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowlèd' head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
That proud banner, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated' there ;
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.
2. "Take thy banner!—may it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the heart of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

3. "Take thy banner!—and beneath
 The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
 Guard it—till our homes are free ;
 Guard it—God will prosper thee.
 In the dark and trying hour,
 In the breaking forth of power,
 In the rush of steeds and men,
 His right hand will shield thee then.
4. "Take thy banner! But when night
 Closes round the ghastly fight,
 If the vanquished warrior bow,
 Spare him!—by our holy vow,
 By our prayers and many tears,
 By the merey that endears,
 Spare him!—he our love hath shared,
 Spare him!—as thou wouldst be spared.
5. "Take thy banner!—and if e'er
 Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
 And the muffled drum should beat
 To the tread of mournful feet,
 Then this crimson flag shall be
 Martial cloak and shroud for thee."
 And the warrior took that banner proud,
 And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

1. CHAN'OEL; part of the church
 where the altar is placed.

2. COWLED; wearing a cowl or hood.

3. CON'SE-CRA-TED; devoted to a sa-
 cred purpose by ceremonies or
 solemn rites.

XXX.

HUNTING THE DEVIL-FISH.—ELLIOTT.

[WILLIAM ELLIOTT is the author of "South Carolina Sports," and numerous agricultural and political papers, essays, and poems, contributed to the periodical press. He was especially identified with hunting the gigantic

game called the devil-fish. Mr. Elliott was born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1788.

The devil-fish is a hideous monster of peculiar form, frequenting the bays and shores of the Southern coast. It measures from sixteen to twenty feet across the back, full three feet in depth; having powerful yet flexible flaps or wings, with which it forces itself furiously through the water or vaults high in air. The greatest singularity of its formation is its arms, or horns, which extend at each side of its mouth, and with which it paddles all the small fish, which constitute its food, into that enormous receiver. It is the habit of the fish to ply these arms rapidly before its mouth while it swims, and to clasp with the utmost obstinacy whatever object it has once enclosed. In this way the boats of fishermen have often been dragged from their moorings and upset by the devil-fish having laid hold of the grapnel.]

1. THE place of harpooner I had not the generosity to offer to any one; so I planted myself on the forecastle, my left leg advanced, my right supported by the cleat, my harpoon¹ poised, and three fathoms² of rope lying loose on the thwart behind me. The interest of the moment was intense; my heart throbbed audibly,³ and I scarcely breathed, while expecting him to emerge from the spot yet rippled by his wake. The water was ten fathoms deep, but so turbid that you could not see six inches beneath the surface. We had small chance of striking him while his visits to the surface were so sudden and so brief.

2. "There he is, behind us!" "Starn all!"—and our oarsmen, as before instructed, backed with all their might. Before we reached the spot, he was gone; but soon reappeared on our right, whisking round us with great velocity, and with a movement singularly eccentric.⁴ He crossed the bow. His wing only is visible: on which side is his body? I hurled down my harpoon with all my force. After the lapse of a few seconds, the staff came bounding up from below, to show me that I had missed. In the twinkling of an eye, the fish flung himself on his back, darted under the boat, and showed himself at the stern.

3. Tom elapped his unarmed hands with disappointment as the fish swept by him where he stood on the platform, so

near that he might have pierced him with a sword! And now the fish came wantoning^d about us—taking no note of our presence circling round us with amazing rapidity, yet showing but the tip of his wing. We dashed at him whenever he appeared, but he changed position so quickly, that we were always too late. Suddenly his broad black back was lifted above the water directly before our bow. "Forward!"—the oarsmen bend to the stroke, but before we could gain our distance, his tail flies up, and he is plunging downward for his depths. I could not resist—I pitched my harpoon, from the distance of full thirty feet. It went whizzing through the air, and cleaved the water just beneath the spot where the fish had disappeared.

4. My companions in our consort^e (who had now approached within fifty yards) observed the staff quiver for a second before it disappeared beneath the surface of the water. This was unobserved by myself, and I was drawing in my line to prepare for a new throw, when lo! the line stopped short! "Is it possible? I have him—the devil-fish is struck!" Out flies the line from the bow—a joyful shout bursts from our crew—our consort is lashed to our stern—E. and C. spring aboard—and here we go! driven by this most diabolical^f of locomotives.

5. Thirty fathoms are run out, and I venture a turn round the stem. The harpoon holds, and he leads gallantly off for Middle Bank—the two boats in tow. He pushed dead in the eye of a stiff northeaster. His motion is not so rapid as we expected, but regular and business-like—reminding one of the motion of a canal-boat drawn by a team of stout horses. On Middle Bank he approached the surface. The ride is caught up, but soon laid aside as useless, for no vulnerable^g part appeared. We then drew upon the line, that we might force him to the surface and spear him. I soon found *that* was no fun.

6. "Tom, don't you want to play a devil-fish? I have enough to last me an hour, so here's my place, if you desire it." Behold me now reclined on the stern seat, taking breath after my pull, and lifting my umbrella to repel the heat of the sun. It was very pleasant to see the woods of Hilton Head recede, and the hammocks of Paris Island grow into distinctness, as we moved along under this novel impelling power! "You will find this melon refreshing, friends! At twelve o'clock, let us take a glass of wine to our success. Tom, why don't you pull him up?"

7. Tom held up his hands, from which the gloves had been stripped clean by the friction of the rope. "We'll put three men to the line and draw on him." He comes! George seizes the lance, but the devil-fish stops ten feet below the surface, and can't be coaxed nearer. George sinks his long staff in the direction of the line, feels the fish, and plunges the lance into him. It is flung out of his body, and almost out of the hand of the spearman, by the convulsive muscular effort of the fish. When drawn up, the iron was found bent like a reaping-hook, and the staff broken in the socket. The fish now quickened his speed, and made across Daw's Channel for Paris Bank.

8. "Just where we would have you, my old boy—when we get you near Bay Point Beach, it will be so convenient to land you!" He seems to gather velocity as he goes; he gets used to his harness; points for Station Creek, taking the regular steamboat track. As soon as he gains the deep channel, he turns for Bay Point. "Now, then, another trial!" Three fellows are set to the rope. His wing appears. C— aims his bayonet, and plunges it deep into his body. Another shudder of the fish, and the bayonet snaps short off at the eye—the blade remains buried in his body.

9. "Now for it, George!" His bayonet is driven in, and, at the second blow, *that* is snapped off in the blade. Here

we are, unweaponed | our rifle and our hatchet useless, our other implements broken | "Give him rope, boys, until we haul off and repair damages." At every blow we had dealt him, his power seemed to have increased, and he now swept down for Egg Bank, with a speed that looked ominous. "Out oars, boys, and pull against him."

10. The tide was now flood. The wind, still fresh, had shifted to the east. Six oars were put out and pulled lustily against him, yet he carried us rapidly seaward, against all these impeding forces. He seemed to suck in fresh vigor from the ocean water. George meanwhile was refitting the broken implements ;—the lance was fixed in a new staff, and secured by a tie of triple drum-line ; the broken blade of the bayonet was fixed on another staff. Egg Bank was now but one hundred yards to our left. "Row him ashore, boys." The devil-fish refused, and drew the whole concern in the opposite direction.

11. "Force him, then, to the surface." He popped up unexpectedly under the bow, lifted one wing four feet in the air, and bringing it suddenly down, swept off every oar from the starboard side of the boat ; they were not broken, but wrenched out of the hands of the oarsmen as by an electric shock. One man was knocked beneath the thwarts" by the rebound of an oar, and was laid almost speechless on the platform. Fresh hands are brought from the smaller boat. The fish now leads off with thirty fathoms of rope—he steers for Joyner's Bank. Bay Point recedes, Egg Bank disappears, Chaplin's Island lies behind us, and Hilton Head again approaches, but it is the eastern face of the island that now presents itself.

12. The breakers of the Gaskin Bank begin to loom in our horizon, and *this* is done against wind, tide, and oar ! A doubt of capturing the fish began now to steal over our minds, and show itself in our faces : our means of assailing

so powerful an antagonist, were too inadequate ;" nothing remained but to endeavor to dispatch him with the weapons that remained to us. Three fresh hands took the rope, and after giving him a long run to weary him to the uttermost, we succeeded in drawing him to the surface. He lay on his back without motion, and we looked on victory as certain. The socket of the harpoon appeared, sticking out from the stomach of the fish : the whole shank was buried in his body. We saw neither tail, nor head, nor horns, nor wings—nothing but an unsightly white mass, undistinguished by member or feature.

13. After a moment's pause, to single out some spot for a mortal blow, I plunged the lance, socket and all, into the centre of this white mass. The negroes who held the line of the harpoon took a turn round the gunwale, to prevent its slipping. The boat lurched with the swell of the sea ; and the moment the dead weight of the fish, unsupported by the water, was felt, the harpoon tore out ! An instant before, I saw it driven to the socket in the body of the fish ; the next, it was held up in the air in the hands of the negro, bent like a scythe. There was time, if there had been presence of mind, to plunge it anew into the fish, which floated a second or two on the surface. The moment was lost !

14. I will not attempt to describe the bitter disappointment that pervaded the party. For a moment only, a faint hope revived ; my lance, secured by a cord, was still in his body—it might hold him ! " Clear my line, boys ! " Alas ! the weight of the fish is too much for my tackle—the line flies through my hand—is checked—the socket of the lance is drawn through the orifice¹³ by which it entered—and the fish is gone ! We spoke not a word, but set our sails, and returned to the beach at Bay Point. We felt like mariners, who, after a hard conflict, had sunk a gallant adversary at

sea—yet saved not a single trophy from the wreck to serve as a memorial of their exploit.

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| 1. HAN-ROON'; a spear used for killing whales or large fish; it has a long shank and a broad flat head, sharpened at both edges. | 7. DI-A-BOL'I-GAL; horrible, devilish. |
| 2. FATH'OM; a measure of length, containing six feet. | 8. VUL'NER-A-BLE; capable of being wounded or injured. |
| 3. AU'DI-BLY; in an audible manner, so as to be heard. | 9. IM-PUL'SION; driving forward. |
| 4. EO-DEN'THO; odd. | 10. OM'IN-OUS; inauspicious, foreboding ill. |
| 5. WAN'TON-INO; playing. | 11. THWARTS; seats or benches of a boat placed athwart or across the boat. |
| 6. CON'SORT; companion; in navigation, any vessel keeping company with another. | 12. IN-AD'E-QUATE; insufficient. |
| | 13. OR'I-FICE; an opening, hole, or perforation. |

XXXI.

HUNTING THE COUGAR.—AUDUBON.

1. In the course of one of my rambles, I chanced to meet with a squatter's¹ cabin, on the banks of the Cold Water River. In the owner of this hut, like most of those adventurous settlers in the uncultivated tracts of our frontier districts, I found a person well versed in the chase, and acquainted with the habits of some of the largest species of quadrupeds² and birds; and on asking if he would accompany me through the great morass, and allow me to become an inmate of his humble but hospitable mansion, I was gratified to find that he cordially assented³ to all my proposals. So I immediately unstrapped my drawing materials, laid up my gun, and sat down to partake of the homely but wholesome fare of the supper intended for the squatter, his wife, and his two sons.

2. The quietness of the evening seemed in perfect accordance with the gentle demeanor of his family. The squatter,

his sons, and myself, spoke of hunting and fishing, until at length tired, we laid ourselves down on pallets³ of bear-skins, and reposed in peace, on the floor of the only apartment of which the hut consisted.

3. Day dawned; and the squatter's call to his hogs—which, being almost in a wild state, were suffered to seek the greater portion of their food in the woods—awakened me. Being ready dressed, I was not long in joining them. The hogs and their young came grunting at the well-known call of their owner, who threw them a few ears of corn, and counted them; but told me that, for some weeks past, their number had been greatly diminished by the ravages committed upon them by a large panther (by which name the congar is designated in the West), and that the ravenous animal did not content himself with the flesh of his pigs, but now and then carried off one of his calves, notwithstanding the many attempts he had made to shoot it.

4. The "painter," as he sometimes called it, had, on several occasions, robbed him of a dead deer; and to these exploits the squatter added several remarkable feats of audacity which it had performed, to give me an idea of the formidable character of the beast. Delighted by the description, I offered to assist him in destroying the enemy, at which he was highly pleased; but assured me, that unless some of his neighbors should assist us with their dogs, and his own, the attempt would prove fruitless. Soon after, mounting a horse, he went off to his neighbors (several of whom lived at a distance of some miles), and appointed a day of meeting.

5. The hunters accordingly made their appearance, one fine morning, at the door of the cabin, just as the sun was emerging from beneath the horizon. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses which in some parts of Europe might appear

sorry nags, but which in strength, speed, and bottom, are better fitted for pursuing a cougar or a bear through woods and morasses, than any in other countries. A pack of large, ugly curs were already engaged in making acquaintance with those of the squatter. He and myself mounted his two best horses, whilst his sons were bestriding others of inferior quality.

6. Few words were uttered by the party till we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse, and seek for the fresh track of the panther; it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot until the rest should join him. In less than an hour the sound of the horn was clearly heard; and sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now and then repeated call of the distant huntsman.

7. We soon reached the spot; and in a short time the rest of the party came up. The best dogs were sent forward to track the cougar; and in a few moments the whole pack were observed diligently trailing, and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim; and the party followed the dogs at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the panther.

8. The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. My companions concluded that the beast was on the ground; and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when, all of a sudden, their mode of barking became altered; and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me that the beast was treed (by which he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree, to rest for a few moments), and that, should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might ex-

peet a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all by degrees united into a body ; but, on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it.

9. Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the cougar was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off with such velocity, as to show that he was very unwilling to stand our fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness and a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up, and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his forelegs, near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim.

10. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground ; but the curs proceeded at such a rate, that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another, still larger and more muddy ; but the dogs were brushing forward ; and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them, and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the cougar, being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where, in all probability, he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the track. We dismounted, took off the saddles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, "hobbled" the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

11. After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs,—each of us pressing forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured that the cougar was

freed, and that he would rest for some time, to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal stretched across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cotton-wood tree—his broad breast lying towards us. His eyes were at one time bent on us, and again on the dogs beneath and around him. One of his forelegs hung closely by his side; and he lay crouched, with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought that he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground.

12. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated cougar fought with desperate valor; but the squatter advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead.

1. SQUAT'TER; one who settles on new land without ownership or title.
2. QUAD'RU-PEDS; four-footed animals.

3. PAL'LETS; small, rude beds.
4. RAV'EN-OUS; voracious, fiercely hungry.

XXXII.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.—MOORE.

[THOMAS MOORE, a famous poet and song-writer, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1779, and died in 1852. When a young man, he visited America, and here wrote the following poem. The introduction which follows was given by the author.]

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

The Great Dismal Swamp is mostly in the northeastern part of North Carolina, but extends into Virginia. It is thirty miles long, and about ten wide.]

1. "THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true ;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.
2. "And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear.
Long and loving our life shall be ;
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of Death is near."
3. Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds :
His path was rugged and sore—
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen¹ where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.
4. And when on the earth he sank to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous² tear, and nightly steep³
The flesh with blistering dew.
5. And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,⁴
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear ;
Till, starting, he cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh, when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear ?"
6. He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played ;
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light,"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid ;—

7. Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore.
Far, far he followed the meteor spark :
The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

8. But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

1. FEN; low land partly covered with
water.

2. VEN'OM-ous; poisonous.

3. STEEP; soaked, saturated.

4. BRAKE; a dense thicket of under-
growth.

XXXIII.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN REBECCA AND IVANHOE.—SCOTT.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, 1771 and died in 1832. He was gifted with the art of writing both prose and poetry. As a writer of historical romance he ranks among the most popular and attractive. The following conversation is represented as taking place between a Jewish maiden and a wounded English knight, who is a prisoner in a Norman castle.]

1. FOLLOWING with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

2. "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers' although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign^s of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

3. "A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

4. "Scarce the device itself, at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance."

5. Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden,—but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath,—look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

6. With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

7. "That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for, as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

8. "He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders;—I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. It is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans, moved by adverse winds!"

9. She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some

degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed:—

"Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed, and of the captive!"

She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed:—

"He is down!—he is down!"

10. "Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe. "For our dear lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted, with joyful eagerness,—“But no—but no!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters, like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!”

11. "Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

12. "They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded men to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault. Great God! hast thou given

men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

13. "Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering. "The soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better!"

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

14. "No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch; "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

15. "The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! Oh, men,—if ye be indeed men,—spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge,—the bridge which communicates with the castle,—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

16. "No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others! Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle!"

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

17. "It is over for the time," answered Rebecca. "Our

friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it, from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

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|--|---|
| 1. PROMPT'I-TUDE; alacrity, readiness. | 4. LAT'TICE; a window made by the crossing of bars. |
| 2. ARCH'ERS; persons who shoot with a bow. | 5. BAR'BI-CAN; a watch-tower. |
| 3. EN'SIGN; a national flag or standard. | 6. YEO'MAN; a man free-born. |

XXXIV.

THE LIVE-OAK.—JACKSON.

[HENRY R. JACKSON was born at Athens, Georgia, in 1820. He was educated for the bar, and early held the office of United States District Attorney. He raised a regiment during the Mexican war, of which he was elected colonel, and served through several campaigns with distinction. Upon his return he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court; and in 1853 he accepted the position of resident minister at Vienna, Austria. In 1850 he published a volume entitled "Tallulah and other Poems," which are noticeable for their animated descriptions and patriotic spirit.]

1. WITH his gnarled old arms, and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm.
The live-oak long hath stood;
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.
- 2 And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.

But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long-since dead and gone.

8. For the Indian hunter beneath his shade
Has rested from the chase ;
And he here has wooed his dusky maid—
The dark-eyed of her race ;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore
As the wild deer panting dies :
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.
4. In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band ;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave !
But they all are gone—the bold and free—
And he moans above their grave.
6. And the aged oak, with his locks of gray.
Is ripe for the sacrifice ;¹
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
Shall he tower towards the skies !
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
The bulwark² of the free,
And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
To brave the raging sea !
6. When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
Booms o'er the shuddering deep,
Then nobly he'll bear the bold hearts o'er
The waves, with bounding leap.

Oh! may those hearts be as firm and true,
 When the war-clouds gather dun,
 As the glorious oak that proudly grew
 Beneath our southern sun.

1. SAC'RI-PICE (*sak'ri-fis*); destruction | 2. BUL'WARK; a guard, a defence, a
 in behalf of a higher object. | means of security.

XXXV.

FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.—STORY.

[JOSEPH STONY was born in the town of Marblehead, Mass., 1779. He is well known, at home and abroad, by a number of legal treatises of the highest character. He was a scholar, a jurist, and a judge. Ability and literary taste characterized his opinions, and earned for him the highest legal fame.]

1. It was in reference to the astonishing impulse given to mechanical pursuits, that Dr. Darwin, more than forty years ago, broke out in strains equally remarkable for their poetical enthusiasm and prophetic truth, and predicted the future triumph of the steam-engine:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide waving wing expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the fields of air,—
 Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
 Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move,
 Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
 And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

2. What would he have said, if he had but lived to witness the immortal invention of Fulton, which seems almost to move in the air, and to fly on the wings of the wind? And yet how slowly did this enterprise obtain the public favor! I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his

labors and discouragements. "When," said he, "I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenance. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,—

'Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand.'

3. "As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of 'the Fulton Folly.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches.

4. "At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected

difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts.

5. "The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so. It is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but, if they would be quiet and indulge me for a half-hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated.

6. "The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we deserted the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or, if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

7. Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its

substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live, indeed, to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say that attempts were made to rob him, in the first place, of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both.

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| 1. PRO-PHE'T'IO; containing prediction of future events. | 4. LOU'TEN-ED; lingered, lagged. |
| 2. VIS'ION-A-RY; impracticable. | 5. EX-PEN'T-MENT; trial. |
| 3. IN-CRE-DU'LITY; indisposition to believe. | 6. CON-CED'ED; yielded, granted. |
| | 7. IN-CRED'U-LOUS; unwilling to believe. |
| | 8. DE-SCRIED'; discovered, beheld |

XXXVI.

"THERE IS A DIFFERENCE."—ANDERSEN.

[HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN was born at Odense, Denmark, 1803. He excels as a writer of fairy tales and allegories. He is graceful in imagination, refined in his humor, pure in his teachings, and skilful in portraying the circumstances of real life by the imaginary sayings and doings of animals and inanimate objects.]

1. It was in the month of May; the wind was still cold, but trees and bushes, fields and meadows, all proclaimed that spring was come. Flowers sprang forth everywhere, even the hedges were full of them, alive with them; one might say it seemed as though they were the language wherein spring announced herself, every single bright blossom a gladsome¹ word of greeting.

2. But the loveliest thing in the hedge was a little apple-tree, and in that tree there was one bough especially fresh and blooming, completely weighed down by its wealth of delicate rosy buds, just ready to open. This bough was so lovely, it could not help knowing it, and therefore it was not one whit surprised when a grand carriage, passing along the road, stopped in front of it, and a young countess sitting in the carriage declared that of all the sweet, bright

things of spring, that apple-bough was the sweetest and brightest of all.

3. And the apple-bough was broken off, and the young countess held it in her own dainty hand, shading it from the sun with her silk parasol; and then they drove on to her home, a stately castle, full of lofty walls and decorated saloons, where gunzy white curtains flattered at the open windows, and transparent vases stood full of beautiful flowers; and in one of these, which was carved as it were out of new-fallen snow, the apple-bough was placed among fresh, light-green beech-leaves, and a pretty sight it was!

And so it came to pass that the apple-bough grew proud, quite like a human being.

4. All sorts of people passed through the rooms, and expressed their admiration diversely; some said too much, some said too little, some said nothing at all; and the apple-bough began to understand that there is a difference between human beings as between vegetables. "Some are for use, some are for ornament, and some could be dispensed with altogether," thought the apple-bough. And as his position at the open window commanded a view over gardens and meadows below, he could look down upon all sorts of flowers and plants, consider, and draw distinctions between them. They all stood beneath him,—some rich, some poor, some too poor.

5. "Miserable, rejected herbs!" quoth the apple-bough. "It is right and just that a distinction should be made, and yet how unhappy they must feel, if indeed that sort of creature is capable of feeling, like me and my equals; there is indeed a difference, but it must be made, else all would be treated as though they were alike." And the apple-bough looked down with especial compassion upon one kind of flowers that grew in multitudes upon the meadows and ditches; no one gathered them for bouquets, they were

too common, they could be found springing up even between the paving-stones; they shot up everywhere, the rankest, most worthless of weeds,—they were the dandelions, but the lower classes in Denmark have given them the name of “Milk-pails.”

6. “Poor despised outcasts!” went on the apple-bough, “you cannot help being what you are, so common, and with such a vulgar name! But it is, with vegetables as with men, there must be a difference.”

“A difference!” repeated the Sunbeam, as it kissed the blossoming apple-bough, and then on to kiss also the golden “Milk-pails” out in the fields. And the Sunbeam’s sisters all did the same, kissing all the flowers equally, poor as well as rich.

7. Now the apple-bough had never thought about our Lord’s infinite love for all that lives and moves in Him, had never thought how much that is good and beautiful can lie hidden, but not forgotten. The apple-bough had lived with human beings, and grown like them in this.

But the glorious Sunbeam knew better. “You are neither clear nor far-sighted! What is this outcast herb that you are pitying so much?”

8. “The Milk-pails down there,” replied the apple-bough; “they are never tied up in bouquets, they are trodden under foot, there are too many of them, and when they run to seed they fly about in small bits of wool, and hang upon peoples’ clothes. Weeds! weeds! but they must be as they are. I am really and truly grateful that I am not as one of them.”

9. And now a whole troop of children roamed over the meadow, the youngest of them so tiny that he had to be carried by the others; and as he was now set down in the grass among the golden blossoms, he laughed for joy, kicked about with his short legs, rolled over and over, and plucked

none but the yellow dandelions, which he kissed in his innocent delight. The bigger children busied themselves in breaking the flowers of the dandelions off from their hollow stalks, and joining these stalks into chains, first one for a necklacc, then a longer chain to hang across the shoulders and round the waist, and last, a third for a circlet round the head; very soon they stood arrayed in splendid green chains.

10. But the biggest of all the children carefully gathered the stalks bearing crowns of seed—that loose, aerial, woolly blossom, that wonderfully perfect ball of dainty white plumes, they held the white ball to their lips, trying to blow away all the white feathers with one puff of breath; whoever could do that would get new clothes before the year was out—so granny had told them. The poor despised herb was held as a prophet by this generation.

11. “Do you see now?” asked the Sunbeam; “don’t you see its beauty, its power?”

“Yes, for children,” replied the apple-bough.

12. Presently came into the meadow an old woman. She stooped down and began digging for the dandelion roots with a blunt knife that had lost its handle. Some of the roots she would roast instead of coffee-berries, others she would sell to the apothecary, who valued them as drugs.

13. “But beauty is something higher,” protested the apple-bough. “Only the chosen few can be admitted into the kingdom of the beautiful; there is a difference among plants as among men.” Then the Sunbeam spoke of the infinite love of the Creator for all His creatures, for all that has life, and His providence watching equally over all.

“Well, that is your opinion,” replied the apple-bough.

14. Some people now came into the room, among them the young countess who had placed the apple-bough in the

white vase by the window, and she carried in her hand something that was concealed by three or four large leaves held around it, lest a draught of air should injure it. Was it a flower? it was carried so carefully, more tenderly than the apple-bough in the white vase had been, when brought to the castle. Very gently the large leaves were removed, and behold the delicate globe of starry seeds borne by the despised dandelion plant! This it was which she had plucked so cautiously, carried so tenderly, lest one only of the dainty feathered arrows, that help to round its globe-like form and sit so lightly, should be blown away. But it was quite perfect, not one seed was lost, and she admired so much the beautiful form, the airy lightness, the wondrous mechanism⁵ of a thing destined to be so soon scattered by the wind.

15. "Only see how wonderfully beautiful our Lord has made it!" she said. I will put it in a picture together with the apple-bough, that is very lovely too; but this poor little weed is equally lovely, only in another way. Very different are they, and yet both are children in the kingdom⁶ of the beautiful."

And the Sunbeam kissed the poor weed, and then kissed the blossoming apple-bough, whose delicate petals seemed to blush into a brighter red.

1. GLAD'SOME; joyful.

2. DIVERSE'LY; differently, variously.

3. EN-VELOPED'; enveloped, provided with dress.

4. IN'FI-NITE; endless, boundless.

5. MECH'AN-ISM; construction.

6. KING'DOM; territory subject to a king.

XXXVII.

MAUD MULLER.—WHITTIER.

[JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born of a Quaker family, near Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. He takes high rank among the poets of America. He resides at Amesbury, Mass., and is devoted to literary pursuits.]

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic¹ health.

Singing she wrought,² and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague³ unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid ;

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed; "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune.

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blossoms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
 "Ah! that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
 Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
 And many children played round her door.

But care, and sorrow, and other pain,
 Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
 On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
 Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
 She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
 She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
 Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet* turned,
 The tallow candle an astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
 Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
 And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
 Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner⁶ and household drudge!

God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly⁷ the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

1. *Ru's'tic*; pertaining to the country,
rural, simple.

2. *Wro'out*; worked, labored.

3. *Vague*; unsettled, indefinite.

4. *Gai'r'ished*; decorated, adorned.

5. *Spin'et*; a musical instrument.

6. *Re-pin'er*; one who murmurs

7. *Vain'ly*; uselessly.

XXXVIII.

MY HUMMING-BIRDS.—WEBBER.

[CHARLES WILKINS WEBBER, author of numerous sketches of Southwestern adventure, and of some valuable contributions to natural history, was born at Russellville, Kentucky, in 1819. His principal works are: "Tales of the Southern Border," "Wild Scenes and Song-Birds," "The Hunter Naturalist," and a famous Texan sketch, called "Shot in the Eye."]

1. ENTERING the library one morning, I saw, to my delight, a humming-bird fluttering against the upper part of a window, the lower sash of which was raised. I advanced softly, but rapidly as possible, and let down the sash. I had been taught the necessity of such caution long ago, by a bitter

experience ; for out of more than a dozen I had attempted to catch in this very room—to which they were enticed by the vases of flowers within—I had not succeeded in keeping one alive beyond a moment or two after I had seized it— for, if startled too suddenly, ere there had been time enough for them to realize the deception of the glass, they invariably flew against it with such violence as to kill themselves.

2. This time, however, I succeeded in securing an uninjured captive, which, to my inexpressible delight, proved to be one of the ruby-throated species,—the most splendid and diminutive¹ that comes north of Florida. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts refined loaf-sugar, with one of fine honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. While my sister ran to prepare it, I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amusement as well as surprise, that it was actually “playing possum”—feigning to be dead most skilfully!

3. It lay on my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes to peep whether the way was clear, and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it ; but, when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched gently to the point of its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs, drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver teaspoon. When sated, it refused to take more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger, and plumed itself quite as artistically² as if on its favorite spray. I was enchanted with the bold, innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen, black eye to survey us, as much as to say, “Well, good folk—who are you?”

4. Thus, in less than an hour, this apparently tameless

rider of the winds was perched, pleasantly chirping upon my finger, and received its food with edifying³ eagerness from my sister's hand. It seemed completely domesticated,⁴ from the moment that a taste of its natural food reassured it, and left no room to doubt our being friends. By the next day, it would come from any part of either room—alight upon the side of a white china-cup, containing the mixture, and drink eagerly with its long bill thrust into the very base, after the manner of the pigeons. It would alight on our fingers, and seem to talk with us, endearingly, in its soft chirps. Indeed, I never saw any creature so thoroughly tamed in so short a time before. This state of things continued some three weeks, when I observed it beginning to lose its vivacity.⁵ I resorted to every expedient I could think of; offered it small insects, etc., but with no avail; it would not touch them.

5. We at length came to the melancholy conclusion, that we must either resign ourselves to see it die, or let it go. This last alternative cost my sister some bitter tears. We had made a delicate little cage for it, and had accustomed it to roosting and feeding in it while loose in the rooms, and I consoled her with the hope that perhaps it might return to the cage as usual, even when hung in the garden. The experiment was tried. The cage was hung in a lilac bush, and the moment the door was opened, the little fellow darted away out of sight. My heart sank within me, for I could not but fear that it was gone forever, and my poor sister sobbed aloud.

6. I comforted her as best I might, and, though without any hope myself, endeavored to fill her with it and divert her grief by occupation. So we prepared a nice new cup of our nectar—hung the cage with flowers—left the door wide open, and the white cup invitingly conspicuous—then resting from our labors, withdrew a short distance to the

foot of a tree, to watch the result. We waited for a whole hour, with straining eyes, and, becoming completely discouraged, had arisen from the grass, and were turning to go, when my sister uttered a low exclamation—"Look, brother!"

7. The little fellow was darting to and fro in front of his cage, as if confused for a moment by the flowery drapery; but the white cup seemed to overcome his doubts very quickly, and, with fluttering hearts, we saw him settle upon the cup as of old, and while he drank, we rushed lightly forward on tiptoe to secure him.

8. We were quite rebuked for our want of faith, threw open the door again, and let him have the rest of the day to himself; but, as I observed him playing with some of the wild birds, I concluded to shut him up for a week or two longer, when he returned as usual, to roost that night. While out, it had evidently found the restorative for which it had been pining, and what that might be I now determined, if possible, to discover. The necessity of having a pair of the young birds, that I might be enabled to study their habits more effectually, became now more fully apparent; for I knew, however tame our bird might be now, that if it happened to meet with its old mate or a new one, it would be sure to desert us, as a matter of course. Young ones, raised by myself, I could trust.

9. Chance favored me somewhat strangely about this time. I had been out squirrel-shooting early one sweltering hot morning; and, on my return, had thrown myself beneath the shade of a thick hickory, near the bank of a creek. I lay on my back, looking listlessly out across the stream, when the chirp of the humming-bird, and its darting form, reached my senses at the same instant. I was sure I saw it light upon the limb of a small iron-wood tree, that happened to be exactly in the line of my vision at that instant.

This tree leaned over the water a considerable distance. I thought of Vaillant,* and watched steadily.

10. In about five minutes, another chirp, and another bird darted in. I saw this one drop upon what seemed to be a knot on an angle of the limb. I heard the soft chirping of greeting and love : I could scarcely contain myself for joy. I would have given anything in the world to have dared to scream—"I've got you ! I've got you at last !" By a great struggle, I choked down my ecstasy and kept still. One of them now flew away ; and, after waiting fifteen minutes, that seemed a week, I rose, and, with my eye steadily fixed upon that important limb, walked slowly down the bank, without, of course, seeing where I placed my feet.

11. But the highest hopes are sometimes doomed to a fall, and a fall mine took with a vengeance. I caught my foot in a root, and tumbled head foremost down the bank into the water ! I suppose such a ducking would have cooled the enthusiasm of most bird-nesters ; but it only exasperated mine : I shook off the water, and vowed I'd find that nest if it took me a week ; but how to begin was the question. I had lost the limb, and how was I to find it among a hundred others just like it ?

12. The knot I had seen was so exactly like other knots, upon other limbs all around it, that the prospect of finding it seemed a hopeless one. But, "I'll try, sir !" is my favorite motto. I laid myself down as nearly as possible in the position I originally occupied ; but, after some twenty minutes' experiment, came to the conclusion that my head had been too much confused by the shock of my fall and ducking, for me to hope to make much out of this method.

13. Then I went under the tree, and commencing at the trunk with the lowest limb, which leaned over the water, I

* A noted French naturalist.

followed it slowly and carefully with my eye out to the extreme twig, noting carefully every thing that seemed like a knot. This produced no satisfactory result after half an hour's trial, and with an aching neck I gave it up in despair, for I saw half a dozen knots, either one of which seemed as likely to be the right one as the other.

1. DI-MIN'U-TIVE; small.

2. AR-TIS'TI-OAL-LY; skilfully.

3. ED'I-FY-ING; entertaining, interesting.

4. DO-MES'TI-OA-TED; tamed, rendered domestic.

5. VI-TAO'I-TY; sprightliness.

6. RE-STO'RA-TIVE; that which has power to restore.

7. EC'STA-SY; delight.

8. EX-AS'PER-A-TED; provoked, angered.

XXXIX.

MY HUMMING-BIRDS—(CONTINUED).

1. I now changed my tactics again, and, ascending the tree, I stopped with my feet upon each one of these limbs and looked down along its length. It was a very tedious proceeding, but I persevered. Knot after knot deceived me; but at last, when just above the middle of the tree, I caught a sharp gleam among the leaves, of gold and purple, and looking down upon the last limb to which I had climbed—almost losing my footing for the joy—I saw, about three feet out from where I stood, the glistening back and wings of the little bird just covering the top of one of those mysterious knots, that was about the size of half a hen's egg.

2. Its glancing head, long bill, and keen eyes, were turned upwards and perfectly still, except the latter, which surveyed me from head to foot with the most dauntless expression. It seemed to have not the slightest intention of moving, and I would not have disturbed it for the world.

It was sufficient delight to me to gaze on my long-sought treasure ; its pure, white breast—or throat, rather, for the breast was sunk in the nest—formed such a sweet and innocent contrast with the splendor of its back, head, and wings !

3. This is the most common variety with us, and is about a size larger than the scarlet-throat. I shall venture to call this variety the *Emerald Hummer*. I could see that this wonderful little creature had not only formed the outside of its nest to correspond in shape and size exactly with the natural knots on other limbs, but had so skilfully covered the outside with the same kind of moss which grew upon them, that no eye, however practised, could have discovered the deception from beneath.

4. Having gratified my curiosity as far as prudent, without running the risk of driving her from the nest, I descended cautiously and ran home with the news ; and great was the joy thereat between my little playmate and myself. Now came the anxious time for us : we were dying to get a sight of the eggs, and yet afraid to disturb the birds. I conquered this difficulty at last by patience. I found, after watching for several mornings, that they both left the nest on warm days about noon, and were gone sometimes near an hour.

5. We took this opportunity, and having climbed up first, so as to show her, my sister followed—the girls *used* to climb like squirrels, in Kentucky, in my young days !—and many were the expressions of childish delight as she peeped over and saw these three little eggs, about the size of black-eyed peas, lying like snowy pearls, embedded in a fairy case, all lined with eygnet¹-down, or the delicate floss of elfin-hair. We did not touch, or even breathe on it, and descended quickly, lest the old birds should find us there.

6. I was unexpectedly compelled to leave home about this time, and my sister promised that she would not dis-

turb the nest till my return. After an unexpected detention of two weeks, I got back, and the first thing the next morning we were on our way, with many misgivings, to visit our treasures.

7. I climbed the tree, and, to my infinite^d astonishment, two birds entirely filled the nest, and in such full size and perfect plumage that I thought I must have come too late, and that these were the old ones. They looked at me as boldly as I have seen young eagles look unflinchingly on the intruder into their eyrie. I determined to attempt the capture, at any rate, and reached my hand towards them with a gradual and almost imperceptible movement. They watched its approach with no sign of fear, and when I had approached it within an inch, one of them boldly peeked at it as it descended, gently covering them as they sat. I shouted for joy—

8. "I have them! I have them!" and then such dancing and clapping of hands as there was below!

"Hurry! hurry, brother! I want to see them. I want to see! I want to see!"

For a wonder, I got down without breaking my neck. I had, with slight violence, taken the nest, with the birds, from the limb entire. They made not the slightest effort to escape, nor did they seem in the least frightened. We hurried away, lest we should witness the sufferings of the bereaved pair, whom we had thus ruthlessly robbed of home and young.

9. The first thing, on reaching the house with our captives, was to try our nectar, of the home-made manufacture, upon the young strangers, who instantly paid us the compliment of recognizing its merits in a hearty draught, which seemed to set them perfectly at ease with the world and with themselves. They now left the nest, and perched upon our fingers with the most lovely confidence, and we

saw that they were actually full plumed—though I doubt if they had yet attempted to use their wings abroad.

10. They seemed to take the sudden change in their surroundings with a most consummate^s people-of-the-world sort of air—just as if they had been taught to consider it as ungentle to look surprised or startled at any thing, or to exhibit more than a very cool sort of curiosity. We were greatly amused at these aristocratic airs, and we were ourselves very curious to know what might chance to be the titles of our noble friends in their own principality^t of air. Much as they made of themselves, I thought our ruby-throat received them with a certain degree of hauteur, which was responded to with the most supercilious indifference at all consistent with perfect good-breeding.

11. A few days, however, sufficed to break down the icy crust of formality, and they began to appear most guardedly aware of each other's existence. In a few weeks we hung the cage out with open doors again—finding that all the birds were beginning to mope and look as if they were going to die, as had been the case with the ruby-breast several times before. He had always been relieved by letting him out; but, as he instantly disappeared, we could not discover what the antidote^t he sought might be.

12. When we opened the cage this time, it was a bright summer morning just after sunrise. What was our surprise to see the ruby-throat, instead of darting away as usual, remain with the young ones, which had immediately sought sprays, as if feeling a little uncertain what to do with themselves. Scarlet flew round and round them; then he would dart off to a little distance in the garden, and suspend himself on the wing for an instant, before what I at first could not perceive to be any thing more than two bare twigs—then he would return and fly around them again, as if to show them how easy it was.

13. The little bold fellows did not require long persuasion, but were soon launched on air again, and in a moment or so were using their wings—for all we could see—with about as much confidence and ease as Mr. Ruby-throat. They, too, commenced the same manœuvres⁸ among the shrubbery; and as there were no flowers there, we were sadly puzzled to think what it was they were dipping at so eagerly, to the utter neglect of the many flowers, not one of which they appeared to notice.

14. We moved closer, to watch them to better advantage, and, in doing so, changed our relative position to the sun. At once the thing was revealed to me. I caught friend Ruby in the very act of abstracting a small spider, with the point of his long beak, from the centre of one of those beautiful circular webs of the garden-spider, that so abounds throughout the South. The thing was done so daintily, that he did not stir the dew-drops which, now glittering in the golden sun, revealed the gossamer⁹ tracery all diamond-strung.

15. "Hah! we've got your secret, my friends!—Hah! ha, hah!" And we clapped and danced in triumph. Our presence did not disturb them in the least, and we watched them catching spiders for half an hour. They frequently came within two feet of our faces, and we could distinctly see them pluck the little spider from the centre of its wheel where it lies, and swallow it entire. After this we let them out daily, and, although we watched them closely and with the most patient care, we never could see them touch the spiders again, until the usual interval of about a fortnight had elapsed, when they attacked them again as vigorously as ever—but the foray¹⁰ of one morning seemed to suffice.

16. We also observed them carefully, to ascertain whether they ate any other insects than these spiders; but, although we brought them every variety of the smallest and most

tender that we could find, they did not notice them at all, but if we would shut them up past the time, until they began to look drooping, and then bring one of those little spiders along with other small insects, they would snap up the spider soon enough, but pay no attention to the others.

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|---|---|
| 1. TAO'TICS; plan of proceeding. | 7. AN'TI-DOSE; a remedy for disease or for poison. |
| 2. DAUNT'LESS; without fear. | 8. MA-NU-VERS (<i>ma-nu'vers</i>); dexterous movements. |
| 3. CYO'NET; a young swan. | 9. GOS'SA-MER; a fine film spun by spiders. |
| 4. IN'FI-NITE; boundless. | 10. FO'RAY; irregular attack or excursion. |
| 5. CON-SUM'MATE; complete, perfect, finished. | |
| 6. PRIN-CI-PAL'I-TY; a dominion or kingdom. | |

XL.

CAPTURING THE WILD HORSE.—IRVING.

1. We left the buffalo camp about eight o'clock, and had a toilsome and harassing march of two hours, over ridges of hills, covered with a ragged forest of scrub-oaks, and broken by deep gullies.

2. About ten o'clock in the morning, we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into a valley, through which flowed the north fork of Red River. A beautiful meadow, about half a mile wide, enamelled with yellow autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side by the river, whose banks were fringed with cotton-wood trees, the bright foliage of which refreshed and delighted the eye, after being wearied by the contemplation of monotonous wastes of brown forest.

3. The meadow was finely diversified¹ by groves and clumps of trees, so happily disposed, that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley, we beheld a troop of wild horses.

quietly grazing on a green lawn, about a mile distant, to our right, while to our left, at nearly the same distance, were several buffaloes,—some feeding, others reposing, and ruminating³ among the high, rich herbage, under the shade of a clump of cotton-wood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad, beautiful tract of pasture-land, on the highly ornamented estate of some gentleman farmer, with his cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows.

4. A council of war was now held, and it was determined to profit by the present favorable opportunity, and try our hand at the grand hunting manoeuvre, which is called "ringing the wild horse." This requires a large party of horsemen, well mounted. They extend themselves in each direction, at a certain distance apart, and gradually form a ring of two or three miles in circumference, so as to surround the game. This must be done with extreme care, for the wild horse is the most readily alarmed inhabitant of the prairie, and can scent a hunter at a great distance, if to windward.

5. The ring being formed, two or three ride towards the horses, which start off in an opposite direction. Whenever they approach the bounds of the ring, however, a huntsman presents himself, and turns them from their course. In this way, they are checked, and driven back at every point, and kept galloping round and round this magic circle, until being completely tired down, it is easy for hunters to ride up beside them, and throw the *lariat*⁴ over their heads. The prime horses of the most speed, courage, and bottom, however, are apt to break through and escape, so that, in general, it is the second-rate horses that are taken.

6. Preparations were now made for a hunt of this kind. The pack-horses were now taken into the woods, and firmly tied to trees, lest in a rush of wild horses they should break away. Twenty-five men were then sent under the command

of a lieutenant, to steal along the edge of the valley, within the strip of wood that skirted the hills. They were to station themselves about fifty yards apart, within the edge of the woods, and not advance or show themselves until the horses dashed in that direction. Twenty-five men were sent across the valley, to steal in like manner along the river-bank that bordered the opposite side, and to station themselves among the trees.

7. A third party of about the same number was to form a line, stretching across the lower part of the valley, so as to connect the two wings. Beattie and our other half-breed, Antoine, together with the ever officious⁴ Tonish, were to make a circuit through the woods, so as to get to the upper part of the valley, in the rear of the horses, and drive them forward into the kind of sack that we had formed, while the two wings should join behind them, and make a complete circle.

8. The flanking parties were quietly extending themselves out of sight, on each side of the valley, and the residue⁵ were stretching themselves like the links of a chain across it, when the wild horses gave signs that they scented an enemy,—snuffing the air, snorting, and looking about. At length, they pranced off slowly towards the river, and disappeared behind a green bank.

9. Here, had the regulations of the chase been observed, they would have been quietly checked and turned back by the advance of a hunter from the trees. Unluckily, however, we had our wild-fire, jack-o'lantern⁶ little Frenchman to deal with. Instead of keeping quietly up the right side of the valley, to get above the horses, the moment he saw them move towards the river, he broke out of the covert of woods, and dashed furiously across the plain in pursuit of them. This put an end to all system. The half-breeds, and half a score of rangers, joined in the chase.

10. Away they all went over the green bank. In a moment or two, the wild horses reappeared, and came thundering down the valley, with Frenchman, half-breeds, and rangers, galloping and bellowing behind them. It was in vain that the line drawn across the valley attempted to check, and turn back the fugitives; they were too hotly pressed by their pursuers: in their panic they dashed through the line, and clattered down the plain.

11. The whole troop joined in the headlong chase, some of the rangers without hats or caps, their hair flying about their ears, and others with handkerchiefs tied around their heads. The buffaloes, which had been calmly ruminating among the herbage, heaved up their huge forms, gazed for a moment at the tempest that came scouring down the meadow, then turned and took to heavy rolling flight. They were soon overtaken; the promiscuous throng were pressed together, by the contracting sides of the valley, and away they went, pell-mell, hurry-scurry, wild buffalo, wild horse, wild huntsman, with clang and clatter, and whoop and hallo, that made the forests ring.

12. At length the buffaloes turned into a green brake, on the river-bank, while the horses dashed up a narrow defile of the hills, with their pursuers close to their heels. Beattie passed several of them, having fixed his eye upon a fine Pawnee horse that had his ears slit, and saddle-marks upon his back. He pressed him gallantly, but lost him in the woods.

13. Among the wild horses was a fine black mare, which, in scrambling up the defile, tripped and fell. A young ranger sprang from his horse, and seized her by the mane and muzzle. Another ranger dismounted, and came to his assistance. The mare struggled fiercely, kicking, and biting, and striking with her forefeet, but a noose was slipped over her head, and her struggles were in vain.

14. It was some time, however, before she gave over rearing and plunging, and lashing out with her feet on every side. The two rangers then led her along the valley, by two strong lariats, which enabled them to keep at a sufficient distance on each side, to be out of the reach of her hoofs, and whenever she struck out in one direction, she was jerked in the other. In this way her spirit was gradually subdued.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. DI-VER'SI-FIED; varied. | 5. RES'I-DUE; remainder. |
| 2. RU'MI-NA-TINN; chewing the cud; chewing over what has been slightly chewed before. | 6. JACK-O'-LAN'TERN; unreliable, like the phosphorescent light sometimes seen in marshes and low grounds. |
| 3. LAN'I-AT; a long cord, or thong of leather, with a noose, for catching wild horses. | 7. PRO-MIS'CUE-ous; mingled, confused. |
| 4. OF-FI'CIOUS; meddlesome, busy. | 8. DE-FILE'; a narrow passage or gorge. |

XLI.

WASHINGTON.—HENRY LEE.

[For biographical sketch of HENRY LEE, see page 336.]

1. FIRST in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying² to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

2. To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

3. His last scene comported³ with the whole tenor of his

life: although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity⁴ he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

4. Methinks I see his august image, and hear, falling from his venerable lips, these deep-sinking words: "Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint counsels, joint efforts, and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with, all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign⁵ influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that Union, which was the constant object of my terrestrial⁶ labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity⁷ of a people to me most dear: and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows."

1. HU-MANE'; merciful, tender.

2. EDU-CATIONAL; instructive.

3. CONSENTED; accorded, suited.

4. SERENITY; calmness of mind.

5. FOREIGN; distant, remote, alien.

6. TERRESTRIAL; belonging to the earth.

7. FELICITY; happiness.

XLII.

EMMET'S DEFENCE.—EMMET.

[ROBERT EMMET was born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1780. He was an early advocate of the independence of his native land. In 1803 he took an active part in the attack upon Dublin. He was arrested, tried, and convicted of high treason. At the conclusion of his trial, he was asked, "What have you, therefore, now to say

why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you, according to law?" The following is an extract from his reply.]

1. MY LORDS: What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have much to say which interests me more than that life which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

2. I am charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement!

3. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what! Was it for a change of masters? No, but for ambition! O my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life.

4. No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny; and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator

in the parrieide, whose reward is the ignominy* of existing with an exterior of splendor and a conscionsness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism; I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

5. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion' of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen.

6. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant: in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No: God forbid!

7. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

8. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial

terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

9. I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth,—then, and not till then,—let my epitaph be written.

1. PRE-DE-TERM-IN-A-TION; previous decision.

2. AC-CU-SA-TION; charge of a crime.

3. EN-VIS-A-GE; a secret agent.

4. TRI-BU'NAL; court of justice.

5. GALL'ING; vexing, annoying.

6. IN-O-MIN-Y; dishonor, disgrace

7. MIN'ION; favorite.

XLIII.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.—BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING was born at Camberwell, England, 1812. He has written numerous poems and tragedies, some of which have been dramatized. In 1834 he married Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, who died at Florence, in 1861.]

PART FIRST.

1. HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;

A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

2. Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

3. At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking:

"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;

And as for our Corporation—shocking

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine

For dolts that can't or won't determine

What's best to rid us of our vermin!

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking

To find the remedy we're lacking,

Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation

Quaked with a mighty consternation.

4. An hour they sat in council—

At length the Mayor broke silence:

"For a gilder I'd my ermine gown sell;

I wish I were a mile hence!

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain ;—
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !”

5. Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
“ Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “ what's that ?”
“ Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !”
“ Come in !”—the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure !
6. His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp, blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one, “ It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone !”
7. He advanced to the council-table,
And, “ Please your honors,” said he, “ I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm

On creatures that do people harm,—
The mole, and toad, and newt,³ and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.”

8. (And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with the coat of the self-same cheek,
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

9. “Yet,” said he, “poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the cham,⁴
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam⁵
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand gilders?”
“One?—fifty thousand?”—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

10. Into the street the piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered.
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

11. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished.

1. SPRATS; small fish allied to the herring.

2. GILD'EN (or GUIL'DEN); a Dutch coin, valued at about forty cents.

3. NEWT (*nūt*); a small lizard.

4. CHAM (*kām*); sovereign of Tartary.

5. NI-ZAM'; the title given to the sovereign of Hyderabad, in India

XLIV.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

PART SECOND.

1. You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face

Of the Piper perked' in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand gilders!"
A thousand gilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too:
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!

2. "Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;"
But, as for the gilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand gilders! Come, take fifty!"
3. The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit, by dinner-time,
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's' kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!"
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."
4. "How?" cried the Mayor, "d ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

5. Once more he stepped into the street
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And like fowls in the farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.
6. The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms heat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
7. However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;

Great was the joy in every breast.
 "He never can cross that mighty top!
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop!"
 When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,
 And when all were in, to the very last,
 The door in the mountain side shut fast.

8. Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
 Ope to the rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!—
 The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
 But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
 And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear:
 "And so long after what happened here
 On the Twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six;"—

9. And, the better in memory to fix
 The place of the children's last retreat,

They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
 But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away;—
 And there it stands to this very day.

10. And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish⁶ ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterranean⁷ prison
 Into which they were trappannd⁸,
 Long time ago, in a mighty band,
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.

- 11 So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
 mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
 promise.

1. P^U-CKED; held up with affected smartness.

2. P^U-SE; pocket.

3. CA'LIPH; a successor of Muhomet.

4. ST^U-VER; a Dutch coin, worth two cents.

5. BURON'ER; an inhabitant of a borough.

6. OUT-LAND'ISH; rude, barbarous.

7. SUB-TER-RAN'E-AN; under ground.

8. TRA-PANND'; ensnared.

XLV.

LILIAS GRIEVE.—WILSON.

[JOHN WILSON was born at Paisley, Scotland, 1785. His principal prose works are, "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Foresters," &c. His tales of Scottish life are very touching and life-like, full of pathos and simplicity. In 1812 he published a celebrated poem, "Isle of Palms," and four years afterward there appeared from his pen a dramatic poem, "The City of the Plague." In 1820 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, succeeding Dr. Thomas Brown. Professor Wilson was famed for his fine intellect and for his noble physical gifts and manly beauty. He wrote for Blackwood's Magazine over the name "Christopher North." He died in 1854.]

1. THERE were fear and melancholy in all the glens and valleys that lay stretching around, or down upon St. Mary's Loch; for it was a time of religious persecution. Many a sweet cottage stood untenanted¹ on the hill-side and in the hollow; some had felt the fire, and had been consumed; and violent hands had torn off the turf-roof from the green shealing of the shepherd. In the wide and deep silence and solitariness² of the mountains, it seemed as if human life were nearly extinct.

2. Caverns and clefts, in which the fox had kennelled, were now the shelter of Christian souls; and when a lonely figure crept stealthily from one hiding-place to another, on a visit of love to some hunted brother in faith, the crows would hover over him, and the hawk shriek at human steps, now rare in the desert. Bridals now were unfrequent, and in the solemn sadness of love, many died before their time, of minds sunken, and of broken hearts. White hair was on heads long before they were old; and the silver locks of ancient men were often ruefully soiled in the dust, and stained with their martyred blood.

3. But this is the dark side of the picture; for even in their caves were these people happy. Their children were with them, even like the wild flowers that blossomed all

about the entrances of their dens. And when the voice of psalms rose up from the profound silence of the solitary place of rocks, the ear of God was open, and they knew that their prayers and praises were heard in heaven. If a child was born, it belonged unto the faithful; if an old man died, it was in the religion of his forefathers. The hidden powers of their souls were brought forth into the light, and they knew the strength that was in them for these days of trial. The thoughtless became sedate; the wild were tamed; the unfeeling made compassionate; hard hearts were softened, and the wicked saw the error of their ways.

4. All deep passion purifies and strengthens the soul; and so was it now. Now was shown and put to the proof, the stern, austere, impenetrable strength of men, that would neither bend nor break; the calm, sereno determination of matrons, who, with meek eyes and unblanched cheeks, met the scowl of the murderer; the silent beauty of maidens, who with smiles received their death; and the mysterious courage of children, who, in the inspiration of innocent and spotless nature, kneeled down among the dewdrops on the greensward, and died fearlessly by their parents' sides. Arrested were they at their work, or in their play; and, with no other bandage over their eyes, but haply some clustering ringlet of their sunny hair, did many a sweet creature of twelve summers, ask just to be allowed to say her prayers, and then go, unappalled, from her cottage door to the breast of her Redeemer.

5. In those days, had old Samuel Grieve and his spouse suffered sorely for their faith. But they left not their own house; willing to die there, or to be slaughtered, whenever God should so appoint. They were now childless; but a little grand-daughter, about ten years old, lived with them, and she was an orphan. The thought of death was so

familiar to her, that, although sometimes it gave a slight quaking throb to her heart in its glee, yet it scarcely impaired the natural joyfulness of her girlhood; and often, unconsciously, after the gravest or the saddest talk with her old parents, would she glide off, with a lightsome step, a blithe face, and a voice humming sweetly some cheerful tune. The old people looked often upon her in her happiness, till their dim eyes filled with tears; while the grandmother said, "If this nest were to be destroyed at last, and our heads in the mould, who would feed this young bird in the wild, and where would she find shelter in which to fold her bonny wings?"

6. Lilius Grieve was the shepherdess of a small flock, among the green pasturage at the head of St. Mary's Loch, and up the hill-side, and over into some of the little neighboring glens. Sometimes she sat in that beautiful churchyard, with her sheep lying scattered around her upon the quiet graves, where, on still, sunny days, she could see their shadows in the water in the loch, and herself sitting close to the low walls of the house of God. She had no one to speak to, but her Bible to read; and day after day, the rising sun beheld her in growing beauty, and innocence that could not fade, happy and silent as a fairy upon the knoll, with the blue heavens over her head and the blue lake smiling at her feet.

7. "My fairy" was the name she bore by the cottage fire, where the old people were gladdened by her glee, and turned away from all melancholy thoughts. And it was a name that suited sweet Lilius well; for she was clothed in a garb of green, and often, in her joy, the green, graceful plants, that grew among the hills, were wreathed around her hair. So was she dressed one Sabbath day, watching her flock at a considerable distance from home, and singing to herself a psalm in the solitary moor; when, in a

moment, a party of soldiers were upon a mount, on the opposite side of a narrow dell.

8. Lilius was invisible as a green linnnet* upon the grass, but her sweet voice had betrayed her, and then one of the soldiers caught the wild gleam of her eyes; and, as she sprung frightened to her feet, he called out, "A roel a roel See how she bounds along the bent!" and the ruffian took aim at the child with his musket, half in sport, half in ferocity. Lilius kept appearing and disappearing, while she flew, as on wings, across a piece of black heathery moss, full of pits and hollows; and still the soldier kept his musket at its aim. His comrades called to him to hold his hand, and not shoot a poor, little, innocent child; but he at length fired, and the bullet was heard to whiz past her fern-crowned head, and to strike a bank which she was about to ascend. The child paused for a moment, and looked back, and then bounded away over the smooth turf; till, like a cushat,* she dropped into a little birchen glen, and disappeared. Not a sound of her feet was heard; she seemed to have sunk into the ground; and the soldier stood, without any effort to follow her, gazing through the smoke toward the spot where she had vanished.

9. A sudden superstition assailed the hearts of the party, as they sat down together upon a hedge of stone. "Saw you her face, Riddle, as my ball went whizzing past her ear? If she be not one of those hill fairies, she had been dead as a herring; but I believe the bullet glanced off her yellow hair as against a buckler." "It was the act of a gallows-rogue to fire upon the creature, fairy or not fairy; and you deserve the weight of this hand, the hand of an Englishman, you brute, for your cruelty." And up rose the speaker to put his threat into execution, when the other retreated some distance, and began to load his musket; but the Englishman was upon him, and, with a Cum-

erland gripe and trip, laid him upon the hard ground with a force that drove the breath out of his body, and left him stunned, and almost insensible.

10. The fallen ruffian now arose somewhat humbled, and sullenly sat down among the rest. "Why," quoth Allen Sleigh, "I wager you a week's pay, you don't venture fifty yards, without your musket, down yonder shingle, where the fairy disappeared;" and, the wager being accepted, the half-drunken fellow rushed on toward the head of the glen, and was heard crashing away through the shrubs. In a few minutes, he returned, declaring, with an oath, that he had seen her at the mouth of a cave, where no human foot could reach, standing with her hair all on fire, and an angry countenance; and that he had tumbled backward into the burn, and been nearly drowned. "Drowned?" cried Allen Sleigh. "Ay, drowned; why not? A hundred yards down that bit glen, the pools are as black as pitch, and the water roars like thunder; drowned! why not, you English son of a deer-stealer?" "Why not? because, who was ever drowned that was horn to be hanged?" And that jest created universal laughter, as it is always sure to do, often as it may be repeated, in a company of ruffians; such is felt to be its perfect truth, and unanswerable simplicity.

1. UN-TEN'ANT-ED; not inhabited.

2. SOL'I-TA-RI-NESS; loneliness.

3. UN-AT-FALL-ED; not daunted.

4. LOCH (*lok*); a lake.

5. LIN'NET; a singing bird of the flesh family.

6. CUSH'AT (*koosh-*); a ring-dove.

7. BUCK'LER; a kind of shield.

XLVI.

LILIAS GRIEVE.—(CONTINUED.)

1. AFTER an hour's quarrelling, and gibing, and mutiny, this disorderly band of soldiers proceeded on their way down into the head of Yarrow, and there saw, in the soli-

tude, the house of Samuel Grieve. Thither they proceeded to get some refreshment, and ripe for any outrage that any occasion might suggest. The old man and his wife, hearing a tumult of many voices and many feet, came out, and were immediately saluted with many opprobrious² epithets. The hut was soon rifled of any small articles of wearing-apparel; and Samuel, without emotion³, set before them whatever provisions he had—butter, cheese, bread, and milk—and hoped they would not be too hard upon old people, who were desirous of dying, as they had lived, in peace. Thankful were they both, in their parental hearts, that their little Lilius was among the hills; and the old man trusted that if she returned before the soldiers were gone, she would see, from some distance, their muskets on the green before the door, and hide herself among the brakens.

2. The soldiers devoured their repast with many oaths, and much hideous and obscene language, which it was sore against the old man's soul to hear in his own hut; but he said nothing, for that would have been wilfully to sacrifice his life. At last, one of the party ordered him to return thanks, in words impious and full of blasphemy⁴; which Samuel calmly refused to do, beseeching them at the same time, for the sake of their own souls, not so to offend their great and bountiful Preserver. "Confound the old canting Covenanter⁵; I will prick him with my bayonet, if he won't say grace!" and the blood trickled down the old man's cheek, from a slight wound on his forehead.

3. The sight of it seemed to awaken the dormant blood-thirstiness in the tiger heart of the soldier, who now swore, if the old man did not instantly repeat the words after him, he would shoot him dead. And, as if cruelty were contagious, almost the whole party agreed that the demand was but reasonable, and that the old hypocritical knave

must preach or perish. "Here is a great musty Bible," cried one of them. "If he won't speak, I will gag him, with a vengeance. Here, old Mr. Peden the prophet, let me cram a few chapters of St. Luke down your maw. St. Luke was a physician, I believe. Well, here is a dose of him. Open your jaws." And, with these words, he tore a handful of leaves out of the Bible, and advanced toward the old man, from whose face his terrified wife was now wiping off the blood.

4. Samuel Grieve was nearly fourscore; but his sinews were not yet relaxed, and, in his younger days, he had been a man of great strength. When, therefore, the soldier grasped him by the neck, the sense of receiving an indignity from such a slave, made his blood boil, and, as if his youth had been renewed, the gray-headed man, with one blow, felled the ruffian to the floor.

5. That blow sealed his doom. There was a fierce tumult and yelling of wrathful voices, and Samuel Grieve was led out to die. He had witnessed such butchery of others, and felt that the hour of his martyrdom was come. "As thou didst reprove Simon Peter in the garden, when he smote the high priest's servant, and saidst, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' so now, O my Redeemer, do thou pardon me, thy frail and erring follower, and enable me to drink this cup!" With these words, the old man knelt down unbidden, and, after one solemn look to heaven, closed his eyes, and folded his hands across his breast.

6. His wife now came forward, and knelt down beside the old man. "Let us die together, Samuel; but oh! what will become of our dear Lilius?" "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," said her husband, opening not his eyes, but taking her hand into his: "Sarah, be not afraid." "O, Samuel, I remember, at this moment, these words of

Jesus, which you this morning read; 'Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do!'" "We are all sinners together," said Samuel, with a loud voice; "we two old gray-headed people, on our knees, and about to die, both forgive you all, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. We are ready: be merciful, and do not mangle us. Sarah, be not afraid."

7. It seemed that an angel was sent down from heaven, to save the lives of these two old gray-headed folks. With hair floating in sunny light, and seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly azure; with eyes beaming lustre, and yet streaming tears; with white arms extended in their beauty, and motion gentle and gliding as the sunshine when a cloud is rolled away; came on, over the meadow before the hut, the same green-robed creature, that had startled the soldiers with her singing in the moor; and, crying loudly, but still sweetly, "God sent me hither to save their lives," she fell down beside them as they knelt together; and then, lifting up her head from the turf, fixed her beautiful face, instinct with fear, love, hope, and the spirit of prayer, upon the eyes of the men about to shed that innocent blood.

8. They all stood heart-stricken; and the executioners flung down their muskets upon the greensward. "God bless you, kind, good soldiers, for this!" exclaimed the child, now weeping and sobbing with joy. "Ay, ay, you will be happy to-night, when you lie down to sleep. If you have any little daughters or sisters like me, God will love them for your mercy to us, and nothing, till your return home, will hurt a hair of their heads. Oh! I see now that soldiers are not so cruel as we say!" "Lilies, your grandfather speaks unto you; his last words are; 'leave us, leave us; for they are going to put us to death.' Soldiers, kill not this little child, or the waters of the loch

will rise up and drown the sons of perdition. Liliás, give us each a kiss, and then go into the house.

9. The soldiers conversed together for a few minutes, and seemed now like men themselves condemned to die. Shame and remorse for their coward cruelty smote them to the core; and they bade them that were still kneeling, to rise up and go their ways: then, forming themselves into regular order, one gave the word of command, and, marching off, they soon disappeared. The old man, his wife, and little Liliás, continued for some time on their knees in prayer, and then all three went into the hut; the child between them, and a withered hand of each laid upon its beautiful and its fearless head.

1. MU'TI-NY; an insurrection of soldiers or seamen.

2. OI-PRO'BRI-OUS; abusive, insulting.

3. E-MO'TION; excited feeling.

4. BLAS'PH-E-MY; irreverent or contemptuous words uttered against God.

5. COV'ENAN-T-ER; a name applied to

those who joined the "Solemn League and Covenant," in Scotland, against the High Church party.

6. SIN'EWS; muscles, tendons.

7. TEM'PERS; soothes, assuages.

8. MAN'OLE; to cut or tear in pieces.

9. IN-S-TINCT' (-stíngkt); moved, animated.

XLVII.

EARLY HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

1. THOSE now alive, who have reached the age of eighty years, were born before the first white man entered Kentucky.* For the English have never displayed the same love of discovery as the Spaniards and French, either in North or South America. Wherever they have fixed themselves, they remain. A love of adventure, an eager curios-

* This statement, true when written, is no longer the fact, inasmuch as nearly one hundred years have now elapsed since the first white man entered Kentucky.

ity, a desire of change, or some like motive, had carried the French all over the continent, while the English colonists continued quietly within their own limits.

2. The French missionaries coasted along the lakes and descended the Mississippi, a whole century before the Virginians crossed the Alleghany ridge, to get a glimpse of the noble inheritance, which had remained undisturbed for centuries, waiting their coming. It was not till the year 1767, only eight years before the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, that John Finley, of North Carolina, descended into Kentucky for the purpose of hunting and trading.

3. The feelings of wonder and delight experienced by this early pioneer¹ in passing through the rich lands, which were filled with deer, buffaloes, and every kind of game, and covered with the majestic growth of centuries, soon communicated themselves to others. Like the spies who returned from Palestine, they declared, "The land, which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land." They compared it to parks and gardens, or a succession of farms stocked with cattle, and full of birds tame as farm-yard poultry.

4. Instigated² by these descriptions, in 1769, Daniel Boone, a man much distinguished for bravery and skill, entered Kentucky. And now commenced a series of enterprise, romantic adventure, chivalrous³ daring, and patient endurance, not surpassed in the history of modern times. Nothing in those voluminous⁴ tales of knight-errantry, which occupied the leisure of pages and squires in old baronial days, or in the Waverley novels,* and their train of romances of the second class, which amuse modern gentlemen and ladies,—nothing, in these works of imagination, can exceed the realities of early Kentucky history.

* A very famous series of romances, written by Sir Walter Scott, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

5. From 1769 till Wayne's* victory on the Maumee in 1794, a period of twenty-five years, including the whole Revolutionary War, the people of Kentucky were engaged in Indian warfare, for life and home. Surrounded by an enemy far outnumbering them,—deadly in hatred, of ferocious cruelty, wielding the same rifle with themselves, and as skilful in its use,—they took possession of the country, felled the forest, built towns, laid out roads, and changed the wilderness into a garden.

6. No man could open his cabin-door in the morning, without danger of receiving a rifle-bullet from a lurking Indian; no woman could go out to milk the cows, without risk of having a scalping-knife at her forehead before she returned. Many a man returned from hunting, only to find a smoking ruin, where he had left a happy home with wife and children.

7. But did this constant danger create a constant anxiety? Did they live in terror? Fightings were without; were fears within? By no means. If you talk with the survivors of those days, they will tell you: "We soon came to think ourselves as good men as the Indians. We believed we were as strong as they, as good marksmen, as quick of sight, and as likely to see them as they were to see us; so there was no use in being afraid of them." The danger produced a constant watchfulness, an active intelligence, a prompt decision,—traits still strongly apparent in the Kentucky character.

8. By the same causes, other, more amiable and social qualities, were developed. While every man was forced to depend on himself and trust to his own courage, coolness, and skill, every man felt that he depended on his neighbor

* Anthony Wayne, a famous general of the Revolutionary War, and who, at a later period, obtained a signal victory over the Indians on the Maumee, in Indiana.

for help in cases where his own powers could no longer avail him. And no man could decline making an effort for another, when he knew that he might need a like aid before the sun went down. Hence we have frequent examples of one man risking his life to save that of another, and of desperate exertions made for the common safety of the dwellers in fort or stockade.

9. Can we, then, wonder at the strong family attachments still existing in Kentucky? The remembrance of hours of common danger and mutual sacrifice,⁵ and generous disregard of self, must have sunk deep into the hearts of those earnest men, the early settlers. "He saved my life at the risk of his own. He helped me bring back my wife from the Indians. He shot the man who was about to dash out my infant's brains." Here was a foundation for friendships which nothing can root up.

10. "Whispering tongues can poison truth;" but no tongues could do away such evidences of true friendship as these. No subsequent coldness, no after-injury, could efface their remembrance. They must have been treasured up in the deepest cells of the heart, with a sacred gratitude, a religious care. And hence, while Indian warfare developed all the strongest and self-relying faculties,⁶ it cultivated also all the sympathies, the confiding trust, the generous affections, which, to the present hour, are marked on the heart of that people's character.

1. PI-O-NEER'; one who goes before to prepare the way.

2. IN'STI-GA-TEO; incited, induced.

3. CHIV'AL-ROUS; noble, heroic.

4. VO-LU'MIN-OUS; consisting of many volumes or works.

5. SAO'RI-FICE (*sak-re-fiz*); a loss incurred for some object, or to aid another.

6. FAO'UL-TIES; functions of the mind or body; talents derived from nature and aided by exercise.

XLVIII.

HORATIUS AND THE BRIDGE.—MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born in Rothley, England, in 1800. His "Essays" and "History of England" are his principal prose works. His style is animated and energetic. His poetic effusions are bold, brilliant, and full of rhetorical power. He died in 1839.

The following poem, from the "Lays of Rome," represents an attack made upon the city of Rome by the banished kings. The Tiber protected the city, and this was crossed by a single wooden bridge. Three brave men guarded this bridge while the remaining warriors hewed it down. Two of them fled. Horatius remained alone, went down with the bridge, and swam ashore, wounded and bleeding.]

1. THUS in all the Senate,
 There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
 Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste, they girded¹ up their gowns,²
 And hied them to the wall.
2. They held a council standing
 Before the River Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
 "The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town."
3. Just then a scout came flying,
 All wild with haste and fear;
 "To arms! to arms! Sir Consul,
Lars Porsena is here."

On the low hills to westward .
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy³ forms of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

4. But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe .
"Their van will be upon us,
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge
What hope to save the town ?"

5. Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late ;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods ?

6. "Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may,
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three :
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?"

7. Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,

Came flashing back the noonday light,
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright.
 Of a broad sea of gold.
 Four hundred trumpets sounded
 A peal of warlike glee,
 As that great host, with measured tread,
 And spears advanced, and ensigns' spread
 Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

8. The Three stood calm and silent,
 And looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter
 From all the vanguard' rose :

* * * * *

Was none that would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack ;
 But those behind cried " forward !"
 And those before cried " back !"

9. But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide.
 " Come back, come back, Horatius !"
 Loud cried the Fathers all ;
 " Back, Lartins ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"

10. Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
 Herminius darted back ;
 And as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack ;
 And when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

11. But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.
12. Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."
13. But he saw on Palatinus
Tho white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the walls of Rome;
"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day."
14. But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by the months rain,
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,
And spent with clanging blows,
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

15. Never, I ween,* did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place.
But his limbs were borne up brave'y
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

16. And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

17. They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn to night:
And they made a molten' image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day,
To witness if I lie.

18. It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;

Horatius in his harness,
 Halting upon his knee;
 And underneath is written,
 In letters all of gold,
 How valiantly¹ he kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

1. GIRD'ED; tied round, bound.

2. GOWN; a loose outer garment worn
 by the ancient Romans.

3. SWARTH'Y; of a dusky hue.

4. EN'SIGN; a banner.

5. VAN'GUARD; the troops in the front
 line of an army.

6. WEEN; think, suppose.

7. MOLT'EN; made of melted metal.

8. VAL'IA'NT-LY; bravely.

XLIX.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.*—SOUTHEY.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY, a famous English poet and prose writer, was born at Bristol, in 1774. His literary industry was remarkable, and a mere list of his various publications would form a long article. His biography of Lord Nelson is considered the most perfect work of the kind in our language; and that of Wesley, the great Methodist, is highly appreciated. His poems exhibit great finish and poetic fancy. He died in 1833.]

1. It was a summer evening;
 Old Caspar's work was done;
 And he, before his cottage door,
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.¹

2. She saw her brother, Peterkin,²
 Roll something large and round,

* Blenheim (*Blenheim*), a village on the river Danube, in Bavaria. Here, on August 13, 1704, was fought the famous battle of Blenheim, in which the French and Bavarians were defeated by the English allied forces, under the command of the Duke of Marlborough, of the English, and Prince Eugene, of the Austrian army.

Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found.
She came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

2. Old Caspar took it from the boy, .
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

4. " I find them in the garden,
For there are many there about ;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out :
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

5. " Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin then cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes,—
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

6. " It was the English," Caspar cried,
" Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
" That 'twas a famous victory.

7. " My-father lived at Bienheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;

They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly ;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

8. "With fire and sword, the country round
 Was wasted, far and wide,
 And many a childing mother, then,
 And new-born baby died ;
 But things like that, you know, must be,
 At every famous victory.

9. "They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won ;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun ;
 But things like that, you know, must be,
 After a famous victory.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good prince, Eugene."
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory.

11. "And everybody praised the Duke,
 Who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last ?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he ;
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

1. WIL-BEL-MINE (Wil-hel-mene'); a German name, being the feminine corresponding to William.	2. PE'TER-KIN ; a diminutive of Peter —meaning little Peter.
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L.

ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.—COOPER.

[JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, the distinguished novelist, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. At the age of sixteen he received a midshipman's commission, and served six years in the navy, in which service he obtained that accurate nautical knowledge which rendered his sea-tales the most graphic, spirited, and truthful works of the character in our language. His first novel, "Precaution," attracted but little attention. In 1821, he published "The Spy," which at once obtained immense popularity, and gave him a world-wide fame. Other works followed rapidly, the most popular of which are the so-called Leather-stocking Tales, in which Natty Bumppo, or Leather-stocking, stands as the acknowledged representative of the American backwoodsman. The subjoined extract is from "The Pioneers; or, The Sources of the Susquehanna," one of the earliest of his publications. Mr. Cooper died in 1851.]

1. ELIZABETH TEMPLE and Louisa had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course, under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

2. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego,* or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

* A beautiful lake, in the central part of the State of New York.

3. "Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—"Look at the dog!"

4. The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

5. "Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! What do you see, fellow?" At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

6. Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed² motion. The

quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

7. There was not a single feeling in the temperament⁷ of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration,⁸ and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice. "Courage, Brave!" she cried—her own tones beginning to tremble—"Courage, courage, good Brave!"

8. A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

9. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted,⁹ his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its hanches,¹⁰ and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its

intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

10. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

11. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther alighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye.

12. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog—who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her—from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a

single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

13. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay, prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-beast to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed ; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed,^a and his teeth loosened ; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

14. Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation ; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe ; next to scent her luckless end. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting^a flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

15. Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer ; but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy ; her cheeks were blanched¹⁰ to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination ; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

16. "Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gall;

your bonnet hides the creator's hand." It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her; and he called aloud—"Come in, Heeter; come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

17. Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

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| 1. BOU-QUETS, (<i>bō-kāz'</i>); bunches of flowers. | 6. HAUNCH'ES; the hips, the hinder part of the body of a quadruped. |
| 2. CON-VULSED'; contracted with violent motion. | 7. DIS-QUAL'I-FIED; rendered unfit. |
| 3. TEM'PER-A-MENT; disposition, constitution of mind or body. | 8. COL-LAPSED'; closed by falling together. |
| 4. RES-PI-RATION; breathing. | 9. E-MIT'TING; giving out, sending out. |
| 5. UN-DAUNT'ED; without fear. | 10. BLANCH'ED'; whitened; made pale. |

LL

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.—CLAY.

(FROM THE VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE SENATE, 1842.)

HENRY CLAY, the illustrious¹ American statesman, was born at the Slashes (a local term for a low, swampy country), Hanover county, Virginia, in 1777. He was the youngest of seven children. His father died in his infancy, and young Clay, after obtaining the rudiments² of English education at a log school-house, entered a country store as a shop-boy, from which

position he was promoted to that of a copyist in the office of the clerk of the Virginia Court of Chancery. He studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1797, and he soon after removed to Lexington, Kentucky, where he speedily obtained a lucrative practice. In 1803 he was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky, which was the beginning of a long career of political eminence. Few of our public men have obtained so strong a hold upon the popular heart; his frank bearing, his spontaneous eloquence, his candid temperament won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." He was several times a candidate for the Presidency. His death occurred June 29, 1852.]

1. From 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theatre, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life it does not become me to speak; history, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and the most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I commit myself.

2. My public conduct is a fair subject for the criticism and judgment of my fellow-men; but the motives by which I have been prompted are known only to the great Searcher of the human heart and to myself; and I trust I may be pardoned for repeating a declaration made some thirteen years ago, that, whatever errors, and doubtless there have been many, may be discovered in a review of my public service, I can with unshaken confidence appeal to that divine arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive; have sought no personal aggrandizement; but that, in all my public acts, I have had a single eye directed, and a warm and devoted heart dedicated, to what, in my best judgment, I believed the true interests, the honor, the union, and the happiness of my country required.

3. During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure

and detraction^s of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character : and though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it in general with composure, and without disturbance, waiting as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence, for the ultimate triumph of justice and truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open and fully known, would, by the inscrutable⁷ dispensations^s of his providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

4. But I have not meanwhile been unsustained. Every where throughout the extent of this great continent I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful, and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment—the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to *them* for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what *can* I say at all commensurate⁹ with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the State whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber?

5. I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky now nearly forty-five years ago. I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained the age of majority ; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses ; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life ; but scarce

had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence.¹⁰

6. From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me ; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated¹¹ my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion.¹² I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that State ; and, when the last scene shall forever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.

7. In the course of a long and arduous public service, especially during the last eleven years in which I held a seat in the Senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate, and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions alike honestly entertained, as to the best course to be adopted for the public welfare, I may have often inadvertently¹³ and unintentionally, in moments of excited debate, made use of language that has been offensive, and susceptible of injurious interpretation towards my brother senators.

8. If there be any here who retain wounded feelings of injury or dissatisfaction produced on such occasions, I beg to assure them that I now offer the most ample apology for any departure on my part from the established rules of parliamentary decorum¹⁴ and courtesy. On the other hand, I assure senators, one and all, without exception and without reserve, that I retire from this chamber without carrying

with me a single feeling of resentment or dissatisfaction to the Senate or any of its members.

· 9. I go from this place under the hope that we shall, mutually, consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may at any time unfortunately have occurred between us ; and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object, the interest and the most happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back in my retirement with unmeasured satisfaction.

1. IL-LUS'TRI-OTS; eminent, famous.

2. RU'DI-MENTS; first principles.

3. LU'CRA-TIVE; gainful, profitable.

4. TRANS-MIT'TED; sent, handed down.

5. AR-BI-TER; a judge, an umpire.

6. DE-TRAC'TION; slander, unjust censure.

7. IN-SOUB'TA-BLE; hidden, undiscov-
erable.

8. DIS-PEN-SA'TIONS; distributions in

the Divine government; dealings of God with his creatures.

9. COM-MEN'SU-RATE; equal in extent.

10. MU-NI-FI-CENCE; bounty, liberal-
ity in giving or bestowing.

11. VIN'DI-CAT-ED; defended, justi-
fied.

12. AS-PE'R-SION; calumny, censure.

13. IN-AD-VER'TENT-LY; carelessly,
without intention.

14. DE-CO'RUM; propriety, dignity.

LII.

THE HISTORY OF PRINCE ARTHUR.—DICKENS.

1. AT two-and-thirty years of age, in the year 1200, John became King of England. His pretty little nephew, Arthur, had the best claim to the throne; but John seized the treasure, and made fine promises to the nobility, and got himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks after his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the

crown could possibly have been put upon the head of a meaner coward, or a more detestable villain, if the country had been searched from end to end to find him out.

2. The French king, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favor of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy; it merely suited his ambitious schemes to oppose the King of England. So John and the French king went to war about Arthur.

3. He was a handsome boy, at that time only twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament;¹ and, besides the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother (Constance by name), lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession, to the French king, who pretended to be very much his friend, and made him a knight, and promised him his daughter in marriage; but who cared so little about him in reality, that, finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did so without the least consideration for the poor little prince, and heartlessly sacrificed all his interests.

4. Young Arthur, for two years afterward, lived quietly, and in the course of that time his mother died. But the French king, then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John again, again made Arthur his pretence, and invited the orphan boy to court. "You know your rights, prince," said the French king, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a king!" "Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping

King of England, has taken possession. I myself, meanwhile, will head a force against him in Normandy."

5. Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau,* because his grandmother, Eleanor, was living there, and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king, your uncle, to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty; but she was as full of stratagem² as she was full of years and wickedness. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with his army. So here was a strange family party! The boy-prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him!

6. This position of affairs did not last long. One summer night, King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's force, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the prince himself in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts, drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.

7. One day, while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep, dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle, the king, standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.³

8. "Arthur," said the king, with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust

* Iron. mē-r-bō.

to the gentleness, the friendship, and the truthfulness of your loving uncle?" "I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England and then come to me and ask the question." The king looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy close prisoner," said he to the warden of the castle. Then the king took secret counsel with the worst of his nobles, how the prince was to be got rid of. Some said, "put out his eyes and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept." Others said, "Have him stabbed." Others, "Have him poisoned."

9. King John, feeling that in any case, whatever was done afterward, it would be a satisfaction to his mind to have those handsome eyes burnt out, that had looked at him so proudly, while his own royal eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red-hot irons. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them, and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert de Bourq, the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was a merciful, tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honor, he prevented the torture from being performed; and, at his own risk, sent the savages away.

10. The chafed and disappointed king bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next; and, with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. "I am a gentleman, and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain. But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise.—"On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellow.—"To dispatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it!"

11. King John, very well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he evasively sent this reply to save the prince or gain time, dispatched messengers to convey the young prisoner to the castle of Rouen. Arthur was soon forced from the kind Hubert,—of whom he had never stood in greater need than then—carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison; where, through his grated window, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine rippling against the stone wall below.

12. One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming, perhaps, of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hurriedly dressed himself, and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding-stairs, and the night air from the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch, and put it out. Then Arthur, in the darkness, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat; and in that boat he found his uncle and one other man.

13. He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him, and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke, the tower-door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

1. TOUR'NA-MENT (*tur*); a mock-fight, or military sport.

2. STRAT'AGEM; artifice, deceit.

3. GRIM; of forbidding or fear-inspiring aspect.

4. BLINK'ING; looking evasively.

5. PA-THET'I-CAL-LY; feelingly.

6. SUP'PLING; artful, equivocating.

7. DIS-DAIN'; aversion and contempt.

LIII.

HUBERT AND ARTHUR.—SHAKESPEARE.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, England, 1564. He died in 1616. As a writer, he is considered one of the most expressive, natural, and elegant, and perhaps the best on record, of what would be called pure English style. He is the author of thirty-five plays, besides poems and sonnets.

The following scene is taken from "King John." The young boy, Arthur, is lawful heir to the English crown, which has been usurped by his uncle, who employs Hubert to put out his nephew's eyes.]

Prince ARTHUR, HUBERT, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE—A room in the castle, Northampton.

Enter HUBERT and two ATTENDANTS.

HUBERT. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1st ATTENDANT. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUB. Uneleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.
[Exeunt Attendants.]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

ARTHUR. Good-morrow, Hubert.

HUB. Good-morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince), as may be.—You are sad.

HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTH. Merely on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises^r more harm to me:
 He is afraid of me, and I of him:
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my merey, which lies dead:
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside*

ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day:
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you;
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

HUB. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*

How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*
 'Turning dispiteous^r torture out of door!
 I must be brief; lest resolution drop
 Out at my eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ARTH. And will you?

HUB. And I will.

ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did but
 ache,

I kuit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a priucess wrought it me,)
 And I did never usk it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you:
But you at your siek service had a princee.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: do, an if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then, you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

HUB. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH. Ah, none, but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

HUB. Come forth.

[Stamps.

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are ont,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the irons angrily;
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1st ATTEND. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

ARTH. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy?

HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense!
 Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
 Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes:
 Though to no use, but still to look on you!
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief—
 Being create for comfort—to be used
 In undeserved extremes: See else yourself:

There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre¹ him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,—
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes;²
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose,³ boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged⁴ spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo⁵ for thee. [Exeunt

1. AR'NAS; tapestry, curtains.

2. PRAC'TISES; transacts secretly.

3. DIS-PIT'E-OUS; cruel.

4. SOOTH; truth.

5. TARRE; urge.

6. OWES; possesses.

7. PUR'POSE; intend.

8. DOG'GED; stubborn, surly.

9. UN-DEB-GO'; bear, pass through.

LIV.

LOST IN THE PRAIRIE.

[From "Adventures in Texas"—a series of papers published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Edinburgh, in 1844.]

1. NEITHER the plantation, the cattle, nor my companions were visible, it is true ; but this gave me no uneasiness. I felt sure that I knew the direction in which I had come, and that the island I had just left was one which was visible from the house ; while all around me were such numerous tracks of horses, that the possibility of my having lost my way never occurred to me, and I rode on quite unconcernedly.

2. After riding for about an hour, however, I began to find the time rather long. I looked at my watch. It was past one o'clock. We had started at nine, and, allowing an hour and a half to have been spent in finding the cattle, I had passed nearly three hours in my wild and unsuccessful hunt. I began to think that I must have got further from the plantation than I had as yet supposed.

3. It was towards the end of March, the day clear and warm, just like a May day in the more northern States. The sun was now shining brightly out, but the early part of the morning had been somewhat foggy ; and, as I had only arrived at the plantation the day before, and had passed the whole afternoon and evening in-doors, I had no opportunity of getting acquainted with the bearings of the house. I said to myself, however, that I could not be more than ten or fifteen miles from the plantation, that I should soon come in sight of the herds of cattle, and that then there would be no difficulty in finding my way. But when I had ridden another hour, without seeing the smallest sign either of man or beast, I got seriously uneasy.

4. As far as the eye could reach was a waving sea of grass, here and there an island of trees, but not a trace of a human being. At last I thought I had made a discovery. The nearest clump of trees was undoubtedly the same which I had admired and pointed out to my companions soon after we had left the house. It bore a fantastic resemblance to a snake coiled up and about to dart upon its prey. About six or seven miles from the plantation, we had passed it on our right hand ; and if I now kept it upon my left, I could not fail to be going in a proper direction.

5. So said, so done. I trotted on most perseveringly towards the point of the horizon where I felt certain the house must lie. One hour passed, then a second, then a third ; every now and then I stopped and listened, but nothing was audible, not a shot nor a shout. But, although I heard nothing, I saw something which gave me no great pleasure. In the direction in which we had ridden out, the grass was very abundant and the flowers scarce ; whereas the part of the prairie in which I now found myself presented the appearance of a perfect flower-garden, with scarcely a square foot of green to be seen.

6. The most variegated¹ carpet of flowers I ever beheld lay unrolled before me ; red, yellow, violet, blue, every color, every tint was there ; millions of the most magnificent prairie-roses, tube-roses, asters, dahlias, and fifty other kinds of flowers. The finest artificial² garden in the world would sink into insignificance when compared with this parterre³ of nature's own planting. My horse could scarcely make his way through the wilderness of flowers, and I, for a time, remained lost in admiration of this scene of extraordinary beauty. The prairie in the distance looked as if clothed with rainbows, that waved to and fro over its surface.

7. But the difficulties and anxieties of my situation soon

banished all other thoughts, and I rode on with a perfect indifference through a scene that, under other circumstances, would have captivated^d my entire attention. All the stories that I had heard of mishaps in these endless prairies recurred in vivid coloring to my memory; not mere backwoodsmen's legends, but facts well authenticated by persons of undoubted veracity,^d who had warned me, before I came to Texas, against venturing without guide or compass into those dangerous wilds. Even men who had been long in the country were often known to lose themselves, and to wander for days and weeks over these oceans of grass, where no hill or variety of surface offers a landmark to the traveller.

8. In summer and autumn, such a position would have one danger the less, that is, there would be no risk of dying of hunger; for at those seasons the most delicious fruits, grapes, plums, peaches, and others, are to be found in abundance. But we were now in early spring, and although I saw numbers of peach and plum trees, they were only in blossom. Of game, also, there was plenty, both fur and feather; but I had no gun, and nothing appeared more probable than that I should die of hunger, although surrounded by food, and in one of the most fruitful countries in the world. This thought flashed suddenly across me, and, for a moment, my heart sunk within me as I first perceived the real danger of my position.

9. After a time, however, other ideas came to console me. I had been already four weeks in the country, and had ridden over a large slice of it in every direction, always through prairies, and I had never had any difficulty in finding my way. True, but then I had always had a compass, and been in company. I had not waited to reflect that a little more than four weeks was necessary to make one acquainted with the bearings of a district three times as

big as New York State. Still, I thought it impossible that I should have got so far out of the right track as not to be able to find the house before nightfall, which was now, however, rapidly approaching.

10. Indeed, the first shades of evening, strange as it may seem, gave this persuasion increased strength. Home-bred and gently nurtured as I was, my life, before coming to Texas, had been by no means one of adventure, and I was so used to sleep with a roof over my head, that when I saw it getting dusk I felt certain that I could not be far from the house. The idea fixed itself so strongly in my mind, that I involuntarily spurred my mustang,⁶ and trotted on, peering out through the now fast-gathering gloom, in expectation of seeing a light. Several times I fancied I heard the barking of the dogs, the lowing of cattle, or the merry laugh of the children.

11. "Hurrah! there is the house at last—I see the lights in the parlor windows." I urged my horse on, but when I came near the house, it proved to be an island of trees. What I had taken for candles were fire-flies, that now issued in swarms from out of the darkness of the island, and spread themselves over the prairie, darting about in every direction, their small blue flames literally lighting up the plain, and making it appear as if I were surrounded by a sea of Bengal fire. It is impossible to conceive any thing more bewildering than such a ride as mine, on a warm March night, through the interminable, never-varying prairie.

12. Overhead, the deep blue firmament, with its hosts of bright stars; at my feet, and all around, an ocean of magical light, myriads of fire-flies floating upon the soft, still air. To me it was like a scene of enchantment. I could distinguish every blade of grass, every flower, each leaf on the trees, but all in a strange, unnatural sort of light, and

in altered colors. Tube-roses and asters, prairie-roses and geraniums, dahlias and vine-branches, began to wave and move, to range themselves in ranks and rows. The whole vegetable world around me seemed to dance, as the swarms of living lights passed over it.

13. Suddenly out of the sea of fire sounded a loud and long-drawn note. I stopped, listened, gazed around me. It was not repeated, and I rode on. Again the same sound, but this time the cadence was sad and plaintive. Again I made a halt, and listened. It was repeated a third time, in a yet more melancholy tone, and I recognized it as the cry of the whip-poor-will. Presently it was answered from a neighboring island by a katydid. My heart leaped for joy at hearing the note of the bird, the native minstrel of my own dear Maryland.

14. In an instant the house where I was born stood before the eyesight of my imagination. There were the negro huts, the garden, the plantation, every thing exactly as I had left it. So powerful was the illusion, that I gave my horse the spur, persuaded that my father's house lay before me. The island, too, I took for the grove that surrounded our house. On reaching its border, I literally dismounted, and shouted out for Charon Tommy. There was a stream running through our plantation, which, for nine months out of the twelve, was only passable by means of a ferry, and the old negro who officiated as ferryman was indebted to me for the above classical cognomen. I believe I called twice, nay, three times, but no Charon Tommy answered; and I awoke as from a pleasant dream, somewhat ashamed of the length to which my excited imagination had hurried me.

15. I now felt so weary and exhausted, so hungry and thirsty and, withal, my mind was so anxious and harassed

by my dangerous position, and the uncertainty how I should get out of it, that I was really incapable of going any further. I felt quite bewildered, and stood for some time gazing before me, and scarcely even troubling myself to think. At length I mechanically drew my clasp-knife from my pocket, and set to work to dig a hole in the rich black soil of the prairie.

16. Into this hole I put the knotted end of my lasso, and then pushing it in the earth and stamping it down with my foot, as I had seen others do since I had been in Texas, I passed the noose over the mustang's neck, and left him to graze, while I myself lay down outside the circle which the lasso⁶ would allow him to describe,—an odd manner, it may seem, of tying up a horse, but the most convenient and natural one in a country where one may often find one's self fifty miles from any house, and five-and-twenty from a tree or bush.

17. I found it no easy matter to sleep, for on all sides I heard the howling of wolves and jaguars,—an unpleasant serenade at any time, but most of all so in the prairie, unarmed and defenceless as I was. My nerves, too, were all in commotion, and I felt so feverish, that I do not know what I should have done had I not fortunately remembered that I had my cigar-case and a roll of tobacco in my pocket,—invaluable treasures in my present situation, and which, on this as on many other occasions, did not fail to soothe and calm my agitated thoughts.

18. Luckily, too, being a tolerably confirmed smoker, I carried a flint and steel with me; for otherwise, although surrounded by lights, I should have been sadly at a loss for fire. A couple of cigars did me an infinite deal of good, and, after a while, I sunk into the slumber of which I stood so much in need.

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| 1. VA'RIE-OA-TED; diversified with colors; having varied tints.
2. AR-TI-FI'CIAL; made by art; not natural.
3. PARTHE'NE (<i>par-tare'</i>); beds of flowers of various sizes and colors.
4. CAP'TI-VA-TED; chained.
5. VE-RAO'I-TY; truthfulness.
6. MUS'TANO; name given to the | native horse of Texas and Mexico.
7. CHA-RON (<i>ka'ron</i>); in ancient mythology, one whose office was to ferry the souls of the deceased across the river Styx, the principal river of the lower world.
8. LAS'RO; a long rope with a noose, used for catching wild horses |
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 LV.

LOST IN THE PRAIRIE.—CONTINUED.

1. THE day was hardly well broken when I was awake. The refreshing sleep I had enjoyed had given me now energy and courage. I felt hungry enough, to be sure, but light and cheerful, and I hastened to dig up the end of the lasso, and saddled my horse. I trusted that, though I had been condemned to wander over the prairie the whole of the preceding day, as a sort of punishment for my rashness, I should now have better luck, and having expiated¹ my fault, be at length allowed to find my way. With this hope, I mounted my mustang, and resumed my ride.

2. I passed several beautiful islands of pecan, plum, and peach trees. It is a peculiarity worthy of remark, that these islands are nearly always of one sort of tree. It is very raro to meet with one where there are two sorts. Like the beasts of the forest, that herd together according to their kind, so does this wild vegetation preserve itself distinct in its different species. One island will be entirely composed of live-oaks, another of plum, and a third of pecan-trees; the vine only is common to them all, and embraces them all alike in its slender but tenacious² branches.

3. I rode through several of these islands. They were perfectly free from bushes and brushwood, and carpeted

with the most beautiful verdure it is possible to behold. I gazed at them in astonishment. It seemed incredible that nature, abandoned to herself, should preserve herself so beautifully clean and pure, and I involuntarily looked around me for some trace of the hand of man. But none was there. I saw nothing but herds of deer, that gazed wonderingly at me with their large clear eyes, and when I approached too near, galloped off in alarm.

4. I was now skirting the side of an island of trees of greater extent than most of those I had hitherto seen. On reaching the end of it, I suddenly came in sight of an object presenting so extraordinary an appearance as far to surpass any of the natural wonders I had as yet beheld, either in Texas or the United States. At the distance of about two miles rose a colossal³ mass, in shape somewhat like a monumental mound or tumulus, and apparently of the brightest silver. As I came in view of it, the sun was just covered by a passing cloud, from the lower edge of which the bright rays shot down obliquely⁴ upon this extraordinary phenomenon,⁵ lighting it up in the most brilliant manner.

5. At one moment it looked like a huge silver cone ; then took the appearance of an illuminated⁶ castle, with pinnacles and towers, or the dome of some great cathedral ; then of a gigantic elephant, covered with trappings, but always of solid silver, and indescribably magnificent. Had all the treasures of the earth been offered to me to say what it was, I should have been unable to answer. Bewildered by my interminable wanderings in the prairie, and weakened by fatigue and hunger, a superstitious feeling for a moment came over me, and I half asked myself whether I had not reached some enchanted region, into which the evil spirit of the prairie was luring me to destruction by appearances of supernatural strangeness and beauty.

6. Banishing these wild imaginings, I rode on in the direction of this strange object ; but it was only when I came within a very short distance that I was able to distinguish its nature. It was a live-oak of most stupendous dimensions, the very patriarch⁷ of the prairie, grown gray in the lapse of ages. Its lower limbs had shot out in a horizontal, or rather a downward, slanting direction, and, reaching nearly to the ground, formed a vast dome several hundred feet in diameter, and full a hundred and thirty feet high. It had no appearance of a tree, for neither trunk nor branches were visible. It seemed a mountain of whitish-green scales, fringed with a long silvery moss, that hung like innumerable beards from every bough and twig.

7. Nothing could better convey the idea of immenso and incalculable⁸ age than the hoary beard and venerable appearance of this monarch of the woods. Spanish moss, of a silvery gray, covered the whole mass of wood and foliage, from the topmost bough down to the very ground,—short near the top of the tree, but gradually increasing in length as it descended, until it hung like a deep fringe from the lower branches.

8. I separated the vegetable curtain with my hands, and entered this august temple with feelings of involuntary awe. The change from the bright sunlight to the comparative darkness beneath the leafy vault was so great, that I at first could scarcely distinguish any thing. When my eyes got accustomed to the gloom, however, nothing could be more beautiful than the effect of the sun's rays, which, in forcing their way through the silvered leaves and mosses, took as many varieties of color as if they had passed through a window of painted glass, and gave the rich, subdued, and solemn light of some old cathedral.

9. The trunk of the tree rose, free from all branches, full forty feet from the ground, rough and knotted, and of such

enormous size that it might have been taken for a mass of rock, covered with moss and lichens, while many of its boughs were nearly as thick as the trunk of any tree I had ever previously seen. I was so absorbed in the contemplation of the vegetable giant, that for a short space I almost forgot my troubles; but as I rode away from the tree they returned to me in full force, and my reflections were certainly of no very cheering or consolatory nature.

10. I rode on, however, most perseveringly. The morning slipped away; it was noon, the sun stood high in the cloudless heavens. My hunger was now increased to an insupportable degree, and I felt as if something were gnawing within me, something like a crab tugging and riving at my stomach with his sharp claws. This feeling left me after a time, and was replaced by a sort of squeamishness, a faint, sickly sensation.

11. But if hunger was bad, thirst was worse. For some hours I suffered martyrdom. At length, like the hunger, it died away, and was succeeded by a feeling of sickness. The thirty hours' fatigue and fasting I had endured were beginning to tell upon my naturally strong nerves: I felt my reasoning powers growing weaker, and my presence of mind leaving me. A feeling of despondency¹⁰ came over me—a thousand wild fancies passed through my bewildered brain; while at times my head grew dizzy, and I reeled in my saddle like a drunken man. These weak fits, as I may call them, did not last long; and each time that I recovered I spurred my mustang onward: but it was all in vain—ride us far and as fast as I would, nothing was visible but a boundless sea of grass.

12. At length I gave up all hope, except in that God whose almighty hand was so manifest in the beautiful works around me. I let the bridle fall on my horse's neck, clasped my hands together, and prayed as I had never be

fore prayed, so heartily and earnestly. When I had finished my prayer I felt greatly comforted. It seemed to me that here in the wilderness, which man had not as yet polluted, I was nearer to God, and that my petition would assuredly be heard. I gazed cheerfully around, persuaded that I should yet escape from the peril in which I stood. As I did so, with what astonishment and inexpressible delight did I perceive, not ten paces off, the track of a horse.

13. The effect of this discovery was like an electric shock to me, and drew a cry of joy from my lips that made my mustang start and prick his ears. Tears of delight and gratitude to Heaven came into my eyes, and I could scarcely refrain from leaping off my horse and kissing the welcome signs that gave me assurance of succor. With renewed strength I galloped onward ; and, had I been a lover flying to rescue his mistress from an Indian war-party, I could not have displayed more eagerness than I did in following up the trail of an unknown traveller.

14. Never had I felt so thankful to Providence as at that moment. I uttered thanksgivings as I rode on, and contemplated the wonderful evidences of his skill and might, that offered themselves to me on all sides. The aspect of every thing seemed changed, and I gazed with renewed admiration at the scenes through which I passed, and which I had previously been too preoccupied by the danger of my position to notice. The beautiful appearance of the islands struck me particularly as they lay in the distance, seeming to swim in the bright golden beams of the noonday sun, like dark spots of foliage in the midst of the waving grasses and many-hued flowers of the prairie.

15. Before me lay the eternal flower-carpet, with its innumerable asters, tube-roses, and mimosas, that delicate plant, which, when you approach it, lifts its head, seems to

look at you, and then droops and shrinks back in alarm. This I saw it do, when I was two or three paces from it, and without my horse's foot having touched it. Its long roots stretch out horizontally in the ground, and the approaching tread of a horse or man is communicated through them to the plant, and produces this singular phenomenon. When the danger is gone by, and the earth ceases to vibrate, the mimosa may be seen to raise its head again, but quivering and trembling, as though not yet fully recovered from its fears.

16. I had ridden on for three or four hours, following the track I had so fortunately discovered, when I came upon the trace of a second horseman, who appeared to have here joined the first traveller. It ran in a parallel direction to the one I was following.

17. Had it been possible to increase my joy, this discovery would have done so. I could now entertain no doubt that I had hit upon the way out of this terrible prairie. It struck me as rather singular that two travellers should have met in this immense plain, which so few persons traversed ; but that they had done so was certain, for there was the track of the two horses as plain as possible. The trail was fresh, too, and it was evidently not long since the horsemen had passed. It might still be possible to overtake them, and in this hope I rode on faster than ever,—as fast, at least, as my mustang could carry me through the thick grass and flowers, which, in many places, were four or five feet high.

18. During the next three hours, I passed over some ten or twelve miles of ground ; but although the trail still lay plainly and broadly marked before me, I saw nothing of those who had left it. Still I persevered. I must overtake them sooner or later, provided I did not lose the track ; and that I was most careful not to do, keeping my eyes fixed

upon the ground as I rode along, not deviating from the line which the travellers had followed.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. EX'TRI-A-TED; atoned for. 2. TE-NA'CIous; clinging, adhesive. 3. CO-LOS'AL; very large, high. 4. OB-LIQUE'LY; aslant, not perpendicularly. 5. PHE-NOM'E-NON; remarkable appearance. 6. IL-LU'MIN-A-TED; lighted up. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. PA'TRI-ARCH; the old and venerable father or head of a family. 8. IN-CAL'OU-LA-BLE; beyond calculation, not to be counted. 9. SQUEAM'ISH-NESS; excessive niceness, sickly sensibility, nausea. 10. DES-POND'EN-CY; a sinking or dejection of spirits, loss of courage. |
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LVI.

LOST IN THE PRAIRIE.—CONCLUDED.

1. In this manner the day passed away, and evening approached. I still felt hope and courage; but my physical strength began to give way. The gnawing sensation of hunger increased. I was sick and faint; my limbs became heavy, my blood seemed chilled in my veins, and all my senses appeared to grow duller under the influence of exhaustion, thirst, and hunger. My eyesight became misty, my hearing less acute, the bridle felt cold and heavy in my fingers.

2. Still I rode on. Sooner or later I must find an outlet; the prairie must have an end somewhere. It is true the whole of Southern Texas is one vast prairie; but then there are rivers flowing through it, and if I could reach one of those, I should not be far from the abodes of men. By following the streams five or six miles up or down, I should be sure to find a plantation.

3. As I was thus reasoning with and encouraging myself, I suddenly perceived the traces of a third horse, running parallel to the two which I had been so long following.

This was indeed encouragement. It was certain that three travellers, arriving from different points of the prairie, and all going in the same direction, must have some object, must be repairing to some village or clearing; and where or what this was had now become indifferent to me, so long as I once more found myself among my fellow-men. I spurred on my mustang, who was beginning to flag a little in his pace, with the fatigue of our long ride.

4. The sun set behind the high trees of an island that bounded my view westward, and there being little or no twilight in those southerly latitudes, the broad day was almost instantaneously replaced by the darkness of night. I could proceed no further without losing the track of the three horsemen; and as I happened to be close to an island, I fastened my mustang to a branch with the lasso, and threw myself on the grass under the trees.

5. This night, however, I had no fancy for tobacco. I tried to sleep, but in vain. Once or twice I began to doze, but was roused again by violent cramps and twitchings in all my limbs. There is nothing more horrible than a night passed in the way I passed that one, faint and weak, enduring torture from hunger and thirst, striving after sleep and never finding it. I can only compare the sensation of hunger I experienced, to that of twenty pairs of pincers tearing at my stomach.

6. With the first gray light of morning I got up and prepared for departure. It was a long business, however, to get my horse ready. The saddle, which at other times I could throw upon his back with two fingers, now seemed made of lead, and it was as much as I could do to lift it. I had still more difficulty to draw the girths tight; but at last I accomplished this, and scrambling upon my beast, rode off. Luckily, my mustang's spirit was pretty well taken out of him by the last two days' work; for if he had

been fresh, the smallest spring on one side would have sufficed to throw me out of the saddle. As it was, I sat upon him like an automaton,² hanging forward over his neck, sometimes grasping the mane, and almost unable to use either rein or spur.

7. I had ridden on for some hours in this helpless manner, when I came to a place where the three horsemen whose track I was following had apparently made a halt, perhaps passed the previous night. The grass was trampled and beaten down in a circumference of some fifty or sixty feet, and there was a confusion in the horse-tracks as if they had ridden backward and forward.

8. Fearful of losing the right track, I was looking carefully about me to see in what direction they had recommenced their journey, when I noticed something white among the long grass. I got off my horse to pick it up. It was a piece of paper with my own name written upon it; and I recognized it as the back of a letter in which my tobacco had been wrapped, and which I had thrown away at my halting-place of the preceding night. I looked around, and recognized the island and the very tree under which I had slept or endeavored to sleep. The horrible truth instantly flashed across me—the horse-tracks I had been following were my own: since the preceding morning I had been riding in a circle!

9. I stood for a few seconds thunderstruck by this discovery, and then sank upon the ground in utter despair. At that moment I should have been thankful to any one who would have knocked me on the head as I lay. All I wished for was to die as speedily as possible.

10. I remained, I know not how long, lying in a desponding, half insensible state, upon the grass. Several hours must have elapsed; for when I got up the sun was low in the western heavens. My head was so weak and wander-

ing, that I could not well explain to myself how it was that I had been thus riding after my own shadow. Yet the thing was clear enough. Without landmarks, and in the monotonous scenery of the prairie, I might have gone on forever following my horse's track, and going back when I thought I was going forward, had it not been for the discovery of the tobacco paper.

11. I was, as I subsequently learned, in the Jacinto prairie, one of the most beautiful in Texas, full sixty miles long and broad; but in which the most experienced hunters never risked themselves without a compass.¹ It was little wonder then, that I, a mere boy of two-and-twenty, just escaped from college, should have gone astray in it.

12. I now gave myself up for lost, and, with the bridle twisted round my hand, and holding on as well as I could by the saddle and mane, I let my horse choose his own road. It would perhaps have been better if I had done this sooner. The beast's instinct would probably have led him to some plantation. When he found himself left to his own guidance he threw up his head, snuffed the air three or four times, and then turning round, set off in a contrary direction to that he was before going, and at such a brisk pace, that it was as much as I could do to keep upon him. Every jolt caused me so much pain, that I was more than once tempted to let myself fall off his back.

13. At last night came, and thanks to the lasso, which kept my horse in awe, I managed to dismount and secure him. The whole night through I suffered from racking pains in my head, limbs, and body. I felt as if I had been broken on the wheel: not an inch of my whole person but ached and smarted. My hands were grown thin and transparent, my cheeks fallen in, my eyes deep sunk in their sockets. When I touched my face I could feel the change that had taken place, and as I did so I caught myself

once or twice laughing like a child—I was becoming delirious.⁴

14. In the morning I could scarcely rise from the ground, so utterly weakened and exhausted was I by my three days' fasting, anxiety, and fatigue. I have heard say that a man in good health can live nine days without food. It may be so in a room or a prison; but assuredly not in a Texan prairie. I am quite certain that the fifth day would have seen the last of me. I should never have been able to mount my mustang, but he had fortunately lain down, so I got into the saddle, and he rose up with me and started off of his own accord.

15. As I rode along, the strangest visions seemed to pass before me. I saw the most beautiful cities that a painter's fancy ever conceived, with towers, cupolas,⁵ and columns, of which the summits lost themselves in the clouds; marble basins and fountains of bright sparkling water, rivers flowing with liquid gold and silver, and gardens in which the trees were bowed down with the most magnificent fruit—fruit that I had not strength enough to raise my hand to pluck. My limbs were heavy as lead—my tongue, lips, and gums, dry and parched. I breathed with the greatest difficulty, and within me was a burning sensation, as if I had swallowed hot coals; while my extremities, both hands and feet, did not appear to form a part of myself, but to be instruments of torture affixed to me, and causing me the most intense suffering.

16. I have a confused recollection of a sort of rushing noise, the nature of which I was unable to determine, so nearly had all consciousness left me; then of finding myself among trees, the leaves and boughs of which scratched and beat against my face as I passed through; then of a sudden and rapid descent, with the broad bright surface of a river below me. I clutched at a branch, but my fingers had no

strength to retain their grasp; there was a hissing, splashing noise, and the waters closed over my head.

17. I soon rose, and endeavored to strike out with my arms and legs, but in vain; I was too weak to swim, and again I went down. A thousand lights seemed to dance before my eyes; there was a noise in my brain as if a four-and-twenty-pounder had been fired close to my ear. Just then a hard hand was wrung into my neckcloth, and I felt myself dragged out of the water. The next instant my senses left me.

1. A-CUTE'; keen, sensitive.

2. AU-TOM'A-TON; a self-moving machine, a figure moved by machinery.

3. COM'PASS; a circular box, containing a card with the points of direction, and a movable magnetic

needle, which always points to the north.

4. DE-LIR'I-OTS; roving in mind, light-headed.

5. CU'TO-LAS; domes, spherical vaults on the top of edifices; the round tops of structures.

LVII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.—WORDSWORTH.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, one of the most distinguished of the English poets, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, in 1770. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, 1787, and, on the completion of his studies, made the tour of Europe at a time when the French Revolution had attained its grand crisis. In 1793, his "Descriptive Sketches" and "Evening Walk" appeared, both of which grow out of his observations of foreign travel. In 1798, he published, in conjunction with Coleridge, a collection of "Lyrical Ballads." In 1814 appeared his great work, "The Excursion," and, shortly after, "The White Dove of Rylstone." His autobiographical poem, "The Prelude, or the Growth of a Poet's Mind," was not published until after his death, which occurred in 1850. Wordsworth's poetry is distinguished for its exquisite simplicity, its fidelity to nature, and the charm which it throws around the most ordinary and common objects.]

1. We talked with open heart and tongue,
Affectionate and true;
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

2. We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.
3. " Now, Matthew," said I, " let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer's noon ;
4. " Or of the church clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made."
5. In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee :
6. " No check, no stay, this streamlet fears ;
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as it now flows.
7. " And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.
8. " My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound was in my ears
Which in those days I heard.
9. " Thus fares it still in our decay ;
And yet the wiser mind

Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

10. "The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.
11. "With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife ; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.
12. "But we are pressed by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.
13. "If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.
14. "My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved ;
And many love me ; but by none
Am I enough beloved."
15. "Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains !
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these idle plains.
16. "And, MattheW, for thy children dead,
I'll be a son to thee !"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas ! that cannot be."

17. We rose up from the fountain side ;
 And down the smooth descent
 Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;
 And through the wood we went.
18. And ere we came to Leonard's rock,
 He sang those witty rhymes
 About the crazy old church clock,
 And the bewildered ebimes.

 LVIII.

MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.—HAWTHORNE.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, an eminent prose writer, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804. His first literary productions attracted little attention, and, for a long time, he made very slow progress in popular fame. "Twice-told Tales" appeared in 1837; "Mosses from an Old Manse," in 1846; and "The Scarlet Letter," a very remarkable production, in 1850. He subsequently published "The Blithedale Romance," "The House of Seven Gables," "The Marble Faun," and several minor productions. His works are described as "full of glancing wit, of tender satire, and exquisite natural description; of subtle and strange analysis of human life, darkly passionate and wierd." He died in 1864.]

1. WE stand now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord—the river of peace and quietness—for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered, imperceptibly, towards its eternity, the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it, before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect, except when a northwestern breeze is vexing its surface, on a sunshiny day.

2. From the incurable indolence of its nature, the stream is happily incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild, free, mountain-torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve

some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away in lazy liberty, without turning a solitary spindle, or affording even water-power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks.

3. The torpor³ of its movement allows it nowhere a bright, pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand, in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow-grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of elder-bushes and willows, or the roots of elm and ash trees, and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its plashy shore; the yellow water-lily spreads its broad, flat leaves on the margin; and the fragrant white pond-lily abounds, generally selecting a position just so far from the river's bank that it cannot be grasped, save at the hazard of plunging in.

4. It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing, as it does, from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel, and speckled frog, and the mud-turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its rank life and noisome⁴ odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate⁵ only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautified results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.

5. The Old Manse!—we had almost forgotten it, but will return thither through the orchard. This was set out by the last clergyman, in the decline of his life, when the neighbors laughed at the hoary-headed man for planting trees, from which he could have no prospect of gathering fruit. Even had that been the case, there was only so much the better motive for planting them, in the pure and unselfish hope of benefiting his successors,—an end so seldom achieved by more ambitious efforts. But the old

minister, before reaching his patriarchal age of ninety, ate the apples from this orchard during many years, and added silver and gold to his annual stipend, by disposing of the superfluity.

6. It is pleasant to think of him, walking among the trees in the quiet afternoons of early autumn, and picking up here and there a windfall; while he observes how heavily the branches are weighed down, and computes⁶ the number of empty flour-barrels that will be filled by their burden. He loved each tree, doubtless, as if it had been his own child. An orchard has a relation to mankind, and readily connects itself with matters of the heart. The trees possess a domestic character; they have lost the wild nature of their forest kindred, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man, as well as by contributing to his wants.

7. I have met with no other such pleasant trouble in the world, as that of finding myself, with only the two or three months which it was my privilege to feed, the sole inheritor of the old clergyman's wealth of fruits. Throughout the summer, there were cherries and currants; and then came Autumn, with his immense burden of apples, dropping them continually from his overladen shoulders as he trudged along. In the stillest afternoon, if I listened, the thump of a great apple was audible, falling without a breath of wind, from the mere necessity of perfect ripeness. And, besides, there were pear-trees, that flung down bushels upon bushels of heavy pears; and peach-trees, which, in a good year, tormented me with peaches, neither to be eaten nor kept, nor, without labor and perplexity, to be given away.

8. The idea of an infinite generosity and inexhaustible bounty, on the part of our mother Nature, was well worth obtaining through such cares as these. That feeling can be enjoyed in perfection not only by the natives of summer-

islands, where the bread-fruit, the cocoa, the palm, and the orange grow spontaneously,⁸ and hold forth the ever-ready meal; but, likewise, almost as well, by a man long habituated to city-life, who plunges into such a solitude as that of the Old Manse, where he plucks the fruit of trees that he did not plant; and which, therefore, to my heterodox⁹ taste, bears the closer resemblance to those that grew in Eden.

9. Not that it can be disputed that the light toil requisite to cultivate a moderately-sized garden, imparts such zest to kitchen vegetables as is never found in those of the market-gardener. Childless men, if they would know something of the bliss of paternity,¹⁰ should plant a seed—be it squash, bean, Indian corn, or perhaps a mere flower, or worthless weed—should plant it with their own hands, and nurse it from infancy to maturity,¹¹ altogether by their own care. If there be not too many of them, each individual plant becomes an object of separate interest.

10. My garden, that skirted the avenue of the Manse, was of precisely the right extent. An hour or two of morning labor was all that it required. But I used to visit and re-visit it a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny,¹² with a love that nobody could share or conceive of, who had never taken part in the process of creation. It was one of the most bewitching sights in the world to observe a hill of beans thrusting aside the soil, or a row of early peas just peeping forth sufficiently to trace a line of delicate green.

11. Later in the season, the humming-birds were attracted by the blossoms of a peculiar variety of bean; and they were a joy to me, those little spiritual visitants, for deigning to sip any food out of my nectar-cups. Multitudes of bees used to bury themselves in the yellow blossoms of the summer squashes. This, too, was a deep satisfaction; although, when they had laden themselves with sweets,

they flew away to some unknown hive, which would give back nothing in requital of what my garden had contributed. But I was glad thus to fling a benefaction upon the passing breeze, with the certainty that somebody must profit by it, and that there would be a little more honey in the world, to allay the sourness and bitterness which mankind is always complaining of. Yes, indeed; my life was the sweeter for that honey.

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|---|---|
| 1. VI-YA'CIOUS; active, lively. | 8. SPON-TA'NE-OUS-LY; voluntarily, by its own force and energy. |
| 2. IN-GE-NU'I-TY; skill, power of invention. | 9. HET'ER-O-DOX; unorthodox, not according to received opinion. |
| 3. TOR-POR; slowness, sluggishness, dullness. | 10. PA-TER-NI-TY; the relation of a father. |
| 4. NOI'SOME; noxious, offensive. | 11. MA-TU'RI-TY; ripeness, completion. |
| 5. AS-SIM'I-LATE; to convert into a like substance. | 11. PROO'E-NY; offspring, race; here used in the sense of offspring of one's care or labor. |
| 6. COM-PUTE'; to reckon, to calculate. | |
| 7. IN'FI-NITE; boundless. | |

LIX.

JUAN PONCE DE LEON AND THE WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN.—IRVING.

[JUAN PONCE DE LEON, a native of Leon, in Spain, accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, in 1493. He distinguished himself in various battles with the Indians, and acquired a name for sagacity as well as valor. He conquered the island of Porto Rico, and was afterwards appointed its governor.]

1. JUAN PONCE DE LEON resigned the command of Porto Rico, with tolerable grace. The loss of one wild island and wild government was of little moment, when there was a new world to be shared out, where a bold soldier like himself, with sword and buckler, might readily carve out new fortunes for himself. Besides, he had now amassed wealth

to assist him in his plans, and, like many of the early discoverers, his brain was teeming with the most romantic enterprises. He had conceived the idea that there was yet a third world to be discovered, and he hoped to be the first to reach its shores, and thus secure a renown equal to that of Columbus.

2. While cogitating³ these things, and considering which way he should strike forth in the unexplored regions around him, he met with some old Indians, who gave him tidings of a country which promised, not merely to satisfy the cravings of his ambition, but to realize the fondest dreams of the poets. They assured him that, far to the north, there existed a land abounding in gold, and in all manner of delights ; but, above all, possessing a river of such wonderful virtue, that whoever bathed in it would be restored to youth !

3. They added, that in times past, before the arrival of the Spaniards, a large party of the natives of Cuba had departed northward in search of this happy land and this river of life, and, having never returned, it was concluded that they were flourishing in renovated⁴ youth, detained by the pleasures of that enchanting country.

4. Here was the dream of the alchemist⁵ realized ! One had but to find this gifted land, and revel in the enjoyment of boundless riches and perennial⁶ youth ! Nay, some of the ancient Indians declared that it was not necessary to go so far in quest of these rejuvenating⁷ waters, for that, in a certain island of the Bahama group, called Bimini, which lay far out in the ocean, there was a fountain possessing the same marvellous and inestimable qualities.

5. Juan Ponce de Leon listened to these tales with fond credulity.⁸ He was advancing in life, and the ordinary term of existence seemed insufficient for his mighty plans. Could he but plunge into this marvellous fountain or gifted river,

and come out with his battered, war-worn body restored to the strength and freshness and suppleness of youth, and his head still retaining the wisdom and knowledge of age, what enterprises might he not accomplish in the additional course of vigorous years insured to him !

6. It may seem incredible, at the present day, that a man of years and experience could yield any faith to a story which resembles the wild fiction of an Arabian tale ; but the wonders and novelties breaking upon the world in that age of discovery, almost realized the illusions⁹ of fable, and the imaginations of the Spanish voyagers had become so heated, that they were capable of any stretch of credulity.

7. So fully persuaded was the worthy old cavalier of the existence of the region described to him, that he fitted out three ships at his own expense to prosecute the discovery, nor had he any difficulty in finding adventurers in abundance ready to cruise with him in quest of this fairy-land.

8. It was on the third of March, 1512, that Juan Ponce sailed with his three ships from the port of St. Germain, in the island of Port Rico. He kept for some distance along the coast of Hispaniola, and then, stretching away to the northward, made for the Bahama Islands, and soon fell in with the first of the group.

9. He was favored with propitious weather and tranquil seas, and glided smoothly with wind and current along that verdant archipelago,¹⁰ visiting one island after another, until, on the fourteenth of the month, he arrived at Guanahani, or St. Salvador, where Christopher Columbus had first put his foot on the shores of the New World. His inquiries for the island of Bimini were all in vain, and as to the fountain of youth, he might have drunk of every fountain, and river, and lake in the archipelago, even to the salt pools of Turk's Island, without being a whit the younger.

10. Still, he was not discouraged ; but, having repaired

his ships, he again put to sea and shaped his course to the northwest. On Sunday, the 27th of March, he came in sight of what he supposed to be an island, but was prevented from landing by adverse weather. He continued hovering about it for several days, buffeted by the elements, until, in the night of the second of April, he succeeded in coming to anchor under the land, in thirty degrees eight minutes of latitude. The whole country was in the fresh bloom of spring; the trees were gay with blossoms, and the fields covered with flowers; from which circumstance, as well as from having discovered it on Palm Sunday (Pascua Florida), he gave it the name of Florida, which it retains to the present day. The Indian name of the country was *Cautio*.

11. Juan Ponce landed and took possession of the country in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. He afterwards continued for several weeks ranging the coast of this flowery land, and struggling against the Gulf-stream and the various currents which sweep it. In all his attempts to explore the country, he met with resolute and implacable hostility on the part of the natives, who appeared to be a fierce and warlike race.

12. He was disappointed also in his hopes of finding gold, nor did any of the rivers or fountains which he examined possess the rejuvenating virtue. Convinced, therefore, that this was not the promised land of Indian tradition, he turned his prow homeward on the fourteenth of June, with the intention, in the way, of making one more attempt to find the island of Bimini.

13. In the outset of his return, he discovered a group of islets abounding with sea-fowl and marine animals. On one of them, his sailors, in the course of a single night, caught one hundred and seventy turtles, and might have taken many more had they been so inclined. They likewise took fourteen sea-wolves, and killed a vast quantity of pelicans

and other birds. To this group Juan Ponce gave the name of the Tortugas, or Turtles, which they still retain.

14. Proceeding in his cruise, he touched at another group of islets near the Lucayos, to which he gave the name of La Vieja, or the Old Woman group, because he found no inhabitant there but one old Indian woman. This ancient sibyl he took on board his ship, to give him information about the labyrinth of islands into which he was entering, and perhaps he could not have had a more suitable guide in the eccentric quest he was making.

15. Notwithstanding her pilotage, however, he was exceedingly baffled and perplexed in his return voyage among the Bahama Islands, for he was forcing his way as it were against the course of nature, and encountering the currents which sweep westward along these islands, and the trade-wind which accompanies them. For a long time he struggled with all kinds of difficulties and dangers; and was obliged to remain upwards of a month in one of the islands to repair the damages which his ship had suffered in a storm.

16. Disheartened at length by the perils and trials with which nature seemed to have beset the approach to Bimini, as to some fairy island in romance, he gave up the quest in person, and sent in his place a trusty captain, Juan Perez de Ortuibia, who departed in one of the other ships, guided by the experienced old woman of the isles, and by another Indian. As to Juan Ponce, he made the best of his way back to Port Rico, where he arrived infinitely poorer in purse, and wrinkled in brow, by this cruise after inexhaustible riches and perpetual youth.

17. He had not been long in port when his trusty envoy, Juan Perez, likewise arrived. Guided by the sage old woman, he had succeeded in finding the long-sought-for Bimini. He described it as being large, verdant, and cov-

ered with beautiful groves. There were crystal springs and limpid streams in abundance, which kept the island in perpetual verdure, but none that could restore to an old man the vernal greenness of his youth.

18. Thus ended the romantic expedition of Juan Ponce de Leon. Like many other pursuits of a chimera," it terminated in the acquisition of a substantial good. Though he had failed in finding the fairy fountain of youth, he had discovered in place of it the important country of Florida.

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|--|---|
| 1. RO-MAN'TIO; wild, fanciful, extraordinary. | 6. PER-EN'NI-AL; perpetual, unceasing. |
| 2. RE-NOWN'; fame, celebrity. | 7. RE-JU'VE-NA-TINO; making young again. |
| 3. COG'I-TA-TINO; thinking. | 8. CHE-DU'LI-TY; easiness of belief. |
| 4. REN'O-VA-TED; renewed. | 9. IL-LU'SIONS; deceptive appearances, falsehoods. |
| 5. AL'CHE-MIST; a practitioner of alchemy, a pretended science which claimed that a power existed by which the baser metals could be transmuted into gold, and that a remedy existed for all diseases. | 10. AN-CHI-REL'A-OO; a sea interspersed with islands. |
| | 11. CHI-ME-RA (<i>ki-me'ra</i>); a vain fancy, a thing of the imagination |

LX.

SCROOGE AND MARLEY.—DICKENS.

1. MARLEY was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it; and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

2. Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a door-nail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery' in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile;²

and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

3. Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign,³ his sole residuary legatee,⁴ his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

4. Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterward, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scroogo Scrooge, and sometimes Murley, but he answered to both names: it was all the same to him.

5. Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime⁵ was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry⁶ chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

6. External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow

was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Serooge never did.

7. Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Serooge, how are you? when will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Serooge. Even the blind-men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

8. But what did Serooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Serooge.

1. IRON-MON'GER-Y (-mong'ger-y); hard-ward.

2. SIM'IL; comparison.

3. AS-SION'; a person to whom property is transferred.

4. LEG-A-TEE'; a person to whom a legacy is left.

5. RIME; hoariness.

6. WI'NY; tough, snowy.

LXI.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.—LONGFELLOW.

1. LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear,
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;—
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

2. He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry'-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."
3. Then said he, "Good-night!" and with muffled¹ oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom² ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
4. Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
5. Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—

Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

6. Beneath, in the chnrehyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "*All is well!*"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

7. Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near.
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still;—

8. And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer,* and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns.
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
9. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
10. He has left the village, and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil* and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
11. It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.
12. It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral* glare,

As if they already stood aghast'
At the bloody work they would look upon.

- 13 It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead
Pierced by a British musket-ball.
14. You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge^a again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.
15. So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance,^a and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. BEL'FRY; a place where a bell is hung. | 5. TRAN'QUIL; undisturbed. |
| 2. MUR'FLED; deadened in sound. | 6. SPEC'TRAL; ghostly |
| 3. PHAN'TOM; fancied vision. | 7. A-GHAST'; struck with horror. |
| 4. GLIM'MER; a faint light. | 8. E-MEROE'; issue, come out. |
| | 9. DE-FR'ANCE; an invitation to combat |

LXII.

THE THREE WANTS.—JAMES K. PAULDING.

THE MAN THAT WANTED BUT ONE THING ; THE MAN THAT WANTED
EVERY THING ; AND THE MAN IN WANT OF A WANT.

1. EVERYBODY, young and old, children and graybeards, has heard of the renowned Haroun Al Raschid, the hero of Eastern history and Eastern romance, and the most illustrious of the caliphs¹ of Bagdad, that famous city on which the light of learning and science shone, long ere it dawned on the benighted² regions of Europe, which has since succeeded to the diadem that once glittered on the brow of Asia.

2. Though, as the successor of Mohammed, he exercised a despotic sway over the lives and fortunes of his subjects, yet did he not, like the Eastern despots of more modern times, shut himself up within the walls of his palace,—bearing nothing but the adulation³ of his dependants, seeing nothing but the shadows which surrounded him, and knowing nothing but what he received through the medium of interested deception or malignant falsehood.

3. That he might see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, he was accustomed to go about through the streets of Bagdad by night, in disguise, accompanied by Giafer the Barmecide, his grand-vizier,⁴ and Mesrour, his executioner,—one to give him his counsel, the other to fulfil his commands promptly, on all occasions. If he saw any commotion among the people, he mixed with them and

learned its cause ; and if in passing a house he heard the moanings of distress or the complaints of suffering, he entered, for the purpose of administering relief. Thus he made himself acquainted with the condition of his subjects, and often heard those salutary^d truths which never reached his ears through the walls of his palace, or from the lips of the slaves that surrounded him.

4. On one of these occasions, as Al Raschid was thus perambulating^e the streets at night, in disguise, accompanied by his vizier and his executioner, in passing a splendid mansion, he overheard, through the lattice of a window, the complaints of some one who seemed in the deepest distress, and silently approaching, looked into an apartment exhibiting all the signs of wealth and luxury.

5. On a sofa of satin embroidered with gold, and sparkling with brilliant gems, he beheld a man richly dressed, in whom he recognized his favorite boon-companion Bedreddin, on whom he had showered wealth and honors with more than Eastern prodigality.^f He was stretched out on the sofa, slapping his forehead, tearing his beard, and moaning piteously, as if in the extremity of suffering. At length starting up on his feet, he exclaimed in tones of despair, "O Allah ! I beseech thee to relieve me from my misery, and take away my life."

6. The Commander of the Faithful,^g who loved Bedreddin, pitied his sorrows, and being desirous to know their cause, that he might relieve them, knocked at the door, which was opened by a black slave, who, on being informed that they were strangers in want of food and rest, at once admitted them, and informed his master, who called them into his presence, and bade them welcome. A plentiful feast was spread before them, at which the master of the house sat down with his guests, but of which he did not partake, but looked on, sighing bitterly all the while.

7. The Commander of the Faithful at length ventured to ask him what caused his distress, and why he refrained from partaking in the feast with his guests, in proof that they were welcome. "Has Allah⁹ afflicted thee with disease, that thou canst not enjoy the blessings he has bestowed? Thou art surrounded by all the splendor that wealth can procure; thy dwelling is a palace, and its apartments are adorned with all the luxuries which captivate the eye or administer to the gratification of the senses. Why is it then, O my brother, that thou art miserable?"

8. "True, O stranger," replied Bedreddin, "I have all these. I have health of body; I am rich enough to purchase all that wealth can bestow; and if I required more wealth and honors, I am the favorite companion of the Commander of the Faithful, on whose head lies the blessing of Allah, and of whom I have only to ask, to obtain all I desire, save one thing only."

9. "And what is that?" asked the caliph.

"Alas! I adore the beautiful Zuleima, whose face is like the full moon, whose eyes are brighter and softer than those of the gazelle, and whose mouth is like the seal of Solomon. But she loves another, and all my wealth and honors are as nothing. The want of one thing renders the possession of every other of no value. I am the most wretched of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be a blessing."

10. "By the beard of the Prophet,"¹⁰ cried the caliph, "I swear thy case is a hard one. But Allah is great and powerful, and will, I trust, either deliver thee from thy burden or give thee strength to bear it." Then thanking Bedreddin for his hospitality, the Commander of the Faithful departed with his companions.

11. Taking their way towards that part of the city inhabited by the poorer classes of people, the caliph stumbled over something, in the obscurity of night, and was nigh

falling to the ground ; at the same moment a voice cried out, "Allah, preserve me ! Am I not wretched enough already, that I must be trodden under foot by a wandering beggar like myself, in the darkness of night !"

12. Mezrour, the executioner, indignant at this insult to the Commander of the Faithful, was preparing to cut off his head, when Al Raschid interposed, and inquired of the beggar his name, and why he was there sleeping in the streets at that hour of the night."

13. "Mashallah," replied he, "I sleep in the street because I have nowhere else to sleep ; and if I lie on a satin sofa my pains and infirmities would rob me of rest. Whether on divans of silk or in the dirt, all one to me, for neither by day nor by night do I know any rest. If I close my eyes for a moment, my dreams are of nothing but feasting, and I awake only to feel more bitterly the pangs of hunger and disease."

14. "Hast thou no home to shelter thee, no friends or kindred to relieve thy necessities or administer" to thy infirmities?"

"No," replied the beggar ; "my house was consumed by fire ; my kindred are all dead, and my friends have deserted me. Alas ! stranger, I am in want of every thing—health, food, clothing, home, kindred, and friends. I am the most wretched of mankind, and death alone can relieve me."

15. "Of one thing, at least, I can relieve thee," said the caliph, giving him his purse. "Go and provide thyself food and shelter, and may Allah restore thy health."

The beggar took the purse, but instead of calling down blessings on the head of his benefactor, exclaimed, "Of what use is money ? it cannot cure disease ;" and the caliph again went on his way with Giafer, his vizier, and Mezrour, his executioner.

16. Passing from the abodes of want and misery, they at

length reached a splendid palace, and seeing lights glimmering from the windows, the caliph approached, and looking through the silken curtains, beheld a man walking backwards and forwards, with languid step, as if oppressed with a load of cares. At length, casting himself down on a sofa, he stretched out his limbs, and yawning desperately, exclaimed: "Oh! Allah, what shall I do; what will become of me! I am weary of life; it is nothing but a cheat, promising what it never performs, and affording only hopes that end in disappointment, or, if realized, only in disgust."

17. The curiosity of the caliph being awakened to know the cause of his despair, he ordered Mezroul to knock at the door, which being opened, they pleaded the privilege of strangers to enter, for rest and refreshments. Again, in accordance with the precepts of the Koran," and the customs of the East, the strangers were admitted to the presence of the lord of the palace, who received them with welcome, and directed refreshments to be brought. But though he treated his guests with kindness, he neither sat down with them nor asked any questions, nor joined in their discourse, walking back and forth languidly, and seeming oppressed with a heavy burden of sorrows.

18. At length the caliph approached him reverently, and said: "Thou seemest sorrowful, O my brother! If thy suffering is of the body, I am a physician, and peradventure can afford thee relief; for I have travelled into distant lands, and collected very choice remedies for human infirmity."

19. "My sufferings are not of the body, but of the mind," answered the other."

"Hast thou lost the beloved of thy heart, the friend of thy bosom, or been disappointed in the attainment of that on which thou hast rested all thy hopes of happiness?"

20. "Alas! no. I have been disappointed not in the

means, but in the attainment of happiness. I want nothing but a want. I am cursed with the gratification" of all my wishes, and the fruition" of all my hopes. I have wasted my life in the acquisition of riches; that only awakened new desires, and honors that no longer gratify my pride or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated in the pursuit of pleasures that weary me in the enjoyment, and am perishing for lack of the excitement of some new want. I have every thing I wish, yet enjoy nothing."

21. "Thy ease is beyond my skill," replied the Caliph; and the man cursed with the fruition of all his desires turned his back on him in despair. The Caliph, after thanking him for his hospitality, departed with his companions, and when they had reached the street exclaimed—

22. "Allah preserve me! I will no longer fatigue myself in a vain pursuit, for it is impossible to confer happiness on such a perverse" generation. I see it is all the same, whether a man wants one thing, every thing, or nothing. Let us go home and sleep."

1. CA-LIPH (*ka'lif*); a title among the Mohammedans given to one invested with supreme power.
2. BE-NIGHT'EN; dark (intellectually.)
3. AD-U-LA'TION; praise, servile flattery.
4. VIZ-EN; (*vis'yer*); counsellor of state; the grand-vizier is the chief minister or secretary.
5. SAL'U-TA-NY; wholesome, advantageous.
6. P'ER-AM'BU-LA-TING; walking.
7. PRON-I-GAL'I-TY; profusion, excess.
8. COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL;

- faithful here refers to all those who are of the Mohammedan religion.
9. AL'LAN; Mohammedan name for the Almighty.
 10. PROPHE-T (*prof'et*); the term here refers to Mohammed.
 11. AD-MIN'IS-TER; to bring aid or supplies.
 12. KO-RAN (*Ko'rahn*); the Mohammedan Bible.
 13. FRU-I-TION (*fru-ish'un*); pleasure resulting from possession.
 14. PER-VERSE'; obstinate, wrong-headed.

LXIII.

[From Lanman's "Alleghany Mountains."]

MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

1. My first expedition, on arriving here, was to a gorge on the Blue Ridge, called the Hickory-nut Gap. How it came by that name I cannot imagine, since the forests in this particular region, so far as I could ascertain, are almost entirely destitute of the hickory-tree. The entire length of the gap is about nine miles, and the last five miles are watered by the Rocky Broad River. The upper part of this stream runs between the Blue Ridge proper and a spur of the Blue Ridge, and, at the point where it forces a channel through the spur, its bed is exceedingly rocky, and on either hand, until it reaches the middle country of the States, it is protected by a series of mountain bluffs. That portion of the gorge which might be called the gateway, is at the eastern extremity.

2. From any point of view, this particular spot is remarkably imposing, the gap being not more than half a mile wide, though appearing to narrow down to a few hundred yards. The highest bluff is on the south side, and, though rising to the height of full twenty-five hundred feet, it is nearly perpendicular, and midway up its front stands an isolated rock, looming against the sky, which is of a circular form, and resembles the principal turret of a stupendous castle. The entire mountain is composed of granite, and a large proportion of the bluff in question positively hangs over the abyss beneath, and is as smooth as it could possibly be made by the rains of uncounted centuries.

3. Over one portion of this superb cliff, falling far down into some undiscovered and apparently unattainable pool, is a stream of water, which seems to be the offspring of the

clouds ; and in a neighboring brook, near the base of this precipice, are three shooting waterfalls, at the foot of which, formed out of solid stone, are three holes, which are about ten feet in diameter³ and measure from forty to fifty feet in depth.

4. But leaving these remarkable features entirely out of the question, the mountain scenery in this vicinity is as beautiful and fantastic³ as any I have yet witnessed among the Alleghanies. My best view of the gorge was from the eastward, and just as the sun, with a magnificent retinue⁴ of clouds, was sinking directly in the hollow of the hills, and as I gazed upon the prospect, it seemed to me, as was in reality the case, that I stood at the very threshold of an almost boundless wilderness of mountains.

5. In coming from Burnsville to this place, I enjoyed two mountain landscapes, which were supremely beautiful and imposing. The first was a northern view of Black Mountain from the margin of the South Toe River, and all its cliffs, defiles, ravines, and peaks seemed as light, dream-like, and airy, as the clear blue world in which they floated. The stupendous pile appeared to have risen from the earth with all its glories in their prime, as if to join the newly risen sun in his passage across the heavens.

6. The middle distance of the landscape was composed of two wood-crowned hills, which stood before me like a pair of loving brothers ; then came a luxuriant meadow, where a noble horse was quietly cropping his food ; while the immediate foreground of the picture consisted of a marvellously beautiful stream, which glided swiftly by, over a bed of golden and scarlet pebbles. The only sound that fell upon my ear, as I gazed upon this scene, were the murmurings of a distant waterfall, and the hum of insect wings.

7. The other prospect that I witnessed was from the summit of the Blue Ridge, looking in the direction of the

Catawba. It was a wilderness of mountains, whose foundations could not be fathomed by the eye, while in the distance, towering above all the peaks, rose the singular and fantastic form of the Table Mountain. Not a sign of the breathing human world could be seen in any direction, and the only living creature which appeared to my view was a solitary eagle, wheeling to and fro far up towards the zenith of the sky.

8. I come now to speak of the Lindville Falls, which are situated on the Lindville River, a tributary of the beautiful Catawba. They are literally embosomed among the mountains, and, long before seeing them, do you hear their musical roar. The scenery about them is as wild as it was a hundred years ago—not even a pathway has yet been made to guide the tourist into the stupendous gorge where they reign supreme.

9. At the point in question, the Lindville is about one hundred and fifty feet broad, and though its waters have come down their parent mountains at a most furious speed, here they make a more desperate plunge than they ever dared to attempt before, when they find themselves in a deep pool, and suddenly hemmed in by a barrier of gray granite, which crosses the entire bed of the river. In their desperation, they finally work a passage through the solid rock, and after filling another hollow with foam, they make a desperate leap of at least one hundred feet, and find a resting-place in an immense pool, which one might easily imagine to be bottomless.

10. And then, as if attracted by the astonishing feats performed by the waters, a number of lofty and exceedingly fantastic cliffs have gathered themselves together in the immediate neighborhood, and are ever peering over each other's shoulders into the depths below. But as the eye wanders from the surrounding cliffs, it falls upon an isolated

column several hundred feet high, around which are clustered, in the greatest profusion, the most beautiful of vines and flowers. This column occupies a conspicuous position a short distance below the Falls, and it were an easy matter to imagine it a monument erected by Nature to celebrate her own creative power.

11. With a liberal hand, indeed, has she planted her forest-trees in every imaginable place; but with a view of even surpassing herself, she has filled the gorge with a variety of caverns, which astonish the beholder, and almost cause him to dread an attack from a brotherhood of spirits. But, how futile is my effort to give an adequate idea of the Lindville Falls and their surrounding attractions! When I attempted to sketch them, I threw away my pencil in despair; and I now feel that I should be doing my pen a kindness if I were to consume what I have written. I will give this paragraph to the world, however, trusting that those who may hereafter visit the Lindville Falls, will award to me a little credit for my *will*, if not for my *deed*.

1. IS'O-LA-TED; detached or separated.

2. DI-AM'E-TER; distance across.

3. FAN-TAS'TIC; whimsical, odd.

4. RET'I-NUK; a train of attendants.

5. TOUR'IST (*toor'ist*); a traveller, one who makes a roving or rambling journey.

6. CON-SPIC'U-OUS; prominent.

LXIV.

WHICH?

1. "WHICH shall it be? which shall it be?"

I looked at John—John looked at me,
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet).

And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said?"
And then I listening bent my head.
This is his letter:

2. "I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye¹ is given."
3. I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not spare!
Of seven hungry months to feed,
Of seven little children's need,²
And then of this.
4. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed³ our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept:
Her damp curls lay like gold alight,⁴
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her—not her."⁵
5. We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there
In sleep so pitiful⁶ and fair;

I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

6. Pale, patient Robby's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! sad Dick! our wayward son,
'Turbulent,' reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
'To send him from her bedside prayer."
7. Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love:
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
'The while my heart beat audibly."
Only one more, our eldest lad,
'Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not, let him go!"
8. And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
'Thinking of that of which we dreamed.

Happy in truth that not one face
 We missed from its accustomed place ;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting then to ONE IN HEAVEN !

1. AYE (ā); always, ever.

2. NEED; necessity, occasion for aid.

3. SURVEY'ED; viewed attentively.

4. A-LIGHT'; lighted up.

5. PRY-FUL; tender.

6. SUP'FER-ING; pain, distress.

7. TUR'BULENT; unruly.

8. AUD'I-BLY; in a manner to be heard.

9. COURT'EOUS (kōrt'yūs); polite, addressable.

LXV.

THE ALARM.—BANCROFT.

[GEORGE BANCROFT was born in Worcester, Mass., 1800. As a historian he ranks high. His great work, entitled "History of the United States," is a production of peculiar merit. The style is vivid and animated, full of point and energy, often merging into fervor and eloquence. The following selection is a graphic description of the transmission of the war news, immediately after the fight at Concord and Lexington, on the 19th of April, 1775.]

1. DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds' on swift relays' of horses transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne north, and south, and east, and west, throughout the land.

2. It spread over the bays that received the Savannah and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille' broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean-river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

3. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an an-

swer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed* the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina.

4. It moved onward through boundless groves of evergreen to Newbern and to Wilmington. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick.

5. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its notes at the border, and dispatched* it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos and moss-clad live-oaks, still further to the south, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. Hillsborough and the Mecklenburg district of North Carolina rose in triumph, now that their wearisome uncertainty had its end.

6. The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers* that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watanga, and French Broad.

7. Ever renewing* its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless* valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April, by naming their encampment LEXINGTON.

8. With one impulse the colonies sprang to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other, "to be ready for the extreme events." With one heart, the continent cried "Liberty or death."

1. HER'ALD; a courier, forerunner.

2. RE-LAYS'; horses kept to relieve others and prevent delay.

3. RE-VEIL-LE (re-vail'yā); the beat of a drum at about break of day.

4. TRAVERS'ED; crossed.

5. DIS-PATCH'ED; hastened, expedited.

6. BAR'RI-ERS; boundaries.

7. RE-NEW'ING; repetition, reviving.

8. MATCH'LESS; unrivalled.

LXVI.

ANECDOTE OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

1. A GENTLEMAN, who possessed an estate of about five hundred pounds a year in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The elder, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying the will that had been made in the elder brother's favor, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of this report.

2. In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but being in destitute circumstances, found it difficult to establish his claims. At length he met with a lawyer who interested himself in his cause so far as to consult the first judge of the age, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice, in regard to it. The judge satisfied himself as to the justice of the claims of the elder brother, and then promised his assistance.

3. The cause came to trial at Chelmsford, in Essex. On the appointed day, Sir Matthew Hale disguised himself in the clothes of an honest miller whom he had met on his way, and, thus equipped, entered the county hall where the cause was to be tried. Here he found out the plaintiff and, entering into conversation with him, inquired what were his prospects; to which the plaintiff replied, "My cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it I am ruined for life."

4. "Well, honest friend," replied the pretended miller, "will you take my advice? Every Englishman has the right and privilege to take exception to any one jurymen through the whole twelve; now, do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why, and, if possible, get

me chosen in place of some one whom you shall challenge, and I will do you all the service in my power."

5. The plaintiff shook the pretended miller by the hand, and promised to follow his advice; and so, when the clerk called over the names of the jurymen, he objected to one of them. The judge on the bench was much offended at this liberty. "What do you mean," he asked, "by taking exception to that gentleman?"—"I mean, my lord," said the plaintiff, "to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

6. The judge had been highly bribed; and, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having confidence in the superiority of his party, he said, "Well, sir, whom would you wish to have in place of him you have challenged?" After a short time spent in looking round upon the audience, "My lord," said the plaintiff, "I will choose yonder miller, if you please." Accordingly the supposed miller was directed to take his place on the jury.

7. As soon as the clerk of the court had administered the usual oath to all, a little, dexterous fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden guineas into the hand of every one of the jurymen except the miller, to whom he gave but five. "How much have you got?" whispered the miller to his next neighbor.

"Ten pieces," said the latter.—The miller said nothing; the cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence that could be adduced in his favor were brought forward.

8. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, like the judge. The witnesses deposed that they were in the same country where the brother died, and had seen the burial of his mortal remains. The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence, and everything went with a full

side in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation.—“And now, gentlemen of the jury,” said he, “lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem just.”

9. They waited but a few minutes; and then supposing that all were determined in favor of the younger brother, the judge said: “Gentlemen, are you all agreed? and who shall speak for you?”—“We are, I believe, all agreed,” replied one; “our foreman shall speak for us.”—“Hold, my lord,” replied the miller; “we are not all agreed.”—“Why?” said the judge, in a very surly tone, “what’s the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing?”

10. “I have several reasons, my lord,” replied the miller. “the first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses.” Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such penetration of judgment, such a knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

11. As the speaker was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him. “Where did you come from, and who are you?”—“I came from Westminster Hall,” replied the miller; “my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are nowise worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this nefarious business. I will come up this moment, and try the cause over again.”

12. Accordingly Sir Matthew went up, with his miller’s

dress and hat on, began the trial anew, and subjected the testimony to the most searching scrutiny.* He made the elder brother's title to the estate clear and manifest, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unravelled all the sophistry* of the latter to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

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| <p>1. PLAINTIFF; the person who commences a suit to recover his rights; opposed to <i>defendant</i>.</p> <p>2. PRE-CARIOUS; uncertain.</p> | <p>3. DEPOSED; declared under oath.</p> <p>4. NE-FARIOUS; wicked.</p> <p>5. SCRUTINY; examination.</p> <p>6. SOPHISTRY; false reasoning.</p> |
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LXVII.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.—TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON was born at Somesby, England, 1809. His first poems appeared in 1830, since which time his fame as a poet has steadily increased. He was crowned Poet Laureate of England in 1850.]

1. RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night:
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going—let him go:
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps¹ the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud² of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes³ of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times.
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust^a of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
8. Ring in the valiant⁷ man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

a. SAYS; undermines, destroys.
FEUD; contention.
MODES; ways, customs.
1. RHYMES; poetry.

5. SPITE; malice, ill-will.
6. LUST; longing desire, eagerness to possess.
7. VAL/ANT; brave, intrepid.

LXVIII.

THE COLISEUM.—LE VERT.

[MADAME OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT, whom Frederika Bremer, the Swedish authoress, designates as the "sweet rose of Florida," was born near Augusta, Georgia, but resided many years in Florida, of which her father—the State being then a Territory—had been appointed governor. In 1836 she married Dr. Henry Le Vert, of Mobile. Madame Le Vert is the author of "Souvenirs of Travel," and numerous fugitive pieces, and is distinguished for brilliant social talents and extensive literary acquirements.]

1. The Coliseum is crumbling fast away; Rome has fallen from her early grandeur; but the world progresses more proudly than ever, for that fair and glorious land beyond the broad Atlantic has been added to the treasures of time,

—that unrivalled land, the birthplace of Washington and of freedom, which seems, "Pallas-like,* to have sprung from the head of Jove," with all the knowledgo of departed centuries, and the experience of long-buried nations.

2. At the end of a soft and balmy day of spring, we first entered the Coliseum. Its immensity and desolation were overpowering. The lips absolutely refused to frame into words the emotions inspired by this grandest of ruins. So, to escape questions from our party concerning the impression made upon my mind, I stole away from them, and climbing up a mass of stone, I found a little nook, where I seated myself, and, free from interruption, gazed upon the wondrous extent of the majestic Coliseum.

3. It is of oval form, and when perfect, the walls were one hundred and fifty feet in height. Now, the lofty rim around it is broken in all directions. The deep blue sky seemed to rest like a roof above the arches, which rose up tier above tier to the summit, where once floated an awning, as protection from the midday sun. It is built of *travertine* rock, whose coarse grain and porous texture afford a safe lodgment for grains of dust. These soon became soil, whence spring myriads of flowers, and tufted bushes of dark-green foliage.

4. Nature appeared to have seized the ruin from decay, and hidden the ravages of the destroyer beneath a mantle of verdure, sprinkled with glowing blossoms, belonging to a flora³ unknown elsewhere save in ancient Rome. There were delicate vines clinging around enormous prostrate columns, while long tendrils, like garlands, were waving in the air. Along a terrace³ which encircled the arena, were still visible rauges of boxes, intended for the emperors and nobles. This was covered as though with a carpet, so

* PALLAS, according to the heathen mythology, sprang, armed and fully grown, from the brain of Jove.

various and brilliant-hued were the flowers growing upon it. Far up along the edge of the broken battlements⁴ was a fringe of green and shining ivy.

5. The Coliseum was commenced by Vespasian, and finished by his son Titus in the year 80, a few years after the destruction of Jerusalem. Twelve thousand captured Jews were compelled to labor incessantly in its construction, and when it was completed, for one hundred days gladiatorial combats were held within it, and thousands of Christians were torn to pieces by the wild tigers, lions, and leopards.

6. During four hundred years, the Coliseum was devoted to these fearful games, where gladiators met, or where savage beasts buried their claws in the quivering flesh of human beings. Seas of blood have washed over the broad arena, and myriads* of martyrs to the faith of our holy Redeemer, have yielded up their souls to God within those circling walls. Hence, with all these memories crowding on the mind, I could readily picture the terrific scenes of those horrible days, when

7. "The buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-reared applause.
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such was the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial⁵ pleasure."

8. In the reign of Honorius these frightful combats were abolished. The Coliseum remained perfect for many centuries, until it became a kind of quarry of stone and marble, with which many great palaces were built. It is said that the nephew of Paul the Third asked permission to remove stone only for twelve hours. This being granted to him by his uncle, he employed four thousand men, who

* A very extravagant statement.

assailed the walls, and bore away sufficient material to build the *Farnese Palace*, one of the largest in Europe.

9. Pope Benedict, in 1750, caused a cross to be erected in the centre of the arena, and consecrated it to the martyrs^s who had perished within it. There are now rude altars, with paintings illustrating the progress of the Saviour from the prison to the place of his crucifixion. Just after twilight a long train of monks, with a linen mask entirely concealing their faces, went chanting around the arena. Great shadows falling from the walls above, seemed now and then to engulf them in dark caverns, as they passed along.

10. Even more suggestive of picturesque and wild grandeur was the Coliseum at night, when the bright stars were out, and the tender beams of the young moon were just disappearing beyond the ivy-crowned rim of the lofty walls. With that view ended our first visit; but often again did I see it. If Mount Blanc may be styled the "Monarch of Mountains," the Coliseum may be justly hailed as the "Sovereign of Ruins."

1. Po'rous; full of poros.

2. Flo'ra; a description of flowers.

3. Ten'race; a raised platform of earth.

4. Bar'tle-ments; walls with openings or embrasures.

5. Im-pe'ri-al; pertaining to an empire or to an emperor.

6. Man'tres; those who by their death bear witness to the truth of the Gospel.

LXIX.

THE TRAVELLER.—BEVERLY TUCKER.

[BEVERLY TUCKER, the son of the eminent jurist, St. George Tucker, was born at Malton, Virginia, in 1784. After completing his collegiate course he prosecuted the study of law, and in 1815 he removed to Missouri, where he remained fifteen years, obtaining in that State an appointment as judge. Shortly after his return to Virginia (1831), he was elected Professor of Law in William and Mary College, which position he held until his death, in 1851.]

Judge Tucker is the author of a volume of Lectures, etc., a work on "Pleadlog," and three novels, "George Balcombe," "The Partisan Leader," and "Gertrude." He was also a contributor to the *Southern Review*. His style is described by Mr. Simms as rich, flowing, and classical.

The selection for this lesson is from the opening chapter of his novel of "George Balcombe," the scene a prairie in Missouri.]

1. "You have made it very clear," said I, "that I have come from a distance ; but why from Virginia ?"

"Because from nowhere else. Not from the Western country, or you would have asked me more questions in five minutes than, as it is, I think you will in a week. Besides, you are a judge of horseflesh : I see that you admire my mare, and you would have been beating about me for a trade before this."

2. "You are not from the South, or you would have been on wheels. You are not from the East, or you would never have made that frank speech which just preceded my remark, 'that you were lately from Virginia.' And by the same token, you are from below the mountains ; and I should locate you on tide-water, and designate you an alumnus¹ of William and Mary. Am I right ?"

"You are."

3. "You see how curiosity whets observation, and how that is whetted by a residence in this remote country. Hence the universal propensity to ask questions. When restrained by delicacy, or self-respect, or respect for others, curiosity effects its object by keen observation."

"I think," said I, "I may infer, from all this, that you, too, are a Virginian."

4. "Of course, I would not suppose you could doubt it. There is a sort of freemasonry among us by which we know each other. By the by, it is time I were giving you one of its 'due signs and tokens.' A Virginian who suffers another, who is a stranger in the land, to part company with him at his own gate, should be turned out of the lodge. I

would not disparage^s my neighbors of the City of Arlington, but I am afraid your accommodations there would not much refresh you after a hard day's ride."

5. "I suppose there is a public house there?"

"Not exactly. In the first place, there is nobody there who lays himself out for entertainment of travellers; and, in the second place, though there is a town there, yet, properly speaking, there is no house."

"Why, then, was I directed there?"

6. "Because there is a man there who will take your money for what you eat, if you can get it (and that depends on his gun), and for what your horse *should* eat, whether he gets it or no; and that, I suspect, depends mainly on the negroes in the neighborhood."

"Your account is rather discouraging."

7. "Yes; but I am only showing you the greater evil. I think my shanty is the best of the two, and I am the more anxious that you should choose wisely, because I foresee that you will not travel to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"Because 'I hear the sound of much rain,' and see signs of it, too."

"Hear! I hear nothing in all this vast solitude but the sound of our voices and our horses' hoofs."

"Listen a moment. Do you hear nothing else?"

8. "I hear something like the sound of an axe."

"That axe is more than two miles off."

"And what of that?"

"Were it not about to rain, it could not be heard half the distance."

"But I never saw a more beautiful night"

"Nor I."

"The wind is in the west, the moon is light, the atmosphere is clear, and the clouds are drifting east in the sky."

at a rate which will soon sweep them all to the Atlantic And see how light and beautiful they are."

9. "True! they are beautiful. Do you observe their milky whiteness?"—"Yes."

"Do you observe the intense blaze of the sky?"—"Yes."

"Do you mark the deep chasms between the clouds? not as if they glided along the *surface* of the blue vault, but as if it lay myriads of miles beyond them. See! it is the *moon* that is set in the solid vault. The clouds are *here*—though far above us, still comparatively *here*—is it not so?"

"It is."

10. "Well, whenever you see that appearance, make up your mind to spend the next day wherever you spend the night; and so make up your mind to spend the night where you wish to spend the next day. Now, if you are what, as a Virginian, I would have you to be, you will take me at my word; if not, you will begin to talk about hating to give trouble—and so I shall let you go."

11. I paused, and was at a loss what to say; so he went on: "I see I have posed you. So, before you commit yourself too far, it is but just to add, that I have no house, any more than my neighbor Dennis at Arlington. But I can keep you dry, and the weather will keep you warm; and I can give you something to eat, and a book to read, and, as you know well enough by this time, I can talk to you. So, end as you began with me. Speak up frankly, and say that you will camp with me."

"Then frankly," said I, "I thank you, and I will."

"Good," said he; "and here we are at my field."

12. We were indeed at the corner of an enclosure, along one side of which we rode, until we came to a rude slip gap in the fence. This my comrade let down. We led our horses over, and found ourselves between two black walls of Indian corn, rustling in the night-wind. Nothing was

visible before us but the narrow turning row which served for a road, until we reached an open space in the field of an acre or two. Here I found myself by the side of a low log-cabin, through the open crevice of which gleamed the red light of a large fire. Before the door stood the dusky figure of a negro, who took our horses.

13. As yet I had seen nothing of a dwelling-house, or even of the promised shanty; but as we turned the corner of the cabin, a strong light gleamed upon us. This proceeded from a dwelling, which I will describe now as I saw it the next day. It consisted of two pens, each about ten feet square, made of such timbers as are used for joists, set on edge, one above another, and dove-tailed into each other at the corners. The two were placed about ten feet apart and both were covered by a roof, which sheltered the intervening space. The floors of this passage, and of both rooms, consisted of loose, rough boards. Into each room was entered a doorway and a window; but there was no door, nor any means of closing either that or the window, but blankets hung up by way of curtains.

14. In the passage stood a table, covered, as for supper, with a white tablecloth, a neat set of china, and the necessary accompaniments; and from this table flamed two large candles, which threw their light to the spot where we were. The figure of my companion was in the light, mine in the shade, as we advanced. In front of the table stood one of the most striking female forms I ever beheld—tall and queenlike, and, as I soon found, in the bloom of youth, and with a countenance corresponding in expression with the air of her person.

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| 1. A-LUM'NUS; a pupil: one educated at a college is called an alumnus of that institution. | 2. PRO-PEN'SI-TY; disposition to any thing good or evil; inclination. |
| | 3. DIS-PAR'AGE; to undervalue. |

LXX.

NATURAL SCENERY.—ALEXANDER.

[ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, the eminent scholar and divine, was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, in 1772. He was the first Professor of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., and the author of many valuable contributions to our theological literature. He died in 1851.]

1. WHETHER the scenery with which our senses are conversant¹ in early life has any considerable effect on the character of the mind, is a question not easily determined. It would be easy to theorize² on the subject; and formerly I indulged in many incubations,³ which at the time seemed plausible,⁴ all tending to the conclusion that minds developed under the constant view and impression of grand or picturesque scenery must, in vigor and fertility of imagination, be greatly superior to those who spend their youth in dark alleys, or in the crowded streets of a large city, where the only objects which constantly meet the senses are stone and brick walls, and dirty and offensive gutters.

2. The child of the mountains, who cannot open his eyes without seeing sublime peaks penetrating beyond the clouds, stupendous rocks, and deep and dark caverns, enclosed by frightful precipices, thought I, must possess a vivid impression of the scenes of nature, by which he will be distinguished from those born and brought up in the city, or in the dull, monotonous plain, where there is neither grandeur nor variety. Perhaps there might be a little vanity mingled with these speculations,⁵ as it was my lot to draw the first breath of life at the foot of a lofty mountain, and on the bank of a roaring mountain-torrent, where the startling reveille was often the hideous⁶ howling of hungry wolves.

3. But when I attempted to recollect whether I had, in the days of childhood, ever experienced any sensible in-

pression from the grandeur of surrounding objects, or had ever been led to contemplate these objects of nature with any strong emotion, I could not satisfy myself that any thing of this sort had ever occurred. The only reminiscence was of impressions made by the novelty of some object not before seen; or some fancied resemblance to something with which I was familiar. Two mountains, somewhat remarkable, were frequently surveyed by me with delight—the House Mountain, and the Jump Mountain,—both appertaining to a ridge, called in the valley the North Mountain.

4. The first of these is a beautiful mountain which stands out at some distance from the main ridge, and from the middle of the valley exhibits something of the shape and appearance of a house. From Lexington and its vicinity, the view of this mountain is pleasant and imposing. The idea of its resemblance to a house took strong hold of my imagination; and especially because at the western end there was the resemblance of a shed, which corresponded with such an appendage to the house in which my childhood was spent. And now, when I revisit the place of my nativity, whilst almost every thing else is changed, the House Mountain remains the same, and I gaze upon it with that peculiar emotion which attends the calling up in a lively manner the thoughts and impressions of infancy.

5. The idea of a perfect resemblance to a house was so deeply imprinted on my mind, in relation to this mountain, that I was greatly discomposed and disturbed in my thoughts, when a boy, by having occasion to travel a few miles towards the east end of the mountain, and finding that every resemblance of a house was gone; and when, instead of one beautiful, uniform mountain, as smooth and steep as the roof of a house, I now beheld two rough-looking spurs, separated at a considerable distance from each other. This

obliteration of a pleasing idea from the mind was painful; and whenever I was in a situation to see the mountain under this aspect, the unpleasant impression was renewed.

6. Every traveller among mountains must have noticed how remarkably they vary their appearances as he changes his position; and not only so, but from the same site a prominent mountain exhibits a wonderful variety of aspects according to the state of the atmosphere. This I believe is what is called *looming*, and was much noticed by Mr. Jefferson from Monticello, particularly in relation to that remarkable isolated mountain called Willis's, which elevates its head to a considerable height, at a great distance from any other mountain or hill.

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|---|---|
| 1. CON-VER'SANT; acquainted. | 6. HIN'E-ous; distressing to the ear, frightful. |
| 2. THE'O-RIZE; to form theories, or speculations. | 7. REM-I-NIS'CE-oe; recollection, remembrance. |
| 3. LU-OU-BRA'TIONS; studies. | 8. AP-PEN'DAGE; addition. |
| 4. PLAUS'I-BLE; apparently right. | 9. OB-LIT-ER-A'TION; the act of effacing; extinction. |
| 5. SPEO-U-LA'TIONS; thoughts, ideas, theories. | |

LXXI.

HERNANA AND THE HAT.—CALDWELL.

[MRS. MARSH CALDWELL was born at Staffordshire, England, at the close of the last century. She is one of the most popular, as well as most productive of modern novelists.]

1. BUT now again she meditates upon her father's hat; and the more she looks at it the shabbier she thinks it: in truth, she could not think it shabbier than it really was; and she also remembers that Philip Gorhambury made game of it yesterday; only yesterday. Her father must have a new hat.

2. She was a privileged person. She might go into her father's little study whenever she would. If he were busy, or if he were melancholy, he would gently send her out

again; but most often he took her upon his knee, and cheered his mind with a little prattling and joking before he let her go. So she made no scruple of opening his study door, and there she found him with an open drawer before him. The drawer, in fact, was that in which he kept his money; which money (strange employment for him to be caught in!) he was counting and recounting over and over. The treasure was made up of pieces but small in value—shillings, sixpences, pence, and halfpence. He sighed as he gathered the tiny heap in his hand; and then shuffling it into the further division of the drawer, he shut it, and looked up with—

3. "And what do you come for, my little girl?"

She had the hat in her hand.

"Papa, I am come to talk to you about your hat."

"Well, child! But you haven't brushed it, Hernana. You are a little sloven. I thought you would have made it quite spruce by this time."

4. "Mrs. Alworthy says it is not brushable."

"Nonsense of Mrs. Alworthy. It looks bad, to be sure," said he, regarding it with a queer sort of smile; "and how it is to last me six months longer, may be a question to be asked; but it must do for the present, my love."

"Oh, papa! but Mrs. Alworthy, and Philip Gorham-bury, and everybody, say it is so shabby."

"I am sorry for that."

5. "Philip says he should be quite ashamed if he was me, to walk out with such a hat."

"Does he? And does Mrs. Alworthy?"

"No; she never said so; but Philip does, over and over."

"And *are* you ashamed, Hernana?"

"Why—why, no; but," and the color rose to her olive cheek, "I do wish you *would* buy a new hat. Do, dear papa, do."

6. "But if I have no money to buy one?"

"Dear papa; but you have some money. You were counting a great heap of money, as large as this, when I came into the room."

"But suppose I want the money for other things?"

"Oh! but what other things? Nothing shows so much as a hat. Philip says—"

7. "What does Philip say?"

"He says—oh, papa! it's so shocking—that people call you stingy; and think you mean and a miser, for nobody else would dress so unlike a gentleman. That's what he says, papa; and it makes me almost cry to hear him."

8. "Come here, my little Hernana (for you look ready, at all events, to cry now), and sit down upon your father's lap, and let us talk about it. Does my child say that everybody cries shame upon her father because he does not get himself a new hat? And do they call it mean and miserly?" Was that it? What is mean and miserly, little woman? Do you know what those terms signify?"

"Something very horrid, I am sure; and what everybody hates; and what you are not, I am certain, papa; for everybody loves you."

9. "That's very good of everybody, I am sure, when a man wears a shabby hat. I did not think there had been so much goodness in the world. So it's mean and miserly in me, is it, Hernana?"

"So they say; and I can't bear to hear it. Do, pray, papa, get a new hat."

10. "A mean person," Mr. Lovel went on, bending his beautiful serious eyes upon his daughter's face, "is one who spares his money by taking unfair advantages of others; who endeavors to obtain services unrecompensed; and to discharge duties—the duties of hospitality, liberality, and

generosity—by halves, in order to save the appearance, and avoid the cost. Dost thou understand me, child?”

“Yes, papa, I do.”

11. “A miser is one,” Mr. Lovel continued, “who hoards his money for no purpose but to gratify the base desire of mere possession—the sin of covetousness. Now, Hernana, though it may not become a man to speak for himself, this once I must do it. I am *not* mean, for I am penurious toward myself, not another: I am *not* miserly, for the money I save is not intended to be hoarded. Child, we are very poor people, you and I, and it is difficult for the poor to walk uprightly, and honorably, and liberally, and generously; and it is most especially difficult to avoid false shame. But, my dear, we must be all these things, and we *must* defy false shame, if we would acquit ourselves to God and to our own consciences.”

12. “You understand me, I see you do,” he went on; for the expressive eyes of the little girl showed that she did. “And now I will tell you why I have not, and why I cannot for a long time, have a hat. There is a man in this city who has fallen into great poverty by no fault of his own, and his children are crying for bread. He is not a beggar; he cannot take refuge in the workhouse with his children; he would rather lie down and die than do that. He once, when my father was in difficulties, lent him money. I must now lend *him* money. What I have, he shall have. It would cost me a guinea to buy a new hat—half of all I can spare at present; I choose to give it to this man, to buy bread for his children, Hernana; and I will wear a shabby hat, call me mean and miserly who may. Shall you be ashamed to walk with me now, Hernana?”

13. She made no answer; she still held the hat. Presently she began to press it to her bosom, and to cover it with kisses—with tears. She slid down from her father’s knee, carrying

the hat with her. Oh! how she and Mrs. Alworthy brushed and smoothed, and did the impossible to improve its appearance! And they so far succeeded that when Mr. Lovel put it upon his head, he declared that he did not know his own hat again!

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| 1. SCRUT'LE; doubt, small cause of hinderance.
2. MR'SER-LX; pennrions.
3. SPARE; to use frugally.
4. UN-FAIR'; not honest, disingenuous. | 5. HUS-PI-TAL'I-TT; entertainment of friends or strangers.
6. CON'SCIENCE; the faculty within us which approves or condemns our actions as right or wrong. |
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LXXII.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.—F. M. FINCH.

[The following poem was suggested by reading that the women of Columbus Mississippi, strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederates and of the National soldiers.]

1. BY the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;—
 Under the one, the Blue;
 Under the other, the Gray.

2. These in the robings¹ of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,²
 In the dusk of eternity meet;—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;—
 Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

3. From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden² with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.
4. So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially⁴ tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed⁵ with gold, the Gray.
5. So when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip⁶ of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.
6. Sadly, but not with upbraiding,⁷
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7. No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 Our anger is banished forever
 When are laurelled^a the graves of our dead
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;—
 Love and tears, for the Blue;
 Tears and love, for the Gray.

1. ROB'INGS; garments.

2. GORY; bloody.

3. LA'DEN; loaded.

4. IM-PARTIAL-LY; without partiality.

5. MELLOWED; softened, smoothened.

6. DRIP; that which falls in drops.

7. UP-BRAID'ING; reproaching.

8. LAURELLED; crowned with laurels.

LXXIII.

THE SNOW-STORM.—WILSON.

1. LITTLE HANNAH LEE had left her master's house, soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself, she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sang to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations¹ that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds.

2. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside

—her parents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow;—friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid² pearls round her forehead.

3. She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay half-way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Serae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song, and, had there been a human eye to look upon it there, it might have seen a shadow upon her face.

4. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably³ intermingled,⁴ and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being numbed into insensibility.

5. "It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep!" thought she,—but still she scarcely thought of her own

danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and, thinking benignly^a of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sorrow. At last, she could no longer discern^a a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of the sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted—and, shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

6. It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow—of a mother and a child frozen to death on that very moor—and in a moment she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep; for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her; so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work, happy in her sleep—happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child—and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through, in some quiet nook among the pastoral^l hills. But now there was to be an end of all this—she was to be frozen to death, and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirkyard.^a

7. The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed—and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer;" and, drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover—"Our Father

which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name—Thy Kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.” Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity—and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

8. The maiden, having prayed to her Father in Heaven—then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child; he too, had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation; that could rise in a father's heart blindly seeking to resene his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

1. CON-STEL-LA'TION; cluster of stars.

2. LU'CID; shining with light.

3. IN-TER-MIN-A-BLY; without limit.

4. IN-TER-MIX'LED; mixed with.

5. BE-NIGN'LY; kindly, graciously.

6. DIS-CEIN'; perceive, see.

7. PAS'TOR-AL; rural.

8. KIRK'YARD; churchyard.

LXXIV.

A QUAKER'S MEETING.—LAMB.

[CHARLES LAMB was born in London, England, 1775, and died in 1834. He was one of the foremost English humorists of the nineteenth century. He is best known by his "Essays of Elia," and "Tales from Shakespeare."]

1. READER, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet means; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamors¹ of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from

the consolatory² faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate,³ a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

2. Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made?" go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities⁴ of the earth; shut not up thy case-ments; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faithed, self-mistrusting Ulysses:—retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

3. Frequently it is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the *Tongue*, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness.

4. Oh, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings⁵ and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench among the gentle Quakers. Their garb and stillness conjoined⁶ present a uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—"forty feeding like one."—The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.

1. CLAM'ORS; out-cries.

2. CON-SOL'A-TO-RY; assuaging grief.

3. AG-GRE-GATE; mass, collection.

4. PRO-FUND'I-TY; depth of place.

5. JANG'LINGS; contentions.

6. CON-JOINED'; united.

LXXV.

WASHINGTON.—MARSHALL.

[JOHN MARSHALL, the author of the "Life of Washington," and for many years Chief-Justice of the United States, was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, in 1755. He served in the Revolutionary War, attaining the rank of captain, and was present at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth; after the war he studied for the bar, and was admitted in 1780. In 1782 he was elected to the Legislature of his State. In 1797 he was sent as minister to France, with Pinckney and Gerry, on a special mission, and on his return he was elected to Congress, in 1799. Here he achieved great reputation, and in important Constitutional debates gave evidence of those judicial talents which elevated him to the Chief-Justiceship in 1801; an office which he filled for thirty-four years, until the time of his death in 1835, and with which his memory and fame are identified. He is described by Benton as "supremely fitted for high judicial station—a solid judgment, great reasoning powers, acute and penetrating mind; with manners and habits to suit the purity and sanctity of the office; attentive, patient, laborious; grave on the bench, social in the intercourse of life; simple in his tastes, and inexorably just."]

1. In the sober language of reality, without attempting to deck a figure with ornaments or with qualities borrowed from the imagination, a person who has had some opportunity to observe him while living, and who since his decease has most assiduously¹ inspected his private and public papers, will endeavor faithfully to give the impressions which he has himself received.

2. General Washington was rather above the common size, his frame was robust, and his constitution vigorous—capable of enduring great fatigue, and requiring a considerable degree of exercise for the preservation of his health. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness. His manners were rather reserved than free, though they partook nothing of that dryness and sternness which accompany reserve when carried to an extreme; and on all proper occasions, he could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation, and the pleasures of society.

3. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, unmingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible ; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent, but always respectful. His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory,³ but there was a quickness in his sensibility to any thing apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to watch and to correct.

4. In the management of his private affairs, he exhibited an exact yet liberal economy. His funds were not prodigally² wasted on capricious and ill-examined schemes, nor refused to beneficial though costly improvements. They remained therefore competent to that expensive establishment which his reputation, added to a hospitable temper, had in some measure imposed upon him ; and to those donations which real distress has a right to claim from opulence.⁴

5. He made no pretensions to that vivacity which fascinates, or to that wit which dazzles, and frequently imposes on the understanding. More solid than brilliant, judgment rather than genius constituted the most prominent feature of his character.

6. As a military man, he was brave, enterprising, and cautious. That malignity⁵ which has sought to strip him of all the higher qualities of a general, has conceded to him personal courage, and a firmness of resolution, which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. But candor will allow him other great and valuable endowments. If his military course does not abound with splendid achievements, it exhibits a series of judicious⁶ measures adapted to circumstances, which probably saved his country.

7. Placed, without having studied the theory, or been taught, in the school of experience, the practice of war, at

the head of an undisciplined, ill-organized multitude, which was unused to the restraints and unacquainted with the ordinary duties of a camp, without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire, it would have been a miracle indeed had his conduct been absolutely faultless. But possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind, on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors, if he committed any, were quickly repaired; and those measures which the state of things rendered most advisable, were seldom if ever neglected.

8. In his civil administration,⁷ as in his military career, were exhibited ample and repeated proofs of that practical good sense, of that sound judgment which is perhaps the most rare, and is certainly the most valuable quality of the human mind. Devoting himself to the duties of his station, pursuing no object distinct from the public good, he was accustomed to contemplate at a distance those critical situations in which the United States might probably be placed; and to digest, before the occasion required action, the line of conduct which it would be proper to observe.

9. Taught to distrust⁸ first impressions, he sought to acquire all the information which was attainable, and to hear, without prejudice, all the reasons which could be urged for or against a particular measure. His own judgment was suspended until it became necessary to determine, and his decisions, thus maturely made, were seldom if ever shaken. His conduct therefore was systematic, and the great objects of his administration were steadily pursued.

10. No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action whose integrity was more incorruptible,⁹ or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination¹⁰ of those selfish and unworthy passions which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives

were the same ; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity.

11. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments and to his own countrymen were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction which forever exists between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as the truth of the maxim, that "honesty is the best policy."

12. If Washington possessed ambition, that passion was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the means of its gratification, nor was personal aggrandizement¹² its object. The various high and important stations to which he was called by the public voice were unsought by himself ; and in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to a general conviction that the interests of his country would be thereby promoted, than to his particular inclination.

13. Neither the extraordinary partiality¹³ of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he experienced, had any visible influence upon his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind.

14. In him, that innate and unassuming modesty which adulation¹⁴ would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of

personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds, and that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it.

15. It is impossible to contemplate the great events which have occurred in the United States under the auspices of Washington, without ascribing them, in some measure, to him. If we ask the causes of the prosperous issue of a war against the successful termination of which there were so many probabilities—of the good which was produced, and the ill which was avoided during an administration fated to contend with the strongest prejudices that a combination of circumstances and of passions could produce—of the constant favor of the great mass of his fellow-citizens, and of the confidence which, to the last moment of his life, they reposed in him—the answer, so far as these causes may be found in his character, will furnish a lesson well meriting the attention of those who are candidates for political fame.

16. Endowed by nature with a sound judgment, and an accurate discriminating mind, he feared not that laborious attention which made him perfectly master of those subjects, in all their relations, on which he was to decide; and this essential quality was guided by an unvarying sense of moral right, which would tolerate the employment only of those means that would bear the most rigid examination; by a fairness of intention which neither sought nor required disguise; and by a purity of virtue which was not only untainted, but unsuspected.

1. AS-SID'U-ous-ly; diligently, attentively.

2. CON-cil'i-a-tory; tending to reconcile and make peace.

3. PRON'i-gal-ly; with profusion, lavishly, wastefully.

4. OP'u-lence; wealth, riches.

5. MA-lig'ni-ty; evil disposition.

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| 6. JU-DI'CI'OUS; wise, prudent. | 10. CON-TAM-I-NA'TION; taint, pollution. |
| 7. AD-MIN-IS-TRA'TION; the act of administering; management, or government of public affairs. | 11. DU-PLI'O-I-TY; fraud, deception. |
| 8. DIS-TRUST'; doubt. | 12. AO'GRAN-DIZ-EMENT; exaltation, power, rank, and wealth. |
| 9. IN-CON-RUP-TI-BLE; that cannot be bribed; inflexibly just and upright. | 13. PAR-TI-AL'I-TY; preference. |
| | 14. AD-U-LA'TION; excessive flattery or praise. |

LXXVI.

INSECT LIFE.—BACHMAN.

[The subjoined selection is an extract from an essay on the "Morals of Entomology," by JOHN BACHMAN, D. D., of Charleston, S. C.]

1. INSECTS are further deserving of our notice from their various and curious structure, their extraordinary metamorphoses,¹ their remarkable instincts, their wonderful habits, and the variety and beauty of their colors. But I will not enter into detail under these different heads; it would require many volumes, and the subject would not even then be exhausted. But let it suffice to state, that in almost every department of science or of duty, the study of the insect tribe offers a rich reward to its votaries.² The entomologist³ finds, in examining their organization, enough to fill him with wonder and astonishment. He is struck with their metamorphoses, their instinct, and their industry.

2. He finds that man has been anticipated by this feeble race in many of his inventions and discoveries. He finds that, in architecture, insects were before him in rearing houses with staircases, arches, domes, and colonnades.⁴ The white-ants have taught him to construct a tunnel twelve times larger, in proportion to their size, than that which is now carrying on under the Thames. He finds that paper is

no new invention, but was beautifully fabricated by an insect ever since the world began. He finds a spider building his house in the deep water, which he keeps inflated by means of something more ingenious than an air-pump ; he descends, without getting wet, in a natural diving-bell, and dwells securely, and is kept dry in the bottom of rivers.

3. He finds insects possessed of instruments and apparatus^s more ingenious than those which the ingenuity of man has enabled him to invent ; he finds that they are furnished with augers, gimlets, knives, lancets, scissors, and forceps. From the industry and untiring vigilance they display in guarding their young, he learns a lesson of parental affection. He sees our Carolina mason-wasp, for instance, building its dwelling with an admirable cement, which it is taught to prepare, and which is superior to any mortar. Here it forms its cell, the cradle of its young, and in each cell where it deposits an egg, it places a certain number of spiders, that may serve as food for its expected brood. These it is taught by instinct to render air-tight, that the spiders may not decay till they are needed as food.

4. He sees certain species of ants (one of which is common with us, and is often found in decayed trees) which are born with wings, when they have made use of these to convey them to suitable places where they are to commence their labors and rear their families, by a powerful effort ridding themselves of wings, which might be an impediment^t to them in the discharge of their new, active, and laborious duties. He sees them when their houses are disturbed, like the fond mother whose dwelling is in flames, seizing the larvæ^s of their young in their mouths, and carrying them to a place of security. If, under these circumstances, they are bruised and wounded, they still hold on to their beloved charge : let them be cut asunder, or let the flames be applied to them, and they yet will not relinquish their hold.

And even when that mysterious principle called life has passed away, they are found clinging to their offspring.

5. He sees all this ; he pauses, wonders, and adores. He is at a loss to discern where instinct ends, and where reason begins. As a lover of the beauties of nature, he is not insensible to the rich and ever-varying colors with which a bountiful Creator has adorned many species of the insect tribe. He sees beetles which outvie in brilliancy the burnished gold, the emerald, the amethyst, and the topaz. He sees in the wings of several species of locusts a fabrication infinitely more delicate than the finest lace. And among the lepidopterous^s tribes, the butterflies and moths, he is dazzled by every shade and color, vieing with the deepest and purest azure of the sky.

“ Who can paint like Nature ?

Can imagination boast amid her gay profusion
Hues like these ? ”

6. He has been instructed by the book of God in the cheering doctrine of the resurrection of the body. There he has been taught that man, the child of the earth, a crawling worm, when his career is finished here below, casts off the earthly body and is laid in the ground ; that in due time, that which was sown an earthly body, shall be raised a spiritual body, endued with new and augmented powers, enabling him to wing his way to a purer, a happier, and immortal state. And the doctrine which he has learned in God's revealed word, he now finds written in legible characters by the same Almighty hand in the book of Nature. And here the metamorphoses of insects serve to strengthen our faith in holy writ.

7. The caterpillar first crawls on the earth, is sustained by ordinary kinds of food, and engaged in incessant labors. When it has existed a few weeks or months in this humble

form, its work being finished, it passes into a chrysalis' state, resembling the sleep of death; it is wound up in a kind of shroud and encased in a coffin, and is buried in the earth, or fastened to some branch in the air, or sunk in the water. In the appointed time, earth, air, and water give up their several prisoners; warmed by the sun, they come forth from their state of torpidity,¹⁰ as a bride out of her chamber, arrayed in nuptial glory. They are prepared to enjoy a new and more exalted condition in life, and, having arrived at the perfection of their nature, they feed on the nectar of flowers, traverse the fields of air, and love begins its blissful reign.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. MET-A-MOR'PHO-SES (singular, metamorphosis); changes of form or shape. 2. VO'TA-RIES; those devoted to any study or pursuit. 3. EN-TO-MOL'O-GIST; one versed in the science of insects. 4. COL-ON-NADES'; series of columns placed at regular intervals. 5. AP-PA-RAT-ES; instruments, tools. 6. IM-PED'I-MENT; obstacle. 7. LAR'VÆ; insects in their grub or | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> first state after the egg, which precedes the perfect formation. 8. LEP-I-DOP'TER-OUS; belonging to the order of the lepidoptera, insects having four wings covered with scales, as the butterflies. 9. CHYRS'A-LIS; the form which butterflies and some other insects assume before they arrive at their winged or perfect state. 10. TOR-PID'I-TY; the state of being torpid, or inactive. |
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LXXVII.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT."

[The authorship of this beautiful and touching poem has been claimed by a Northern lady and by a Southern author. In a collection of Southern war poetry, edited by WM. GILMORE SIMMS, Esq., it is attributed to LAMAR FONTAINE. The sentiment of the poem does not indicate whether it is of Northern or Southern authorship.]

1. "ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
 "Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle ;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

2. All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping :
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

3. There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain :
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother, may Heaven defend her !

4 The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken ;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

5. He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footsteps are lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of a wood dark and droary.

Hark ! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves ?
 Was't the moonlight so wondrously flashing ?
 It looked like a rifle—" Ha !—Mary, good-bye !"
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

6. All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river ;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead-
 The picket's off duty forever !

LXXVIII.

CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL IN DOUBTING CASTLE.—BUNYAN.

[JOHN BUNYAN was born at Elston, England, in 1628. As a writer of allegories he probably excels all others ; so that it has been said of him, " If Shakespeare is the first of dramatists, Bunyan is the first of allegorists." He died in London, 1688.]

1. Now there was, not far from the place where Hopeful and Christian lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair ; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping : wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake ; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then, said the Giant, you have this night trespassed¹ on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me.

2. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark

dungeon, damp and disagreeable to the spirits of these two men. Psalm lxxxviii. 18. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance.

3. Now in this place Christain had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

The Pilgrims now to gratify the flesh,
Will seek its ease; but oh! how they afresh
Do thereby plungo themselves new griefs into!
Who seek to please the flesh themselves undo.

• Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Dillicence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done; to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them.

4. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste.² Then he falls upon them, and bents them fearfully, in such sort, that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor.

5. This done, he withdraws and leaves them, there to condole³ their misery, and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding they

were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; for why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?

6. But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no.

7. Well, toward evening the Giant goes down to the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

8. At this they trembled greatly,* and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel; and whether yet they had best to take it or no.

Now night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and

* Isaiah, li. 20.

if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, they are sturdy rogues, they choose rather to bear all hardship, than to make away themselves.

9. Then, said she, Take them into the castle-yard tomorrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them. So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them, as his wife had bidden him.

10. These, said he, were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered, that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end.

11. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the Giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

12. Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half-amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I thus to lie in a dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called

Promise,* that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

13. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key, opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went mighty hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. They then went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

14. Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive* with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after, from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave* upon the side thereof this sentence—"Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

1. TRES'PASSED; intruded.

2. DIS-TASTE'; aversion of feeling, dislike.

3. CON-DOLE'; to grieve over, sympathize.

4. DIS-COURSE'; conversation.

5. CON-TRIVE'; to plot.

6. EN-GRAVE'; to cut with a chisel, to imprint.

* This key was Hebrews, II. 14, 15.

LXXIX.

PATRICK HENRY.—WILLIAM WIRT.

[PATRICK HENRY was born in Virginia, in 1736; and after receiving a common-school education, and spending some time in trade and agriculture, he commenced the practice of law, after only six weeks' preparatory study. After some years of comparative obscurity, he obtained distinction in managing the popular cause in a legal controversy between the legislature and the clergy. In 1765, he was elected to the House of Burgesses, in which position he won lasting fame by his spirited opposition to the measures of the British government. He was a natural orator of the highest order, possessing great powers of imagination, sarcasm, and humor, united with an impassioned delivery. He died in 1799.]

1. THE following is the fullest description which the author has been able to procure of Mr. Henry's person. He was nearly six feet high; spare, and what may be called raw-boned, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; his complexion was dark, sun-burnt, and sallow, without any appearance of blood in his cheeks; his countenance grave, thoughtful, penetrating, and strongly marked with the lineaments of deep reflection; the earnestness of his manner, united with an habitual contraction or knitting of his brows, and those lines of thought with which his face was profusely furrowed, gave to his countenance, at some times, the appearance of severity; yet such was the power which he had over its expression, that he could shake off from it in an instant all the sternness of winter, and robe it in the brightest smiles of spring.

2. His forehead was high and straight, yet forming a sufficient angle with the lower part of his face; his nose somewhat of the Roman stamp, though, like that which we see in the bust of Cicero,* it was rather long, than remarkable for its Cæsarean form. Of the color of his eyes, the

* Cicero (*Sis'e-ro*), the greatest of Roman orators, born 106 B. C.

accounts are almost as various as those which we have of the color of the chameleon.¹ They are said to have been blue, gray, hazel, brown, and black. The fact seems to have been, that they were of a bluish-gray, not large; and being deeply fixed in his head, overhung by dark, long, and full eyebrows, and further shaded by lashes that were both long and black, their apparent color was as variable as the lights in which they were seen. But all concur in saying that they were, unquestionably, the finest feature in his face—brilliant, full of spirit, and capable of the most rapidly shifting and powerful expression—at one time piercing and terrible, and then again soft and tender.

3. His cheeks were hollow—his chin long, but well formed, and rounded at the end, so as to form a proper counterpart to the upper part of his face. In short, his features were manly, bold, and well-proportioned, full of intelligence; and adapting themselves intuitively² to every sentiment of his mind, and every feeling of his heart. His voice was not remarkable for its sweetness; but it was firm, full of volume, and rather melodious than otherwise. Its charms consisted in the mellowness and fulness of its note, the ease and variety of its inflections, the distinctness of its articulation, the fine effect of its emphasis, the felicity³ with which it attuned itself to every emotion, and the vast compass which enabled it to range through the whole empire of human passion, from the deep and tragic half whisper of horror, to the wildest exclamation of overwhelming rage.

4. In mild persuasion it was as soft and gentle as the zephyr of spring; while, in rousing his countrymen to arms, the winter storm that roars along the troubled Baltic was not more awfully sublime. It was at all times perfectly under his command; or rather, indeed, it seemed to command itself, and to modulate its notes, most happily, to the sentiment he was uttering. It never exceeded, or fell short

of the occasion. There was none of that long-continued and deafening vociferation,⁴ which always takes place when an ardent speaker has lost possession of himself—no monotonous⁵ clangor, no discordant shriek.

5. Without being strained, it had that body and enunciation which filled the most distant ear, without distressing those which were nearest him: hence it never became cracked or hoarse, even in his longest speeches, but retained to the last all its clearness and fulness of intonation,⁶ all the delicacy of its inflection, all the charms of its emphasis, and enchanting variety of its cadence. His delivery was smooth, and firm, and well accented; slow enough to take along with him the dumbest hearer, and yet so commanding that the quick had neither the power nor the disposition to get the start of him. Thus he gave to every thought its full and appropriate force; and to every image, all its radiance and beauty.

6. No speaker ever understood better than Mr. Henry the true use and power of the pause; and no one ever practised it with happier effect. His pauses were never resorted to for the purpose of investing an insignificant thought with false importance; much less were they ever resorted to as a means to gain time for thinking. The hearer was never disposed to ask, "why that pause?" nor to measure its duration by a reference to his watch. On the contrary, it always came at the very moment when he would himself have wished it, in order to weigh the striking and important thought which had just been uttered; and the interval was always filled by the speaker with a matchless energy of look, which drove the thought home through the mind and through the heart.

7. His gesture, and this varying play of his features and voice, were so excellent, so exquisite,⁷ that many have referred his power as an orator principally to that cause; yet

this was all his own, and his gesture, particularly, of so peculiar a cast, that it is said it would have become no other man. I do not learn that it was very abundant; for there was no trash about it—none of those false motions to which undisciplined speakers are so generally addicted; no chopping nor sawing of the air; no thumping of the bar to express an earnestness, which was much more powerfully, as well as more elegantly, expressed by his eye and his countenance.

8. Whenever he moved his arm, or his hand, or even his finger, or changed the position of his body, it was always to some purpose; nothing was inefficient—every thing told; every gesture, every attitude, every look, was emphatic; all was animation, energy, and dignity. Its great advantage consisted in this—that various, bold, and original as it was, it never appeared to be studied, affected, or theatrical, or “to overstep,” in the smallest degree, “the modesty of nature;” for he never made a gesture, or assumed an attitude, which did not seem imperiously demanded by the occasion. Every look, every motion, every pause, every start, was completely filled and dilated^s by the thought which he was uttering, and seemed, indeed, to form a part of the thought itself.

9. His action, however strong, was never vehement. He was never seen rushing forward, shoulder foremost, fury in his countenance, and frenzy in his voice, as if to overturn the bar, and charge his audience sword in hand. His judgment was too manly and too solid, and his taste too true, to permit him to indulge in any such extravagance. His good sense and his self-possession never deserted him. In the loudest storm of declamation, in the fiercest blaze of passion, there was a dignity and temperance which gave it seeming. He had the rare faculty of imparting to his hearers all the excess of his own feelings, and all the violence and tumult

of his emotions, all the dauntless spirit of his resolution, and all the energy of his soul, without any sacrifice of his own personal dignity, and without treating his hearers otherwise than as rational beings. He was not the orator of a day; and therefore sought not to build his fame on the sandy basis of a false taste, fostered, if not created, by himself. He spoke for immortality; and therefore raised the pillars of his glory on the only solid foundation—the rock of nature.

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|---|--|
| 1. CHA-ME'LE-ON; an animal of the lizard kind, which has the power of greatly changing its color. | 4. VO-CIF-ER-A'TION; loud utterance. |
| 2. IN-TU'I-TIVE-LY; by immediate perception. | 5. MO-NOT'O-NOUS; continued with dull uniformity. |
| 3. FE-LIC'I-TY; happiness (here used in the sense of happy or excellent manner). | 6. IN-TO-NA'TION; manner of modulating the voice. |
| | 7. EX-QUI-SITE (<i>eks'kue-sit</i>); very excellent, delightful. |
| | 8. DI-LAT'ED; enlarged, expanded. |

LXXX.

THE LEPER.—WILLIS.

[NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS was born in Portland, Maine, 1807. He distinguished himself while in college by a series of sacred poems, many of them founded on biblical topics. He gained considerable reputation as a journalist and sketch-writer. His style is graceful, easy, and flowing, sometimes sparkling with wit or humor. He died in 1867.]

1. "Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came,
The cry pass'd on—"Room for the leper! Room!"
Sunrise was slanting¹ on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully to their toil; and up
Rose the sharp hammer's elink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city-murmur swells—

Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with the night's dull silence, or the sick
Hailing² the welcome light and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.

2. "Room for the leper!" And aside they stood -
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
With a difficult utterance,³ like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"

3. 'Twas now the first
Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's palmiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien⁴
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with henisons⁵—and this was he!

4. With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld⁶.

Even his voice was changed ; a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear, silver key ;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
And very air were steeped in sluggishness.

5. He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed' like an aspen shook.
Day after day, he lay as if in sleep.
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard, unmoistened scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
—And Helon was a leper!

6. And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

7. It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds

Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.

8. Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name--
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And arose and stood before Him.

9. Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear, yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.

10. His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace:
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest moon; His hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.

11. He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand

And laved⁹ the sufferer's brow, and said, "Be clean!"
 And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed¹⁰ with delicious coolness through his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and his lips
 The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipped Him.

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| 1. SLANT'ING; sloping, shining obliquely. | 6. ELDER; old ago. |
| 2. HAIL'ING; welcoming. | 7. JER'EED; a short club or javelin
dashed by Turks. |
| 3. UTTER-ANCE; speech, act of uttering
words. | 8. UN-SHORN'; uncut. |
| 4. MANNER; manner. | 9. LAVED; bathed. |
| 5. BEN'E-SONS; blessings, benedictions. | 10. COURSED; flowed. |

LXXXI.

CRIME ITS OWN DETECTIVE.—WEBSTER.

[DANIEL WEBSTER was born in Salisbury, N. H., 1782. He was one of the greatest of American jurists, orators, and statesmen. He was powerful and logical in debate, and swayed an audience with consummate skill. He died in 1852.]

1. AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium,¹ how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

2. Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent² anywhere—certainly none in our New England history. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere

pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet—the first sound slumbers of the night hold him in their soft, but strong embrace.

3. The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiseless foot, he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

4. The room was uncommonly light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

5. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the pontiard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer!

6. It is accomplished! The deed is done! He retreats—retraces his steps to the window, passes through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

7. Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the

splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe: *"murder will out."*

8. Truc it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

9. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself—or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself—it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth.

10. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master; it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence.

11. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst

forth. It must be confessed ; it will be confessed ; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

1. OP-PRO'BUR-UM ; reproach, disgrace.

2. PREC'E-DENT ; previous similar occurrence.

3. PA'CES ; walks slowly over.

4. RE-POSE' ; tranquillity.

5. BLUD'GEON ; a short, thick stick.

6. EX-PLOR'E' ; scrutinize.

LXXXII.

LAW OF COMPENSATION IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

MAURY.

[MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY was born in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, in 1806. His parents removed to Tennessee in his fourth year. He was much indebted for his education to the Rev. James H. Otey, who early detected young Maury's great intellectual promise. In 1824 he obtained a midshipman's commission, was placed on board the *Brandywine*, and sailed with General Lafayette to France. In 1835 he published a work on Navigation, and, in 1839, "a Schemo for Rebuilding Southern Commerce." In 1842 he first proposed the plan for a system of uniform Observations of Winds and Currents, which forms the basis of his celebrated and valuable charts and sailing-directions. In 1850, he published "The Physical Geography of the Sea,"—a work in which he has embodied the results of his varied investigations in a narrative of remarkable clearness and interest, and which has given him a world-wide fame. He was for a number of years at the head of the National Observatory, near Washington, an institution which owes its extent and efficiency mainly to his efforts.]

(FROM "THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA.")

1. WHENEVER I turn to contemplate the works of Nature, I am struck with the admirable system of compensation, with the beauty and nicety with which every department is poised¹ by the others ; things and principles are meted out in directions the most opposite, but in proportions so exactly balanced and nicely adjusted, that results the most harmonious are produced.

2. It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit,² and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven ; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at the end of a thousand

years, the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come to its proper place at the proper moment.

3. Nay, philosophy teaches us, when the little snow-drop, which in our garden-walks we see raising its beautiful head to remind us that spring is at hand, was created, that the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to the fibres of even this little plant.

4. Botanists tell us that the constitution of this plant is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different: in that case, the strength of fibre in the snow-drop, as it is, would have been too much or too little; the plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time, fecundation³ could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been in "itself," and therefore it could not reproduce itself.

5. Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment,⁴ in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world?

6. When the east winds blow along the Atlantic coast

for a little while, they bring us air saturated¹ with moisture from the Gulf-stream, and we complain of the sultry, oppressive, heavy atmosphere; the invalid grows worse, and the well-man feels ill, because, when he takes this atmosphere into his lungs, it is already so charged with moisture that it cannot take up and carry off that which encumbers his lungs, and which nature has caused his blood to bring and leave there, that respiration may take up and carry off. At other times the air is dry and hot; he feels that it is conveying off matter from the lungs too fast; he realizes the idea that it is consuming him, and he calls the sensation parching.

7. Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and regulate them in the due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained to set out with the assumption that, if the atmosphere had had a greater or less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different—if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise—the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state.

8. But God chose to make those kingdoms what they are; for this purpose it was necessary, in His judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and water, and the desert, just as they are, and to make the capacity of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is, and to have it do all its work in obedience to law and in subservience² to order. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture, or the property given to the sea by which its waters may become first vapor, and then fruitful showers or gentle dews?

9. If the proportions and properties of land, sea, and air were not adjusted according to the reciprocal³ capacities of all to perform the functions required by each, why should

we be told that He "measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Why did He span the heavens, but that He might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have, in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which He designed it?

10. Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law and subject to order in all their movements; when we consult them in the performance of their offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness, and the wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena⁸ connected with the winds of heaven, and the waves of the sea are second to none for the good which they do, and the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear His voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel His presence in every breeze that blows?

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| 1. POISED; balanced. | 6. SUB-SER'VI-ENCE; obedience. |
| 2. OR'BIT; the circle or path travelled by the earth. | 7. RE-CIP'RO-CAL; mutual, interchangeable. |
| 3. FE-OUN-DA'TION; act of rendering fruitful. | 8. PHE-NOM'E-NA; the laws and methods of things; the conditions and appearances, whether usual or unusual, of the natural world. |
| 4. AD-JUST'MENT; arrangement. | |
| 5. SAT'U-RATED; supplied to fulness. | |

LXXXIII.

THE MARCH OF DE SOTO.—CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

1. On the 31st of May, 1539, the bay of Santo Spiritu,* in Florida, presented a curious spectacle. Eleven vessels of quaint shape, bearing the broad banner of Spain, were moored close to the shore; one thousand men of infantry, and three hundred and fifty men of cavalry, fully equipped, were landing in proud array under the command of Hernando De Soto, one of the most illustrious companions of Pizarro† in the conquest of Peru, and reputed one of the best lances of Spain!

2. "When he led in the van of battle, so powerful was his charge," says the old chronicler of his exploits, "so broad was the bloody passage which he carved out in the ranks of the enemy, that ten of his men-at-arms could with ease follow him abreast." He had acquired enormous wealth in Peru, and might have rested satisfied, a knight of renown, in the government of St. Jago de Cuba, in the sweet enjoyment of youth and power.

3. But his adventurous mind scorned such inglorious repose, and now he stands erect and full of visions bright, on the sandy shore of Florida, whither he comes, with feudal pride, by leave of the king, to establish nothing less than a marquisate,² ninety miles long by forty-five miles wide, and there to rule supreme, a governor for life of all the territory that he can subjugate.⁴

4. What materials for romance! Here is chivalry, with all its glittering pomp, its soul-stirring aspirations, in full

* So named by De Soto. Now called Tampa Bay.

† Francis Pizarro, born in Spain in 1475, discovered Peru, in 1524, in conjunction with Almagro, and in 1532 achieved its conquest.

march, with its iron heels and gilded spurs, towards the unknown and hitherto unexplored soil of Louisiana. In sooth, it must have been a splendid sight! Let us look at the glorious pageantry⁵ as it sweeps by, through the long vistas of those pine woods! How nobly they bear themselves, those bronzed sons of Spain, clad in refulgent armor! How brave that music sounds! How fleet they move, those Andalusian⁶ chargers, with arched necks and dilated nostrils!

5. But the whole train suddenly halts in that verdant valley, by that babbling stream, shaded by those venerable oaks with gray moss hanging from their branches in imitation of the whitening beard of age. Does not the whole encampment rise distinct upon your minds?

6. The tents with gay pennons, with armorial⁷ bearings: the prond steed whose impatient foot spurs the ground: those men stretched on the velvet grass, and recruiting their wearied strength by sleep; some singing old Castilian⁸ or Moorish roundelays;⁹ others musing on the sweet rulers of their souls, left in their distant home; a few kneeling before the officiating¹⁰ priest, at the altar which a moment sufficed for their pious ardor to erect, under yonder secluded bower; some burnishing their arms; others engaged in mimic warfare and trials of skill or strength.

7. De Soto is sitting apart with his peers in rank if not in command, and intent upon developing to them his plans of conquest, while the dusky faces of some Indian boys and women in the background express wild astonishment. None of the warriors of that race are to be seen; they are reported to be absent on a distant excursion. But, methinks that at times I spy through the neighboring thickets the fierce glance of more than one eye, sparkling with suppressed fury of anticipated revenge. What a scene! and would it not afford delight to the poet's imagination or to the painter's eye?

8. In two ponderous volumes, the historian relates the thousand incidents of that romantic expedition. What more interesting than the reception of Soto at the court of the Princess Cofachiqui ! What battles, what victories over men, over the elements themselves, and over the endless obstacles thrown out by rebellious nature ! What incredible physical difficulties overcome by the advancing host !

9. How heroic is the resistance of the Mobilians and of the Alabamas ! With what headlong fury those denizens of the forest rush upon the iron-clad warriors, and dare the thunders of those whom they take to be the children of the sun ! How splendidly described is the siege of Mobile, where women fought like men, and wrapped themselves up in the flames of their destroyed city rather than surrender to their invaders !

10. But let the conquering hero beware ! Now he is encamped on the territory of the Chickasaws, the most ferocious of the Indian tribes. And lucky was it that Soto was as prudent as he was brave, and slept equally prepared for the defence and for the attack. Hark ! in the dead of a winter's night, when the cold wind of the north, in the month of January, 1541, was howling through the leafless trees, a simultaneous howl was heard, more hideous far than the voice of the tempest. The Indians rush impetuous, with firebrands, and the thatched roofs which sheltered the Spaniards are soon on fire, threatening them with immediate destruction.

11. The horses rearing and plunging in wild affright, and breaking loose from their ligaments ;" the undaunted Spaniards, half naked, struggling against the devouring element and the unsparing foe ; the desperate deeds of valor executed by Soto and his companions ; the deep-toned shouts of St. Jago and Spain to the rescue ; the demon-like shrieks of the red warriors ; the final overthrow of the Indians ; the

hot pursuit by the light of the flaming village ;—form a picture highly exciting to the imagination, and cold indeed must he be who does not take delight in the strange contrast of the heroic warfare of chivalry on one side, and of the untutored courage of man in his savage state, on the other.

12. It would be too long to follow Soto in his peregrinations¹³ during two years, through part of Alabania, Mississippi, and Tennessee. At last he stands on the banks of the Mississippi, near the spot where now flourishes the Egyptian-named city of Memphis. He crosses the mighty river, and onward he goes, up to the White River, while roaming over the territory of the Arkansas. Meeting with alternate hospitality and hostility on the part of the Indians, he arrives at the mouth of the Red River, within the present limits of the State of Louisiana. There he was fated to close his adventurous career.

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| 1. CHRON'I-CLEA; a recorder of events. | 7. AR-MO'RI-AL; belonging to armor |
| 2. FEU'DAL; relating to what is held by tenure or right of a superior. | 8. CAS-TIL'IAN; pertaining to Castile, a province of Spain. |
| 3. MAR'QUIS-ATE; the dynasty or lordship of a marquis. | 9. ROUN'DE-LAY; a kind of poem. |
| 4. SUB'JUG-ATE; conquer. | 10. OX-FI'CI-A-TINO; discharging the duties of an office. |
| 5. L'AO'EANT-RY; pomp, show, spectacle. | 11. DEN'I-ZENS; residents, citizens. |
| 6. AN-DA-LU'IAN; pertaining to Andalusia, a province of Spain. | 12. LIO'A-MENTS; bands, cords. |
| | 13. PER-E-GRI-NA'TIONS; wanderings, travels. |

LXXXIV.

DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—T. B. THORPE.

1. THE excitement that prevailed in Europe as the first fruits of the discovery of America manifested themselves, even at this day be but dimly realized. The riches that

seemed inexhaustible, the grandeur, the mystery, the strange people of the new continent inhabiting it, affected the imaginations of every class of society. The mind of the civilized world was suddenly startled into wild wakefulness at the prospect of a future which had no apparent limits in its promises of wealth, and in the traditions of the past no precedents¹ for its unfolding magnificence.

2. The man, however, who led the way sprung from obscurity; he had no patent of nobility from the existing sovereigns, and imperial as were admitted to be his triumphs, they were but grudgingly acknowledged, and were finally repaid by neglect and disgrace. Cortez* and Pizarro, who followed Columbus in the path of glory, were also "adventurers," and depended upon their genius alone for their success. When De Soto, therefore, announced his proposed expedition to Florida, his enormous wealth, his known valor and prudence, his high standing with Charles the Fifth, and his acknowledged connection with the aristocracy of the country, gave a personal interest to his expedition in circles not before affected.

3. Armed with vice-regal power, De Soto established a court at Seville, which, for splendor and the number of its attendants, rivalled that of the Emperor. Men of all conditions of life—many of noble birth and good estate—enrolled themselves as his followers. Houses and vineyards, gardens of olive-trees, and land devoted to tillage, were sacrificed in order to obtain military equipments. Portuguese hidalgos,¹ famed for brilliant exploits in the wars with the Moors, volunteered their services. The port of San Lucca of Barrameda was crowded by those who wished to embark in the enterprise.

* Fernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. He landed in Mexico in 1518; burnt his ships in order that there might be no return, and marched into the interior. In the siege of Mexico over 100,000 Mexicans perished.

4. A whole year being consumed in preparations for departure, each day was distinguished by a tournament,³ or some costly celebration, such as had never before been witnessed in the land. Spain, with the prolonged entertainment, became "Florida mad," and, forgetting what had already been accomplished, indulged in dreams of new discoveries under the lead of the "munificent Adelantado"⁴ that would sink into insignificance the already realized glories of Mexico and Peru.

5. De Soto remained some months in Cuba, where he assumed the reins of government, and indulged his followers in enacting over again the showy spectacles which had preceded his departure from Seville. At last, amidst salvos⁵ of artillery, the waving of plumes, and a lavish display of the gorgeous ceremonies of his church, he departed for the "promised land." From this time forward his history becomes one of melancholy interest, his life a display of fruitless bravery, joined with a courage that met with no adequate reward.

6. In his wanderings De Soto finally reached the banks of the Mississippi, and this seems to have been his last appearance surrounded by the peaceful possession of the pomp and circumstances of a Spanish cavalier. Unsuccessful as had been his enterprise, up to this moment he never indulged the idea of failure. Stories of the existence of great cities and of untold treasures, somewhere in the wilderness, still allured him on, and these reports were always confirmed by the natives immediately around him, in order to hasten his departure from their midst.

7. As the broad, unbroken river, "more than a mile wide, and filled with floating trees," rolled in silent grandeur before his astonished eyes, he seemed to feel the mysterious influence of an important culminating⁶ era in his history. In the presence of thousands of gayly-dressed natives, at

tructed by curiosity, and for the time inspired by fear, he commemorated' the event by firing of cannon, the rejoicing of his followers, the erection of a gigantic cross, and the celebration of high mass by the attendant priests—a proper hallowing by Christianity of the flood-tides that drain the most remarkable and richest valley of the world.

8. The exploration of the country westward of the Mississippi only increased De Soto's misfortunes. After wandering for more than a year among interminable swamps, his followers thinned by disease and the weapons of the unrelenting foe, when again he reached the shores of the river his body was weakened by fever, and his great soul overcome with hopeless melancholy.

9. Some rude brigantines' were constructed, in which De Soto and the remnant of his followers launched themselves on their way to the south. The deep mists of the river enveloped them as in a shroud, the overhanging moss of the trees waved as funeral palls, and the genial sunshine only lighted the way for the missiles of an exasperated and now triumphant foe. The hero despaired and died; and where the dark Red River mingles its "bloody-looking" waters with those of the Mississippi—where all was desolation and death—his body, amidst silence and tears, was consigned to its last resting-place, and the mighty river became at once his glory and his grave.

10. One hundred and thirty years elapsed before any further attempt was made by Europeans to explore the river. Under the auspices of France, Father Marquette, a missionary among the Indians, and M. Joliet, an intelligent fur-trader residing at Quebec, neecomplished, to some extent, the important undertaking. When these adventurous travellers arrived at the high ridge of land which separates the waters of the north from those which flow towards the tropics, their Indian guides refused to go any further, and

endeavored to dissuade the party "from presuming on a perilous voyage among unknown and cruel nations, where they would encounter the hideous monsters which inhabited the great river, and which, rising from the boiling waves, swallowed all who ventured upon the treacherous surface."

11. The party proceeded, however, eleven hundred miles below the mouth of the Wisconsin, without meeting with any startling incident. Then it was that the difficulties of the voyage increased; the weather became intensely hot, and the insects, which filled the air, made life almost insupportable. Deciding to go no further, and deeming their mission accomplished, the voyagers retraced their way homeward, and after many weeks of hard labor against the strong current, they reached the mouth of the Illinois River in safety. Finding that this gentle stream afforded a direct and easy route to the great lakes, the travellers soon reached their homes. The information gained by the self-sacrificing courage of these men filled New France with rejoicing. It was believed that the long-desired route to China had been discovered.

12. Five years later, Monsieur La Salle, a native of Normandy, and one of the most remarkable and most unfortunate men of his age, by descending the Mississippi from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, completed the imperfect discoveries of De Soto and Marquette. The river, at its mouth, instead of possessing a channel proportionate to its extent and magnitude, pours its contributions to the ocean through three principal outlets and a great number of natural canals, all of which are, to the inexperienced eye, lost in the vast expanse of the Mexican Gulf. Approaching them from the sea, you first become aware of their vicinity by the appearance of floating trees, or the more strange phenomenon of vast bodies of fresh but turbid water, rolling unmingled with the green salt waves. La Salle, after a

fruitless search of several weeks, missed these outlets altogether ; and his colony, intended for Louisiana, established itself in Texas.

13. De Iberville was the first white man who ever entered "these passes" from the sea, and he was loth to believe that the almost undistinguishable lines of coast were all that indicated that he was on the bosom of the mighty river of the West. Ascending, however, the firmer banks began to develop themselves ; gigantic trees cast their dark and impenetrable shades over the landscape, and the native inhabitants appeared to greet his arrival among their solitary abodes. A new era of civilization on this continent was now inaugurated,¹⁹ and the incidents following, though stripped of the charms of mystery, receive the higher interest arising from witnessing, in forest wastes, the rapid development of the highest civilization.

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| 1. PREC'E-DENTS ; examples. | 6. CUL'MI-NA-TING ; coming to the highest point or altitude. |
| 2. HI-DAL'GOS ; noblemen of a lower class. | 7. COM-MEM'O-RA-TED ; celebrated by acts of solemnity. |
| 3. TORR'NA-MENT ; a mock fight in which the combatants exhibit their strength and skill. | 8. BRIG'AN-TINES ; vessels without decks. |
| 4. AD-E-LAN-TA'DO ; a title including both civil and military authority. | 9. AU'SPI-CES ; patronage, protection. |
| 5. SAL'vos ; military or naval salutes. | 10. IN-AU'GU-RA-TED ; begun, formally opened. |

LXXXV.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG RELATIVE—RANDOLPH.

[JOHN RANDOLPH was born in Prince George County, Virginia, in 1773. He was the son of a wealthy planter, and descended in the seventh degree from Pocahontas. His delicate constitution prevented his engaging in the usual athletic sports of childhood, and at a very early age he acquired a taste for books. He graduated at William and Mary College, and studied law with his uncle, Edmund Randolph, at Philadelphia. In 1799 he was elected

to Congress, and, with the exception of two or three brief intervals, he retained his seat in the House of Representatives for thirty years. He was noted for quick temper, strong antipathies, great sarcastic powers, and powerful invective; but his disposition was kindly, and he was a thorough-going friend. He died in 1831. The subjoined extracts are selected from his "Letters to a Young Relative," published in 1834.]

1. THIS independence, which is so much vaunted,¹ and which young people think consists in doing what they please, when they grow to man's estate (with as much justice as the poor negro thinks liberty consists in being supported in idleness by other people's labor)—this independence is but a name. Place us where you will, along with our rights there must exist correlative² duties; and the more exalted the station, the more arduous³ are these last.

2. Indeed, as the duty is precisely correspondent to the power, it follows that the richer, wiser, and more powerful a man is, the greater is the obligation upon him to employ his gifts in lessening the sum of human misery; and this employment constitutes happiness, which the weak and wicked vainly imagine to consist in wealth and finery. Look at the fretful, peevish, rich man, whose senses are as much jaded by attempting to embrace too much gratification, as the limbs of the poor post-horse are by incessant labor.

3. Do not, however, undervalue, on that account, the character of the real gentleman, which is the most respectable among men. It consists not in plate, and equipage,⁴ and rich living, any more than in the disease which that mode of life engenders;⁵ but in truth, courtesy, bravery, generosity, and learning, which last, although not essential to it, yet does very much to adorn and illustrate the character of the true gentleman.

4. Lay down this as a principle, that *truth* is to the other virtues what vital air is to the human system. They can

not exist at all without it ; and as the body may live under many diseases, if supplied with pure air for its consumption, so may the character survive many defects where there is a rigid attachment to truth. All equivocation^s and subterfuge^s belong to falsehood, which consists, not in using false words only, but in conveying false impressions, no matter how ; and if a person deceive himself, and I, by my silence, suffer him to remain in error, I am implicated in the deception ; unless he be one who has no right to rely upon me for information ; and in that case, it is plain, I could not be instrumental in deceiving him.

5. Remember that labor is necessary to excellence. This is an eternal truth, although vanity cannot be taught to believe or indolence to heed it. I am deeply interested in seeing you turn out a respectable man, in every point of view ; and, as far as I could, have endeavored to furnish you with the means of acquiring knowledge, and correct principles and manners at the same time. Self-conceit and indifference are unfriendly, in an equal degree, to the attainment of knowledge, or the forming of an amiable character. The first is more offensive, but does not more completely mar all excellence than the last.

6. The vanity of excelling in pursuits, where excellence does not imply merit, has been the ruin of many a young man. I should, therefore, be under apprehensions for a young fellow, who danced uncommonly well, and expect more hereafter from his heels than his head. Alexander, I think, was reproached with singing well, and very justly. He must have misapplied the time which he devoted to the acquisition of so great a proficiency^s in that art.

7. I once knew a young fellow who was remarkably handsome ; he was highly skilled in dancing and fencing—an exceedingly good skater, and one of the most dexterous^s

billiard-players and marksmen that I ever saw :—he sang a good song, and was the envy of every foolish fellow, and the darling of every silly girl who knew him. He was, nevertheless, one of the most ignorant and conceited puppies whom I ever beheld. Yet, it is highly probable, that if he had not been enamored¹⁰ of the rare qualities which I have enumerated, he might have made a valuable and estimable man. But he was too entirely gratified with his superficial¹¹ and worthless accomplishments, to bestow a proper cultivation on his mind.

8. When I was a boy, I was sometimes betrayed into promises, by the artful solicitation¹² of others, principally servants, whom I had not the firmness to deny. The courage which enables us to say "no" to an improper application, cannot be too soon acquired. The want of it has utterly ruined many an amiable man. My word, in a moment of facility,¹³ being once passed, I was even more tormented with the thoughts of the obligation into which I had unthinkingly entered, than by the importunity of those to whom it had been given. Let me advise you to profit by my warning, and never make a promise which you can honorably avoid. When any one proposes a matter to you, in the least degree repugnant to your feelings, have the courage to give a resolute, yet mild, denial.

9. Do not, through false shame, through a vicious modesty, entrap yourself into a situation which may dye your cheek with real shame. Say, "No, it will not be in my power—I cannot ;" or, if it be a thing which you would willingly do, but doubt your ability, take care to say, "I cannot promise, but, if it be in my power, I will do it." Remember, too, that no good man will ever exact a promise of a boy, or a very young person, but for their good ; never

for his own benefit. In short, a promise is always a serious evil to him who gives it—often to him who receives it.

10. When the Persian youth were taught to draw the bow, to speak the truth, and to keep a secret (which, in fact, is nothing but adhering to the truth, the divulger¹⁴ being at once a liar and a traitor), they overran all the Western Asia; but when they became corrupt and unfaithful to their word, a handful of Greeks was an overmatch for millions of them. A liar is always a coward.

11. To form good habits is about as easy as to fall into bad. What is the difference between an industrious, sober man, and an idle, drunken one, but their respective habits? It is just as easy for Mr. Harrison to be temperate and active, as it is for poor Knowles to be the reverse; with this great difference, that, exclusively of the effects of their respective courses of life on their respectability and fortunes, the exercises of the one are followed by health, pleasure, and peace of mind, whilst those of the other engender disease, pain, and discontent—to say nothing of poverty in its most hideous shape, want, squalid misery, and the contempt of the world, contrasted with affluent plenty, a smiling family, and the esteem of all good men.

12. Perhaps you cannot believe that there exists a being who would hesitate which of these two lots to choose. Alas! my son, vice puts on such alluring shapes, indolence is so seducing, that we revel whilst the sun shines, and, for a few hours of temporary pleasure, pay the price of perishing miserably in the winter of an old age. The industrious ants are wiser. By a little forbearance at the moment, by setting a just value on the future, and disregarding present temptation, they secure an humble and comfortable asylum.

All nature, my son, is a volume, speaking comfort and offering instruction to the good and wise.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. VAUNT'ED; boastfully asserted. 2. CON-DEL'A-TIVE; reciprocal, mutual, done by each to the other. 3. AN'DU-ous; laborious, difficult. 4. EQ'UI-TAGE; attendance, retinue, as persons, horses, carriages, etc. 5. EN-GEN'ERS; begets, creates. 6. E-QUIV-O-CA'TION; the use of words susceptible of more than one meaning. 7. SUB-TER-FUGE; an evasion, no artifice employed to deceive. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. PRO-FI'CIEN-OT; advance in the knowledge of an art. 9. DEX'TER-ous; skilful. 10. EN-AM'ORED; delighted, charmed. 11. SU-PER-FI'CIAL; being on the surface; shallow. 12. SO-LIC'I-TA-TION; an earnest request. 13. FA-CIL'I-TY; pliancy, easiness to be persuaded, ease of performance. 14. DI-VUL'GER; one who divulges or reveals a secret. |
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LXXXVI.

MARION, SUMTER, AND PICKENS.—LEE.

[LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY LEE, a distinguished cavalry officer in the war of the Revolution, and author of "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States," was born in Virginia, in 1756. In 1776, at the age of twenty, he was made captain of one of the six companies of cavalry raised by Virginia. He distinguished himself at Germantown, and was selected as his body-guard by Washington, who entertained for him a great personal friendship. His gallant services during the war were remembered by his fellow-citizens, and, in 1786, he was sent to Congress, and afterwards, in 1792, elected governor of his State. He was in Congress at the time of the death of Washington, and was selected by that body to pronounce the funeral eulogy, in which first occur those words now so memorable, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country men." He died in 1818.]

1. MARION* was about forty-eight years of age, small in stature, hard in visage, healthy, abstemious,¹ and taciturn.²

* Francis Marion, the distinguished partisan chief in the war of the Revolution, was born in Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732. Previous to the war, he occupied a seat in the Carolina Legislature; and upon the reorganization of that body upon the termination of hostilities, he was elected to the Senate. He died in 1795.

Enthusiastically wedded to the cause of liberty, he deeply deplored³ the doleful⁴ condition of his beloved country. The common weal was his sole object; nothing selfish, nothing mercenary,⁵ soiled his character. Fertile in stratagem, he struck unperceived; and retiring to those hidden retreats, selected by himself, in the morasses of Pedee and Black River, he placed his corps⁶ not only out of the reach of his foe, but often out of the discovery of his friends.

2. A rigid disciplinarian, he reduced to practice the justice of his heart; and during the difficult course of warfare through which he passed, calumny itself never charged him with violating the rights of person, property, or humanity. Never courting danger, he never rashly sought it; and acting for all around him as he did for himself, he risked the lives of his troops only when it was necessary. Never elated with prosperity, nor depressed by adversity, he preserved an equanimity⁷ which won the admiration of his friends, and exacted the respect of his enemies. The country from Camden to the sea-coast, between Pedee and Santee rivers, was the theatre of his exertions.

3. Sumter* was younger than Marion, larger in frame, better fitted in strength of body to the toils of war, and, like his compeer,⁸ devoted to the freedom of his country. His aspect was manly and stern, denoting insuperable⁹ firmness and lofty courage. He was not over-scrupulous¹⁰ as a soldier in his use of means, and apt to make considerable allowances for a state of war. Believing it warranted by the necessity of the case, he did not occupy his mind with critical examinations of the equity of his measures, or of their bearings on individuals, but indiscriminately pressed forward to his end—the destruction of his enemies and liberation of his country.

* Of the early life and history of Thomas Sumter little is known. He was born about the year 1734, and died in 1832, in his ninety-eighth year.

4. In his military character he resembled Ajax;* relying more upon the fierceness of his courage than upon the results of unrelaxing vigilance and nicely adjusted combination. Determined to deserve success, he risked his own life and the lives of his associates without reserve. Enchanted with the splendor of victory, he would wade in torrents of blood to attain it. This general drew about him the hardy sons of the upper and middle grounds; brave and determined like himself, familiar with difficulty, and fearless of danger. He traversed the region between Camden and Ninety-six.†

5. A third gentleman followed their example. Andrew Pickens,‡ younger than either of them, inexperienced in war, with a sound head, a virtuous heart, and a daring spirit, joined in the noble resolve to burst the chains of bondage riveted upon the two Southern States,§ and soon found himself worthy of being ranked with his illustrious predecessors." This gentleman was also promoted by the governor to the station of brigadier-general; and having assembled his associates of the same brave and hardy cast, distinguished himself and his corps, in the progress of the war, by the patience and cheerfulness with which every privation was borne, and the gallantry with which every danger was confronted. The country between Ninety-six and Augusta received his chief attention.

6. These leaders were always engaged in breaking up the smaller posts and the intermediate communications, or in

* One of the bravest of the Greek warriors, in the *Iliad* of Homer.

† A military post in Georgia.

‡ Andrew Pickens was born in Pennsylvania in 1739, and, while yet a child, his parents emigrated to South Carolina. After the war, he represented his district both in the State Legislature and in Congress. He died in 1817.

§ South Carolina and Georgia, which had been overrun by the British troops.

repairing losses sustained by action. The troops which followed their fortunes, on their own or their friends' horses, were armed with rifles, in the use of which they had become expert; a small portion only, who acted as cavalry, being provided with sabres. When they approached an enemy, they dismounted, leaving their horses in some hidden spot to the care of a few of their comrades. Victorious or vanquished, they flew to their horses, and thus improved victory or secured retreat.

7. Their marches were long and toilsome, seldom feeding more than once a day. Their combats were, like those of the Parthians, sudden and fierce; their decisions speedy, and all subsequent¹² measures equally prompt. With alternate fortunes they persevered to the last, and greatly contributed to that success which was the first object of their efforts.

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| 1. AN-SPE'MI-ous; temperate, partaking of plain and simple food only. | 7. E-qua-nim'i-ty; evenness of mind. |
| 2. TAO'I-TURN; silent, speaking but little. | 8. COM'FER; an equal, a companion. |
| 3. DE-FLORED; lamented, bewailed. | 9. IN-SU'PER-A-BLE, that which cannot be overcome or surmounted. |
| 4. DOLE'FUL; melancholy, sad, afflicted. | 10. SCRU'PE-LOUS; careful, conscientious. |
| 5. MER'CE-NA-RY; greedy of gain; actuated by a hope of reward. | 11. PRE-CUN'sONS; those who precede or go before. |
| 6. COUS (kôre), a body of troops. | 12. SUB'SE-QUENT; coming after, following. |

LXXXVII.

THE OLD FISHERMAN.—INGELOW.

[JEAN INGELow (In'ge-low) has acquired distinguished fame as a poetess. Her subjects are well chosen, and her thoughts original. She resides at Kensington, England. This selection is taken from "Brothers and a Sermon."]

1. THERE was a poor old man
Who sat and listened to the raging sea,

And heard it thunder, lunging' at the cliffs
As like to tear them down. He lay at night:
And "Lord have mercy on the lads," said he,
"That sailed at noon, though they be none of mine;
For when the gale gets up, and when the wind
Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,
And lulls and stops, and rouses up again,
And cuts the crest' clean off the plunging wave,
And scatters it like feathers up the field,
Why then I think of my two lads: my lads
That would have worked and never let me want,
And never let me take the parish pay.

2. No, none of mine; my lads were drowned at sea—
My two—before the most of these were born.
I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor wife
Walked up and down, and still walked up and down,
And I walked after, and one could not hear
A word the other said, for wind and sea
That raged and beat and thundered in the night—
The awfulest, the longest, lightest night
That ever parents had to spend—a moon,
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave.
Ah, me! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead months,
And got them home and dried them in the house,
And seen the driftwood' lie along the coast,
That was a tidy boat but one day back,
And seen next tide the neighbors gather it
To lay it on their fires.

8

"Ay, I was strong

And able-bodied—loved my work;—but now
I am a useless hull: 'tis time I sunk;
I am in all men's way; I trouble them;

I am a trouble to myself; but yet
I feel for mariners of stormy nights,
And feel for wives that watch ashore. Ay, ay,
If I had learning I would pray the Lord
To bring them in: but I'm no scholar, no;
Book-learning is a world too hard for me:
But I make bold to say: 'O Lord, good Lord,
I am a broken-down poor man, a fool
To speak to Thee: but in the Book 'tis writ,
As I hear say from others that can read,
How, when Thou camest, Thou didst love the sea,
And live with fisherfolk, whereby 'tis sure
Thou knowest all the peril they go through,
And all their trouble.

4. "As for me, good Lord,
I have no boat; I am too old, too old—
My lads are drowned; I buried my poor wife;
My little lasses died so long ago
That mostly I forget what they were like.
Thou knowest, Lord, they were such little ones;
I know they went to Thee, but I forget
Their faces, though I missed them sore.

5. "O Lord,
I was a strong man; I have drawn good food,
And made good money out of Thy great sea;
But yet I cried for them at nights; and now,
Although I be so old, I miss my lads,
And there be many folk this stormy night
Heavy with fear for theirs. Merciful Lord,
Comfort them; save their honest boys, their pride
And let them hear next ebb the blesseddest,
Best sound—the boat-keels grating on the sand.'

6. "I cannot pray with finer words; I know
Nothing; I have no learning, cannot learn;
Too old, too old. They say I want for naught,
I have the parish pay; but I am dull
Of hearing, and the fire scarce warms me through.
God save me—I have been a sinful man,—
And save the lives of them that still can work,
For they are good to me; ay, good to me.
But, Lord, I am a trouble! and I sit,
And I am lonesome; and the nights are few
That any think to come and draw a chair,
And sit in my poor place and talk awhile.
Why should they come forsooth? Only the wind
Knocks at my door; oh, long and loud it knocks,
The only thing God made that has a mind
To enter in."

7. Yea, thus the old man spake,
These were the last words of his aged mouth—
BUT ONE DID KNOCK. One came to sup with him,
That humble, weak old man; knocked at his door,
In the rough pauses of the laboring wind.
I tell you that One knocked while it was dark,
Save where their foaming passion had made white
Those livid seething billows. What He said
In that poor place where He did talk awhile,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
That when the neighbors came the morrow morn,
What time the wind had bated,⁷ and the sun
Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the smile
He passed away in, and they said: "He looks
As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,
And with that rapturous⁸ smile held out his arms
To come to Him!"

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| 1. LUNG'ING; violently thrusting. | 5. FOR-SOOTH'; In truth. |
| 2. CHEST; the foamy top of a wave. | 6. MIND; inclination, desire. |
| 3. DRIFT'WOOD; wood drifted or floated by water. | 7. BA'TEN; abated, lessened. |
| 4. NAUGHT; not anything. | 8. RAP-TUN-ous; delighted. |

LXXXVIII.

PERMANENT GOOD THE RESULT OF INVENTIONS
AND DISCOVERIES.—CALHOUN.

[JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN, the eminent statesman, was born in South Carolina, in 1782. He was educated at Yale College, New-Haven, Connecticut, studied law in Litchfield, in that State, and, in 1807, was admitted to the bar of his native State. The subsequent year he was sent to the State Legislature, and, in 1811, was chosen to Congress, where he soon greatly distinguished himself by his logical power as a debater. He was made Secretary of War under President Monroe; in 1834 he was elected Vice-President; and, in 1841, United States Senator. In 1843 he was made Secretary of State, and re-elected Senator in 1845. In all the political questions that arose during his long term of public life he took an active and prominent part; and his speeches and addresses were remarkable for their closeness of analytical reasoning, their logical accuracy, and their terse, bold, and manly expression. He is the author of "a Disquisition on Government," and "a Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States;" which, with his numerous speeches, have been published in a collected form since his death. His character was one of the greatest integrity and elevation. He died March 31, 1850.]

1. ALL these have led to important results. Through the invention of the mariner's compass, the globe has been circumnavigated¹ and explored, and all who inhabit it, with but few exceptions, brought within the sphere of an all-pervading commerce, which is daily diffusing over its surface the light and blessings of civilization.

2. Through that of the art of printing, the fruits of observation and reflection, of discoveries and inventions, with all the accumulated stores of previously acquired knowledge, are preserved and widely diffused. The application

of gunpowder to the art of war has forever settled the long conflict for ascendancy between civilization and barbarism, in favor of the former, and thereby guaranteed that, whatever knowledge is now accumulated, or may hereafter be added, shall never again be lost.

3. The numerous discoveries and inventions, chemical and mechanical, and the application of steam to machinery, have increased, many fold, the productive powers of labor and capital, and have thereby greatly increased the number who may devote themselves to study and improvement, and the amount of means necessary for commercial exchanges, especially between the more and the less advanced and civilized portions of the globe, to the great advantage of both, but particularly of the latter.

4. The application of steam to the purposes of travel and transportation, by land and water, has vastly increased the facility, cheapness, and rapidity of both: diffusing, with them, information and intelligence almost as quickly and as freely as if borne by the winds; while the electrical wires outstrip them in velocity,—rivalling, in rapidity, even thought itself.

5. The joint effect of all this has been, a great increase and diffusion of knowledge; and, with this, an impulse to progress and civilization heretofore unexampled in the history of the world, accompanied by a mental energy and activity unprecedented.¹

6. To all these causes, public opinion, and its organ, the press, owe their origin and great influence. Already they have attained a force in the more civilized portions of the globe sufficient to be felt by all governments, even the most absolute and despotic. But, as great as they now are, they have, as yet, attained nothing like their maximum² force. It is probable, that not one of the causes which have contributed to their formation and influence has yet produced

its full effect ; while several of the most powerful have just begun to operate ; and many others, probably of equal or even greater force, yet remain to be brought to light.

7. When the causes now in operation have produced their full effect, and inventions and discoveries shall have been exhausted, if that may ever be ; they will give a force to public opinion, and cause changes, political and social, difficult to be anticipated. What will be their final bearing, time only can decide with any certainty.

8. That they will, however, greatly improve the condition of man ultimately, it would be impious to doubt : it would be to suppose, that the all-wise and beneficent Being, the Creator of all, had so constituted man, as that the employment of the high intellectual faculties with which He has been pleased to endow him, in order that he might develop the laws that control the great agents of the material world, and make them subservient to his use, would prove to him the cause of permanent evil, and not of permanent good.

9. If, then, such supposition be inadmissible, they must, in their orderly and full development, end in his permanent good. But this cannot be, unless the ultimate effect of their action, politically, shall be, to give ascendancy to that form of government best calculated to fulfil the ends for which government is ordained. For, so completely does the well-being of our race depend on good government, that it is hardly possible any change, the ultimate effect of which should be otherwise, could prove to be a permanent good.

1. CIR-CUM-NAV'I-GA-TED ; sailed round.

2. UN-FIXED'X-DENT ED ; without example.

3. MAX'I-MUM ; the greatest, highest.

4. CON'STI-TU-TED ; made, formed, created.

LXXXIX.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

[The following sketch of the domestic life of the great South Carolinian statesman was written by a lady, who, for many years, filled the position of governess in his family.]

1. IN Mr. Calhoun were united the simple habits of the Spartan lawgiver, the inflexible principles of the Roman senator, the courteous bearing and indulgent kindness of the American host, husband, and father. This was indeed a rare union. Life with him was solemn and earnest, and yet all about him was cheerful. I never heard him utter a jest; there was an unvarying dignity and gravity in his manner; and yet the playful child regarded him fearlessly and lovingly. Few men indulge their families in as free, confidential, and familiar intercourse as did this great statesman.

2. Indeed, to those who had an opportunity of observing him in his own house, it was evident that his cheerful and happy home had attractions for him superior to those which any other place could offer. Here was a retreat from the cares, the observation, and the homage of the world. In few homes could the transient visitor feel more at ease than did the guest at Fort Hill. Those who knew Mr. Calhoun only by his senatorial speeches, may suppose that his heart was all engrossed in the nation's councils; but there were moments when his courtesy, his minute kindnesses, made you forget the statesman. The choicest fruits were selected for his guest; and I remember seeing him, at his daughter's wedding, take the ornaments from a cake and send them to a little child.

3. Many such graceful attentions, offered in an unostentatious manner to all about him, illustrated the kindness

and noble simplicity of his nature. His family could not but exult in his intellectual greatness, his rare endowments,* and his lofty career, yet they seemed to lose sight of all these in their love for him. I had once the pleasure of travelling with his eldest son, who related to me many interesting facts and traits of his life. He said he had never heard him speak impatiently to any member of his family. He mentioned, that as he was leaving that morning for his home in Alabama, a younger brother said, "Come soon and see us again, brother A——, for do you not see that father is growing old? and is not father the dearest, best old man in the world?"

4. Like Cincinnatus,* he enjoyed rural life and occupation. It was his habit, when at home, to go over his grounds every day. I remember his returning one morning from a walk about his plantation, delighted with the fine specimens of corn and rice which he brought in for us to admire. That morning—the trifling incident shows his consideration and kindness of feeling, as well as his tact and power of adaptation—seeing an article of needlework in the hands of sister A——, who was then a stranger there, he examined it, spoke of the beauty of the coloring, the variety of the shade, and by thus showing an interest in her, at once made her at ease in his presence.

5. His eldest daughter always accompanied him to Washington, and, in the absence of his wife, who was often detained by family cares at Fort Hill, this daughter was his solace[†] amid arduous[‡] duties, and his confidant in perplexing cases. She loved her father with enthusiastic devotion.

* An illustrious character of ancient Rome, who flourished in the fifth century before Christ. He was fond of rural pursuits, and, on one occasion, left his farm at the call of his countrymen, having been made dictator and placed in command of the Roman army. He soon after laid down his vast authority, and returned to his farm.

Richly endowed by nature, improved by constant association with the great man, her mind was in harmony with his, and he took pleasure in counselling with her. She said: "Of course, I do not understand as he does, for I am comparatively a stranger to the world; yet he likes my unsophisticated opinion, and I frankly tell him my views on any subject about which he inquires of me."

6. Between himself and his younger daughter there was a peculiar and most tender union. As, by the state of her health, she was deprived of many enjoyments, her indulgent parents endeavored to compensate for every loss by their affection and devotion. As reading was her favorite occupation, she was allowed to go to the letter-bag when it came from the office, and select the papers she preferred. On one occasion, she had taken two papers, containing news of importance which her father was anxious to see, but he would allow no one to disturb her until she had finished their perusal.

7. In his social as well as in his domestic relations he was irreproachable. No shadow nor blot rested on his pure fame. In his business transactions he was punctual and scrupulously exact. He was honorable as well as honest. Young men who were reared in his vicinity, with their eyes ever on him, say that in all respects, in small as well as in great things, his conduct was so exemplary that he might well be esteemed a model.

8. His profound love for his own family, his cordial interest in his friends, his kindness and justice in every transaction, were not small virtues in such a personage. I never heard him ridicule or satirize a human being. Indeed, he might have been thought deficient in a sense of the ludicrous,¹⁰ had he not, by the unvarying propriety of his own conduct, proved his exquisite perception of its opposites. When he differed in opinion from those with whom

he conversed, he seemed to endeavor, by a respectful manner, to compensate for the disagreement. He employed reason, rather than contradiction; and so earnestly would he urge an opinion, and so fully present an argument, that his opponent could not avoid feeling complimented rather than mortified. He paid a tribute to the understandings of others by the force of his own reasoning, and by his readiness to admit every argument which he could, although advanced in opposition to one he himself had just expressed.

9. On one occasion I declined taking a glass of wine at his table. He kindly said: "I think you carry that a little too far. It is well to give up every thing intoxicating, but not these light wines." I replied that wine was renounced by many for the sake of consistency, and for the benefit of those who could not afford wine. He acknowledged the correctness of the principle, adding, "I do not know how temperance societies can take any other ground," and then defined his views of temperance, entered on a course of interesting arguments, and stated facts and statistics.

10. Of course, were all men like Mr. Calhoun, temperance societies would be superfluous." Perhaps he could not be aware of the temptations that assail many men—he was so purely intellectual, so free from self-indulgence. Materiality" with him was held subject to his higher nature. He did not even indulge himself in a cigar. Few spent as little time, and exhausted as little energy in mere amusements. Domestic and social enjoyments were his pleasures—kind and benevolent acts were his recreations.

11. He always seemed willing to converse on any subject which was interesting to those about him. Returning one day from Fort Hill, I remarked to a friend, "I have never been more convinced of Mr. Calhoun's genius than to-day, while he talked to us of a flower." His versatile" conversation evinced his universal knowledge, his quick per-

ception, and his faculty of adaptation. A shower one day compelled him to take shelter in the shed of a blacksmith, who was charmed by his familiar conversation, and the knowledge he exhibited of the mechanic arts.

12. A naval officer was once asked, after a visit to Fort Hill, how he liked Mr. Calhoun. "Not at all," said he; "I never like a man who knows more about my profession than I do myself." A clergyman wished to converse with him on subjects of a religious nature, and after the interview remarked, that he was astonished to find him better informed than himself on those very points wherein he had expected to give him information. I had understood Mr. Calhoun avoided an expression of opinion with regard to different sects and creeds, or what is called religious controversy; and once, when urged to give his views in relation to a disputed point, he replied, "That is a subject to which I have never given my attention."

13. Mr. Calhoun was unostentatious, and ever averse to display. He did not appear to talk for the sake of exhibition, but from the overflowing of his earnest nature. Whether in the Senate or in a conversation with a single listener, his language was choice, his style fervid, his manner impressive. Never can I forget his gentle earnestness when endeavoring to express his views on some controverted subject, and observing that my mind could hardly keep pace with his rapid reasoning, he would occasionally pause and say, in his kind manner, "Do you see?"

14. He did not seek to know the opinion of others with regard to himself. Anonymous letters he never read, and his daughters and nieces often snatched from the flames letters of adulation as well as censure, which he had not read. Although he respected the opinions of his fellow-men, he did not seek office or worldly honor. A few years since, one to whom he ever spoke freely, remarked to him

that some believed he was making efforts to obtain the presidency. At that moment he had taken off his glasses, and was wiping them, and thus he replied :

15. "M——, I think when a man is too old to see clearly through his glasses, he is too old to think of the presidency." And recently he said to her, "They may impute what motives they please to me, but I do not seek office." So much did he respect his country, that he might have been gratified by the free gift of the people; so much did he love his country, that he might have rejoiced at an opportunity to serve it; but would he have swerved one iota^u from his convictions to secure a kingdom? Who, that knew him, believes it?

1. HON'AGE; reverential regard.

2. TRAN'SIENT; temporary.

3. UN-OS-TEN-TA'TIOUS; modest, unassuming.

4. EX-DOW'MENTS; gifts, talents.

5. SOL'ACE; comfort.

6. AR'DU-OUS; laborious, difficult.

7. UN-SO-PHIS'TI-GA-TED; free from art.

8. SCRU'PU-LOUS-LY; carefully, with rigid honesty.

9. SAT'IR-IZE; to censure by ridicule or contempt.

10. LU'DI-CROUS; humorous, mirthful.

11. SU-PER'FLU-OUS; unnecessary.

12. MA-TE-RI-AL'I-TY; material existence; the tastes and desires of the body.

13. VER'SA-TILE; varied.

14. AD-U-LA'TION; excessive praise.

15. I-O'TA; the smallest particle.

XC.

TIDE-BOUND IN THE DOOCOT CAVES.—MILLER.

[HUGH MILLER was born at Cromarty, on the eastern coast of Scotland, 1802. He ranked among the foremost geologists and writers of his time. Some of his descriptions are so weird and wild as to seem like a romance. He has found "sermons in stones," and vivified the rocks and deep places of the land and sea. He died 1856.]

The following interesting account of one of the experiences of his boyhood is extracted from one of his works, entitled "My Schools and Schoolmasters."

1. It was on a pleasant spring morning that, with my little curious friend beside me, I stood on the beach oppo-

site the eastern promontory, that, with its stern granitic wall, bars access for ten days out of every fourteen to the wonders of the Doocot,¹ and saw it stretching provokingly out into the green water. It was hard to be disappointed, and the caves so near.

2. The tide was a low neap; and if we wanted a passage dry-shod, it behooved us to wait for at least a week. But neither of us understood the philosophy of neap-tides² at that period. I was quite sure I had got round at low water, with my uncles, not a great many days before; and we both inferred, that, if we but succeeded in getting round now, it would be quite a pleasure to wait among the caves inside, until such time as the fall of the tide should lay bare a passage for our return.

3. A narrow and broken shelf runs along the promontory, on which, by the assistance of the naked toe and toenail, it is just possible to creep. We succeeded in scrambling up to it, and then, crawling outward on all-fours,—the precipice, as we proceeded, beetling³ more and more formidable from above, and the water becoming greener and deeper below,—we reached the outer point of the promontory; and then doubling the cape on a still narrowing margin,—the water, by a reverse process, becoming shallower and less green as we advanced inward,—we found the ledge terminating just where, after clearing the sea, it overhung the gravelly beach at an elevation of nearly ten feet.

4. Down we both dropped, proud of our success; up splashed the rattling gravel as we fell; and for at least the whole coming week,—though we were unaware of the extent of our good luck at the time,—the marvels of the Doocot Cave might be regarded as solely and exclusively our own. For one short seven days, to borrow emphasis from the phraseology of Carlyle, "they were our own, and no other man's."

5. The first few hours were hours of sheer enjoyment. The larger cave proved a mine of marvels; and we found a great deal additional to wonder at on the slopes beneath the precipices, and along the piece of rocky sea-beach in front. We succeeded, by creeping, in discovering dwarf-bushes, that told of the bright influences of the sea-spray; the pale yellow honeysuckle, that we had never seen before save in gardens and shrubberies; and on a deeply shaded slope we detected the sweet-scented wood-rose of the flower-pot and parterre, with its pretty verticillate leaves that become the more odoriferous the more they are crushed, and its delicate white flowers.

6. There, too, immediately in the opening of the deeper cave, where a small stream came pattering in detached drops from the overbeetling precipice above, like the first drops of a heavy thunder-shower, we found the hot, bitter scurvy-grass, with its minute cruciform flowers, which the great Captain Cook used in his voyages.

7. Above all, there were the caves, with their pigeons, white, variegated, and blue, and their mysterious and gloomy depths, in which plants hardened into stone, and water became marble.

In a short time, we had broken off with our hammers whole pocketfuls of stalactites and petrified moss. There were little pools at the side of the cave, where we could see the work of congelation going on, as at the commencement of an October frost, when the cold north wind but barely ruffles, and but barely ruffles, the surface of some mountain pond or sluggish moorland stream, and shows the newly formed needles of ice projecting from the shores into the water.

8. So rapid was the course of deposition, that there were cases in which the sides of the hollows seemed growing almost in proportion as the water rose in them; the

springs, lipping over, deposited their minute crystals on the edges, and the reservoirs deepened and became more capacious as their mounds were built up by this curious masonry.

9. The long, telescopic prospect of the sparkling sea, as viewed from the inner extremity of the cavern, while all around was dark as midnight; the sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess, as it flitted past in the sunshine; the black, heaving bulk of the grampus, as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downward, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin; even the pigeons, as they shot whizzing by, one moment scarce visible in the gloom, the next radiant in the light,—all acquired a new interest from the peculiar-ity of the *setting* in which we saw them. They formed a series of sun-gilt vignettes, framed in a jet; and it was long ere we tired of seeing and admiring in them much of the strange and the beautiful.

10. It did seem rather ominous,* however, and perhaps somewhat supernatural to boot, that about an hour after noon, the tide, while yet there was a full fathom of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall, and then, after a quarter of an hour's space began actually to creep upward on the beach. But just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter, which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify, we continued to amuse ourselves, and to hope on.

11. Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. The sun had sunk behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of evening. The flush rose higher and higher, chased by the shadows; and then, after lingering for a moment on their crests of honeysuckle and

juniper, passed away, and the whole became sombre and gray.

12. The sea-gull sprang upward from where he had floated on the ripple, and bled him slowly away to his lodge in his deep-sea stack; the dusky cormorant flitted past, with heavier and more frequent stroke, to his whitened shelf, high on the precipice; the pigeons came whizzing downward from the uplands and the opposite land, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves; every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homeward; but neither my companion nor myself had any, and there was no possibility of getting home without them.

13. We made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two several occasions succeeded in reaching midway shelves among the crags, where the sparrow-hawk and the raven build; but though we had climbed well enough to render our return a matter of bare possibility, there was no possibility whatever of getting farther up. The cliffs had never been scaled before, and they were not destined to be scaled now. And so, as the twilight deepened, and the precarious footing became every moment more doubtful and precarious still, we had just to give up in despair.

14. "Wouldn't care for myself," said the poor little fellow, my companion, bursting into tears; "if it were not for my mother; but what will my mother say?" "Wouldn't care, neither," said I, with a heavy heart; but it's just back-water, and we'll get out at twelve." We retreated together into one of the shallower and dryer caves; and clearing a little spot of its rough stones, and then groping along the rocks for the dry grass, that in the spring season hangs from them in withered tufts, we formed for ourselves a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in each other's arms.

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| 1. DOO-COT; the name of certain sea-caves found on the coast of Scotland.
2. NEAP-TIDES; tides which occur in the second and fourth quarters of the moon.
3. BEET'LING; overhanging, jutting. | 4. CRU'CI-FORM; in the form of a cross.
5. PET'RI-PIED; changed into stone.
6. OM'IN-OUS; portending ill.
7. SCALE; to climb.
8. PRE-CA'RI-OUS; uncertain.
9. SHAL'LOW-EN; less deep. |
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XCI.

TIDE-BOUND IN THE DOOCOT CAVES.—
CONTINUED.

1. FOR the last few hours, mountainous piles of clouds had been rising, dark and stormy in the sea-mouth; and they had flared portentously in the setting sun, and had worn, with the decline of evening, almost every meteoric tint of anger, from a fiery red to a sombre, thunderous brown, and from sombre brown to doleful black; and we could now at least hear what they portended,² though we could no longer see.

2. The rising wind began to howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, hitherto so silent, to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom, like distress-guns, from the recesses of the two deep sea-caves. We could hear, too, the beating rain, now heavier, now lighter, as the gusts swelled or snuk; and the intermittent patter of the streamlet over the deeper cave, now driving against the precipices, now descending heavily on the stones.

3. My companion had only the real evils of the case to deal with; and so, the hardness of our bed and the coldness of the night considered, he slept tolerably well; but I was unlucky enough to have evils greatly worse than the real ones to annoy me.

4. The corpse of a drowned seaman had been found on the beach, about a month previous, some forty yards from

where we lay. The hands and feet, miserably contracted, and corrugated' into deep folds at every joint, yet swollen to twice their proper size, had been bleached as white as pieces of alumed sheep-skin; and where the head should have been, there existed only a sad mass of decay.

5. I had examined the body, as young people are apt to do, a great deal too curiously for my peace; and though I had never done the poor nameless seaman any harm, I could not have suffered more from him during that melancholy night had I been his murderer. Sleeping or waking, he was continually before me.

6. Every time I dropped into a dose, he would come stalking up the beach, from the spot where he had lain, with his stiff white fingers, that stuck out like eagles' claws, and his pale, broken pulp of a head, and attempt to strike me; and then I would awaken with a start, cling to my companion, and remember that the drowned sailor had lain festering among the identical' bunches of sea-weed that still rotted on the beach not a stone-cast away. The near neighborhood of a score of living bandits would have inspired less horror than the recollection of that one dead seaman.

7. Toward midnight the sky cleared, and the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose, red as a mass of heated iron, out of the sea. We crept down in the uncertain light, over the rough, slippery crags, to ascertain whether the tide had not fallen sufficiently far to yield us a passage; but we found the waves chafing among the rocks, just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea enclasping the base of the promontory.

8. A glimmering idea of the real nature of our situation at length crossed my mind. It was not imprisonment for a tide to which we had consigned ourselves: it was imprisonment for a week. There was little comfort in the

thought, arising as it did amid the chills and terrors of a dreary midnight; and I looked wistfully on the sea as our only path of escape.

9. There was a vessel crossing the wake of the moon at the time, scarce half a mile from the shore; and, assisted by my companion, I began to shout at the top of my lungs, in the hope of being heard by the sailors. We saw her dim bulk passing slowly across the red, glittering belt of light that had rendered her visible, and then disappearing in the murky blackness; and just as we lost sight of her forever, we could hear an indistinct sound mingling with the dash of the waves—the shout, in reply, of the startled helmsman. The vessel, as we afterward learned, was a large stone-lighter, deeply laden, and unfurnished with a boat; nor were her crew at all sure that it would have been safe to attend to the midnight voice from among the rocks, even had they the means of communication with the shore.

10. We waited on and on, however, now shouting by turns, and now shouting together, but there was no second reply; and at length losing hope, we groped our way back to our comfortless bed, just as the tide had again turned on the beach, and the waves began to roll upward, higher and higher at every dash. As the moon rose and brightened, the dead seaman became less troublesome, and I had succeeded in dropping as soundly to sleep as my companion, when we were both aroused by a loud shout.

11. We started up, and again crept downward among the crags to the shore, and as we reached the sea, the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united. There was a brief pause, followed by another shout; and then two boats, strongly manned, shot around the western promontory, and the men, resting on their oars, turned toward the rock, and shouted yet again. The whole town had been alarmed by the intelligence that two little boys had

straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the southern Sutor, and had not found their way back.

12. The precipices had been a scene of frightful accidents from time immemorial,* and it was at once inferred that one other sad accident had been added to the number. True, there were cases remembered of people having been tide-bound in the Doocot caves, and not much worse in consequence; but as the caves were inaccessible even during neaps, we could not, it was said, possibly be in them; and the sole remaining ground of hope was, that, as had happened once before, only one of the two had been killed, and that the survivor was lingering among the rocks, afraid to come home. And in this belief, when the moon rose, and the surf fell, the two boats had been fitted out.

13. It was late in the morning ere we reached Cromarty, but a crowd on the beach awaited our arrival; and there were anxious-looking lights glancing in the windows, thick and manifold; nay, such was the interest elicited, that some enormously bad verse, in which the writer described the incident, a few days after, became popular enough to be handed about in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by the *élite* of the town.

1. ME-TE-OR'IC; dazzling, like a meteor.

2. PORT-END'ED; foreboded, fore-shadowed.

3. CON'RU-GAT-ED; wrinkled, in folds.

4. I-DEN'TI-CAL; same.

5. IM-ME-MO'R-I-AL; that commenced beyond the time of memory.

6. E-LITE' (Ē-LĪT'); cultivated people.

XCI.

THE TIDES.—BRYANT.

[WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Jamnington, Mass., in 1794. He developed his poetic talent at the age of ten years. He enjoys a high reputation as an American poet and journalist. His effusions are characterized by loftiness of sentiment and purity of diction. He is universally beloved and respected for his genial disposition and strict integrity.] *See front p. 1018.*

1. THE moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light;
The airs that hover¹ in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.
2. There comes no voice from the great woodlands round
That murmured all the day;
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground
Is not more still than they.
3. But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep;
His rising tides I hear;
Afar I see the glimmering billows leap:
I see them breaking near.
4. Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair,
Pure light that sits on high;—
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where
The mother-waters lie.
5. Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show,
Again, its glimmering crest;²
Again it feels the fatal weight below,
And sinks, but not to rest.
6. Again, and yet again; until the Deep
Recalls his brood of waves;
And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep
Back to his inner caves.
7. Brief respite!³ they shall rush from that recess
With noise and tumult soon,
And fling themselves, with unavailing⁴ stress,
Up toward the placid moon.

8. O restless Sea! that in thy prison here
 Dost struggle and complain;
 Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
 To that fair orb¹ in vain.
9. The glorious sonree of light and heat must warm
 Thy bosom with his glow,
 And on those mounting waves a nobler form
 And freer life bestow.
10. Then only may they leave the waste of brine²
 In which they welter here,
 And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
 In a serener sphere.

1. HOV'ER (*hūr-er*); to hang over.
 2. CHEST; top, or highest part.
 3. RES'TITE; delay.

4. UN-A-VAIL'ING; useless.
 5. ONE; a round, full body.
 6. BRINE; salt water.

XCIII.

GEORGE PEABODY.—WALLIS.

[THIS eloquent tribute to the distinguished philanthropist whom two continents have delighted to honor, is extracted from a memorial discourse, delivered in the hall of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, February 18, 1870, by Hon. S. TRACKER WALLIS.]

George Peabody was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, on the 18th of February, 1795, and died in London, England, in 1870. His remains were conveyed to his native land by both English and American vessels.]

1. WE have assembled to recognize and study, in the common light, the traits of the man and citizen, George Peabody; to consider and teach, if we can, the moral of his simple, unheroic life. We are to look at him as he moved and had his daily being,—as if his features did not live in bronze¹ and no minute-gun had ever told his burial to the sea.

2. Scarce anything in fiction is more strange than the actual prose of his life. The child of poor parents and humble hopes—a grocer's boy at eleven, the assistant of a country shopkeeper at sixteen—he had reached but middle-life when he was able so to deal with the resources of the great money-centre of the world as to prop, with his integrity and credit, the financial decadence of whole commonwealths. Pausing even at that point of his career, is it not more wonderful than the legend which delighted our childhood, the tale of Whittington, citizen and mercer, thrice Lord Mayor of London?

3. But as I have said, our business is not with the wonders. It is with the mind, the heart, the will, the character which wrought them. 'These were the only geniⁱ' of this story. They, and they only, did what was done, and neither ring nor lamp had any part in it. "No man," Carlyle tells us, "becomes a saint in his sleep," and there is no greater fallacy¹ than the popular notion which so often attributes success in great things to luck. There are people, it is true, who stumble into prosperity and get place and power by what to mortal eye seems chance. Reputation, and the honors and profits which follow it, are now and then wafted to a man like thistle-down, for no better visible reason than that he happens to be out in the same wind with them.

4. But in the course of any long lifetime, the logic of cause and effect is apt to vindicate itself. In this busy, stirring, jostling, interested modern society of ours, where scarcely any one occupies a pedestal—or even a humbler place—but some one else goes anxiously to work to dislodge him and get there in his stead, we seldom find respect or deference, love or admiration, long yielded to a brother unless there be that in him which commands them. Hemisphere does not cry aloud to hemisphere about com-

mon people. Nations do not mourn over men who deserve no tears. There was then something in George Peabody, or about him, that called for the homage which has been rendered him. What was it?

5. Not his intellect, certainly, for neither in capacity nor cultivation was he above the grade of thousands of clever men, both here and in England, in his own and kindred callings. He had not genius to dazzle, or invention to create. He had made no discovery in science, or even in finance. He knew little of art, and had contributed nothing to the stock of what is denominated "human knowledge."

6. Neither did riches win his name for him. He was no monopolist,⁴ no miracle of wealth: for enormous private fortunes are now constantly acquired in half such a lifetime as his, and the great marts⁵ of the world have men far richer than he, whose accumulations have been gathered just as honestly, just as fortunately, and with quite as much sagacity as his. Nor does he stand alone in the appropriation of large means to the good of mankind. The number of rich men whose testaments⁶ dispense the hoards of a lifetime in works of usefulness is very large. The past has left us many well-known and abiding monuments of such beneficence.

7. It is because George Peabody made himself a rich man from poverty without being corrupted by great riches: because the soil of his nature was so generous that the very root of all evil sprang up to immeasurable good in it—it is for this that the world reverences him to-day. Not merely for the good he did, since that depended on his means and opportunities, and must depend to a great extent upon others hereafter—not for the magnitude of his offerings, for his wealth was but the platform which lifted his virtues into sight—but because he furnished an example never known in the world before of a man who united all the

love of money which makes men richest and most men meanest, with all the scorn of its dominion which burns in the noblest soul.

8. To live a life of painful and painstaking acquisition; to wrestle with covetousness while climbing from early destitution to the height of what a covetous heart could desire; and then to put his foot upon his gains and their temptations like a gladiator on a wild beast vanquished—this is the spectacle which has made the world's amphitheatre tumultuous. Men wonder after long centuries at the Dioeletians and the Amuraths who flung away the purple when it was only the symbol of power; and now that money is king over kings they must remember with greater admiration the rich man who disrowned himself. In proportion to their admiration are the greatness and the lesson of his example.

9. And let us not forget how much the simple dignity of that example has added to its lustre. He cherished the sympathy and praise of his own country as a man listens to the blessings of his mother. He loved approbation like most men who deserve it, and its expression was the more welcome to him because he knew it was deserved. Yet he was shaken from his poise by neither praise, nor gratitude, nor honors. He was unchanged, as if his right hand had not heard of the doings of his left. He passed under the arches without a thrill or a gesture of triumph, and his life after was as his life before.

To such a life there could be but a fitting close:—

"His twelve, long sunny hours
Bright to the edge of darkness; then the calm
Reposo of twilight and a crown of stars!"

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| <p>1. BRONZE; an alloy of copper and tin (and sometimes other metals) much used in casting statues.</p> | <p>2. GENII (plural of <i>genius</i>); spirits supposed by the ancients to preside over the destinies of men.</p> |
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|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 3 FAL LA-CY; deception, mistake. | 6 TES-TA-MENT; will, sometimes called |
| 4 MO-NOP-O-LIST; a person who obtains | “last will and testament.” |
| exclusive rights. | 7 POISE; condition of mental equilib- |
| 5 MANT; place of traffic. | rium. |

XCIV.

THE MINISTRY OF THE DOVES.—MISS COOPER.

[SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER, a daughter of Cooper, the novelist, is the author of “Rural Homes,” a charming volume, descriptive of scenes and characters in country life; and “Rhyme and Reason of Country Life,” a collection of passages from the best authors relating to rural themes.]

1. On the shores of Southern Florida, and among the rocky islets, or “keys,” of the Gulf of Mexico, there is a rare and beautiful bird, to which the name of the Zenaïda Dove has been given by Prince Charles Bonaparte, the ornithologist.¹ This creature is very beautiful in its delicate form, and in its coloring of a warm and rosy gray, barred with brown and white on back and wing; its breast bears a shield of pure and vivid blue, bordered with gold, its cheeks are marked with ultramarine, and its slender legs and feet are deep rose-color tipped with black nails. Innocent and gentle, like others of its tribe, this little creature flits to and fro, in small family groups, over the rocky islets, and along the warm, sandy beaches of the Gulf—“Tampa’s desert strand.”

“On that lone shore, loud means the sea.”

2. There are certain keys, where it loves especially to alight, attracted by the springs which here and there gush up pure and fresh among the coral rocks. The low note of this bird is more than usually sweet, pure, and mournful in its tone. But the doves are not the only visitors of those

rare springs. A few years since, pirates haunted the same spots, seeking, like the birds, water from their natural fountains.

3. It chanced one day that a party of those fierce outlaws came to a desolate key to fill their water-casks, ere sailing on some fresh cruise of violence. A little flock of the rose-gray doves—and their flocks are ever few and rare—were flitting and cooing in peace about the rocky basin when the pirates appeared ; in affright, they took wing, and flew away. The casks were filled, and the ruffian crew rowed their boat off to their craft lying at anchor in the distance. For some reason, apparently accidental, one of the band remained awhile on the island alone. In a quiet evening hour, he threw himself on the rocks, near the spring, looking over the broad sea, where here and there a low desert islet rose from the deep, while the vessel with which his own fate had long been connected lay idle, with furled canvas, in the offing.³

4. Presently the little doves, seeing all quiet again, returned to their favorite spring, flitting to and fro in peace, uttering to each other their low gentle notes, so caressing and so plaintive. It may have been that in the wild scenes of his turbulent³ career the wretched man had never known the force of solitude. He was now gradually overpowered by its mysterious influences, pressing upon heart and mind. He felt himself to be alone with his Maker. The works of the Holy One surrounded him—the pure heavens hanging over his guilty head, the sea stretching in silent grandeur far into the unseen distance. One object alone, bearing the mark of man, lay within range of his eye—that guilty craft, which, like an evil phantom,⁴ hovered in the offing, brooding sin.

5. The sounds most familiar to him for years had been curse, and ribald jest, and brutal threat, and shriek of

death. But now those little doves came hovering about him, uttering their guileless notes of tenderness and innocence. Far away, in his native woods, within sight of his father's roof, he had often listened in boyhood to other doves, whose notes, like these, were pure and sweet. Home memories, long banished from his breast, returned. The image of his Christian mother stood before him.

6. Those little doves, still uttering their low, pure, inoffensive note, seemed bearing to him the far-off echoes of every sacred word of devout faith, of pure precept, of generous feeling, which, in happier years, had reached his ear. A fearful consciousness of guilt came over the wretched man. His heart was utterly subdued. The stern pride of manhood gave way. A powerful tide of contrition swept away all evil barriers. Bitter tears of remorse fell upon the stone on which his head rested. And that was to him the turning-point of life.

7. He rose from the rock a penitent, firmly resolved to retrace his steps—to return to better things. By the blessing of God, the resolution was adhered to. He broke away from his evil courses, thrust temptation aside, returned to his native soil to lead a life of penitence and honest toil. Many years later, a stranger came to his cabin, in the wild forests of the southern country, a man venerable in mien, shrewd and kindly in countenance—wandering through the woods on pleasant errands of his own. The birds of that region were the stranger's object. The inmate of the cabin had much to tell on this subject; and, gradually, as the two were thrown together in the solitude of the forest, the heart of the penitent opened to his companion.

8. He avowed that he loved the birds of heaven: he had cause to love them—the doves, especially; they had been as friends to him; they had spoken to his heart in the most solemn hour of life! And then came that singular confes-

sion. The traveller was Audubon, the great ornithologist, who has left on record in his works this striking incident. In olden times, what a beautiful ballad⁶ would have been written on such a theme—fresh and wild as the breeze of the forest, sweet and plaintive as the note of the dove !

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| 1. OR-NI-TOL'O-GIST; one versed in
a knowledgo of birds. | 3. TUR'BU-LENT; disorderly. |
| 2. OR'FING; that part of the sea which
is remote from the shore. | 4. PHAN'TOM; a vision, an apparition. |
| | 5. CON-TRI'TION; penitence, remorse. |
| | 6. BAL'LAD; a simple, light poem. |

XCV.

THE WINDOW-PANES AT BRANDON.*—THOMPSON.

[JOHN R. THOMPSON was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1823. In 1847, he became editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, which he long conducted. His poetical writings are finished with care, and display a delicate sentiment, with remarkable felicity of expression.]

1. As within the old mansion the holiday throng
 Reassembles in beauty and grace,
 And some eye looking out of the window, by chance,
 These memorial records may trace—
 How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
 In an instant, surrounds us once more,
 While the shadowy figures of those we have loved,
 All distinctly are seen on the shore !

2. Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away,
 We but look, and a vision behold—
 Like some magical picture the sunset reveals
 With its colors of crimson and gold—

*. Upon the window-panes at Brandon, on James River, are inscribed the names, cut with a diamond ring, of many of those who have composed the Christmas and May parties of that hospitable mansion in years gone by.

- All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze,
 From beneath the gay "mistletoe bough,"
 There are faces that break into smiles as divinely
 As any that beam on us now.
- 3 While the Old Year departing strides ghost-like along
 O'er the hills that are dark with the storm,
 To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim,
 And the play of affection is warm :
 Look once more—as the garlanded Spring reappears,
 In her footsteps we welcome a train
 Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem
 That has cut their dear names on the pane.
4. From the canvas of Vandyke and Kneller, that hangs
 On the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
 Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down
 On the guests and the revel and all ;
 But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse,
 And though rendered immortal by Art,
 Yet outshines not the beauty that, breathing below,
 In a moment takes captive the heart.
5. Many winters have since frosted over these panes
 With the tracery-work of the rime ;
 Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn
 From some far-away tropical clime :
 But the guests of the season, alas ! where are they ?
 Some the shores of the stranger have trod,
 And some names have been long ago carved on the stone,
 Where they sweetly rest under the sod.
6. How uncertain the record ! the hand of a child,
 In its innocent sport, unawares,

May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane,
 And thus cancel the story it bears :
 Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain—
 Unto trustier tablets consigned—
 The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
 Who yet linger a season behind.

7. Recollect, O young soul, with ambition inspired !—
 Let the moral be read as we pass—
 Recollect, the illusory tablets of fame
 Have been ever as brittle as glass :
 Oh, then, be not content with the name there inscribed,
 For as well may you trace it in dust ;
 But resolve to record it, where long it shall stand,
 In the hearts of the good and the just !

XCVI.

THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO.—PRESCOTT.

[WILLIAM HICKLING PRESOTT was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796, and died in 1839, having acquired a distinguished reputation as a historian. Among his works are "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The History of the Conquest of Mexico," etc. From the latter is extracted the following selection.]

1. THE troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco,* which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

2. They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle

* *ah-wah'ko.*

of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities, and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering magney, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac.

3. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls,—the fair city of Mexico with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters,—the far-famed “Venice of the Aztecs.” High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

4. Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change

has come over the scene, when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on the borders have mouldered into ruins, even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

5. What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty? It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

6. But these feelings of admiration were soon followed by others of a very different complexion; as they saw in all this the evidences of a civilization and power far superior to anything they had yet encountered. The more timid, disheartened by the prospect, shrunk from a contest so unequal, and demanded, as they had done on some former occasions, to be led back again to Vera Cruz. Such was not the effect produced on the sanguine spirit of the general. His avarice was sharpened by the display of the dazzling spoil at his feet; and, if he felt a natural anxiety at the formidable odds, his confidence was renewed, as he gazed on the lines of his veterans, whose weather-beaten visages and battered armor told of battles won and difficulties surmounted, while his bold barbarians, with appetites whetted by the view of their enemies' country, seemed

like eagles on the mountains, ready to pounce upon their prey.

7. By argument, entreaty, and menace,¹ he endeavored to restore the faltering courage of the soldiers, urging them not to think of retreat, now that they had reached the goal for which they had panted, and the golden gates were open to receive them. In these efforts he was well seconded by the brave cavaliers, who held honor as dear to them as fortune; until the dullest spirits caught somewhat of the enthusiasm of their leaders, and the general had the satisfaction to see his hesitating columns, with their usual buoyant step, once more on their march down the slopes of the sierra.

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| 1. IN-CRUS-TA'TION; a crust or coat of
anything on the surface of a body. | 2. SAN GUINE; full of hope. | 3. MEN'ACE; threat. |
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XCVII.

GOD SPEAKS TO JOB.—BIBLE.

1. THEN the LORD answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said:

Who is this that darkeneth counsel

By words without knowledge?

Gird up now thy loins like a man;

For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me;

2. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?

Declare, if thou hast understanding.

Who laid the measures¹ thereof, if thou knowest?

Or who hath stretched the line upon it?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ?
Or who laid the corner-stone³ thereof ;
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy ?

3. Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days ;
And caused the dayspring³ to know his place ;
That it might take hold on the ends of the earth,
That the wicked might be shaken out of it ?
It is turned as clay to the seal ;
And they stand as a garment,
And from the wicked their light is withholden,⁴
And the high arm shall be broken.

4. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea ?
Or hast thou walked in search of the depth ?
Have the gates of death been opened unto thee ?
Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death ?
Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth ?
Declare if thou knowest it all.

5. Where is the way where light dwelleth ?
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,
That thou shouldest take it to the bounds thereof,
And that thou shouldest know the paths to the house
thereof ?
Knowest thou it because thou wast then born ?
Or because the number of thy days is great ?

6. Hast thou entered into the treasure of the snow ?
Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,
Which I have reserved against the time of trouble ;
Against the day of battle and war ?

7. By what way is the light parted,
Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth ?

Who hath divided a water-course for the overflowing of
waters,

Or a way for the lightning and thunder;

To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is:

On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;

To satisfy the desolate and waste ground;

And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth:

8. Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades,

Or loose the bands of Orion?

Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season?

Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?

Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?

Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,

That abundance of waters may cover them?

Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go

And say unto thee, Here we are?

Who hath put wisdom in the inner parts?

Or who has given understanding to the heart?

Who can number the clouds in wisdom?

Or who can stay the battles of Heaven,

When the dust is turned into mire,

And the clouds cleave fast together?

9. Gavest thou goodly wings unto the peacocks?

Or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?

Which leaveth her eggs in the earth,

And warmeth them in dust,

And forgetteth that the foot may crush them,

Or that the wild beast may break them.

She is hardened against her young ones, as though they
were not hers;

Her labor is in vain without fear;

Because God hath deprived her of wisdom,

Neither hath he imparted to them understanding.
 What time she lifteth up herself on high,
 She seorneth the horse and his rider.

10. Hast thou given the horse strength?
 Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
 Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
 The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
 He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength
 He goeth on to meet the armed men.
 He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
 Neither turneth he back from the sword.
 The quiver rattleth against him;
 The glittering spear and the shield.
 He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;
 Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet
 He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha!
 And he smelleth the battle afar off,
 The thunder of the captains and the shouting.

1. MEAS'URES; dimensions.
 2. COR'NER-STONE; the stone which
 unites the main parts of any struc-
 ture.
 3. DAY'SPRING; the dawn of day.
 4. WITH-HOLD'EN; kept back.
 5. PLE'IA-DES; (plé'ya-déz); a cluster
 of seven stars in Taurus.

6. O-m'ion; a brilliant constellation
 containing seventy-eight stars.
 7. MAZ'ZA-ROTH; the twelve signs of
 the zodiac.
 8. ANC'RU-NUS; the principal star in the
 constellation Boötes.

XCVIII.

JOAN OF ARC.—DE QUINCEY.

[THOMAS DE QUINCEY, the popular essayist, was born in Manchester, England, in 1786, and died in 1859. His "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" is one of his best known pieces.]

1. WHAT is to be thought of her? What is to be thought
 of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lor-
 raine, that—like the shepherd boy from the hills and forests

of Judæa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van' of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an act, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest.

2. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender;² but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah.

3. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent: no! for her feet were dust.

4. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for thy truth, that never once, no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! O no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood.

5. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy

king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but 'she will not hear thee! Cite' her by thy apparitors' to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will not answer thy summons! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

6. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short: and the sleep which is in the grave is long! Let me use that life, so transitory,* for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax' from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her.

7. She might not prefigure' the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation,* the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints;—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

1. VAN; front of an army.

2. PRE-TEND'ER; one who lays claims falsely.

3. CITE; to summon, to call.

4. APPAR'I-TORS; officers who execute the orders of a magistrate.

5. TRAN'SI-TORY; fleeting.

6. QU'VI-ous; plain, evident.

7. RE-LAX': to abate, remit.

8. PRE-FIG'URE; to show by a figure beforehand.

9. COR-O-NA'TION; act or ceremony of crowning, as a king.

XCIX.

THE RATTLESNAKE.—WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

[This selection is from Mr. SIMMS' novel of the "Yemassee." The heroine, Bess Matthews, in the woods, awaits the coming of her lover.]

1. "HE does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse¹ spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture² of that little copse of wood! The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild-flower gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded³ luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent⁴ sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought.

2. Her mind wandered—her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head—and the blacksnake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance.

3. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around

ner to the musing eye of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed—fastened, as it were, to a single spot—gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination. Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes,—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these ; fastened by a star-like shining glance—a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves—seeming to be their very eye—and sending out a lurid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes.

4. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze ; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright, and gorgeous, gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam and dilate,⁵ growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth !

5. And her own glance became intense, fixed also ; but with a dreaming sense that conjured⁶ up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown ; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam ; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand, and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings, and a shrill scream from the tree above her,—such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when, angrily, it

raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides.

6. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place, and observant, seemingly, only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize.

7. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy. But, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew, fixed—a very principle of light; and such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception.

8. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever.

9. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid ; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending on it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her.

10. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated⁸ ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated.

11. She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger ; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own ; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious⁹ reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own ;—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth

that paralyzing sound which, once heard, is remembered forever.

12. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with his flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her,—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneas death, whilst its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight.

13. Could she have fled? She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous¹⁰ rattle still rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momentarily approaching to the blow.

14. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly their full length, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life-blood in her veins.

15. The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot

now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed—once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, as a last effort, she succeeds to scream—a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs forever upon them.

16. She sees him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger, and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated¹¹ fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she sees no more. Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

17. In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside the maiden, while his spiral¹² extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Oeconestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass.

18. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution³ which he took for that purpose; but

the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.

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|--|--|
| 1. CORSE; a wood of small growth. | 7. IR-RA'DI-A-TEO; illuminated, made bright. |
| 2. GAN'NI-TURE; ornamental embellishment. | 8. AR-TIC'U-LAT-ED; with distinct sound. |
| 3. GAD'DED; grew with a wild, rambling growth. | 9. IN-SID'I-OUS; deceitful. |
| 4. IN-CO-HER'ENT; unconnected, having no dependence one part on another. | 10. PEN'DU-LOUS; hanging. |
| 5. DI-LATE'; expand, widen. | 11. TUB'U-LAT-ED; furnished with a tube. |
| 6. CON-JURED UP; raised up, or brought into existence without reason. | 12. SPI'RAL; circular, winding about. |
| | 13. EX-O-LU'TION; the act of unfolding. |

O.

MORNING HYMN TO MONT BLANC.

COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery-St. Mary, in Devonshire, England, October 21, 1772. He was a gifted writer, and exerted a wide intellectual influence. Among his most popular poems are "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Love, or Genevieve," and the "Morning Hymn to Mont Blanc," supposed to be written before sunrise to the valley of Chamouni, Switzerland. Among his prose writings, the "Friend," the "Lay Sermon," and "Aids to Reflection," are well known and highly prized by thoughtful readers. He died in 1834.]

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!

The Arvè and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,—
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own ealm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,—
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,—
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own seeret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and seeret eestasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and iey eliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and ehief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they elimb the sky or when they sink
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald—wake, O wake, and ntter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?

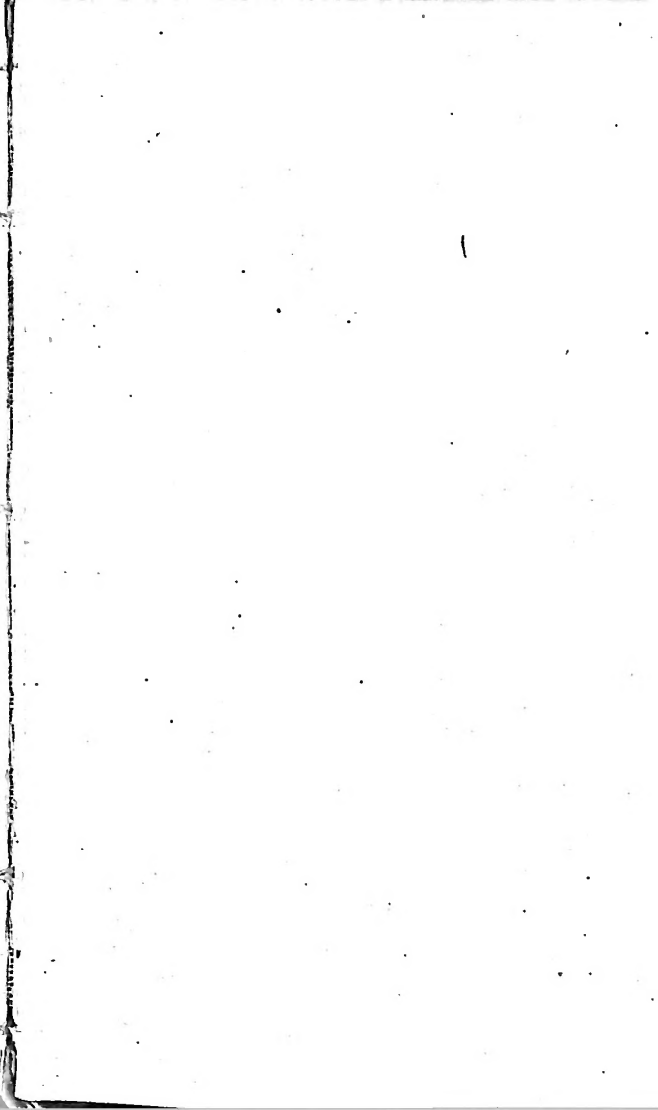
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
“Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?”

Ye ice falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!—
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
“GOD!” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, “GOD!”

“GOD!” sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, ye piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “GOD!”
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth “GOD,” and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalauche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upwards from thy base
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!



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